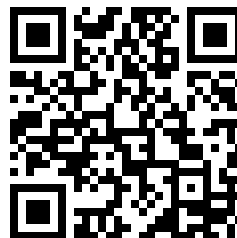

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C. M. Brewer.
Jan'y 1891.

Wm. P. Garrison.



*Portraits of Ladies of the Court of F. France
Fashion of 17th Century*

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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VOL. 18.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

'Tis past!—Another year, for ever gone,
Proclaims the end of all!—With awful voice
It calls the soul to thought; awhile she turns
From present scenes, and wanders o'er the past;
Or, darting forward, strives to pierce the veil
Which hides from mortal eyes the time to come.
Thou rising year! now opening to my view,
Yet wrapp'd in darkness, whither dost thou lead?
What is Futurity?—It is a time
When joys unknown to former life may shed
Their brightest beams on each succeeding day.
When health again may bloom, and pleasure smile,
By pain no more allayed; and new delights
On every changing season still attend;
Each morn returning wake the soul to joy
From balmy slumbers, undisturb'd by care;
Success still wait on *Hope*, and every hour
In peace and pleasure gently glide away.
But, ah! how rare on earth are years like this!
In the dark prospect of Futurity,
Far other scenes than these may yet remain;
Affliction there may aim her keenest shafts
To tear the heart, while pain and sickness waste
The feeble frame by slow-consuming pangs,
And ease and comfort *lost*, are sought in vain;
For there, perhaps, no friendly voice may cheer
The tedious hours of grief, but all around
Expiring joys and blasted hopes appear;
New woes succeed to woes, and every good
On earth be snatch'd away. How then shall Man
Salute the rising year? Shall cheerful *Hope*
Receive the welcome Guest—or Terror wait,
In speechless anguish the impending storm?
Presumptuous mortal, cease!—O turn thine eyes
On the dark mansions of the silent dead,
And check the bold enquiry. Never more
The rising sun may shed its beams on *thee*;
Perhaps, ev'n now, the fatal hour is come
Which ends at once thy earthly hopes and fears,
And seals thy doom through vast eternity.
How awful is the thought! And who shall say
It is not just? What mortal shall disclose
The dark decrees of Heav'n? But grant—to life
A longer date assign'd, another year
On earth bestow'd; in deepest shades concealed

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Its good or ill remains. No mortal hand
Can draw the veil which hides it from thy view.—
Hence then, ye airy dreams, by Fancy led!
Vain hopes and vainer fears, deceive no more!
In native lustre bright, let *Truth* appear,
With her pure beams illumine the dark unknown,
And show what Man of future days can do.
Know then, who'er thou art, on whom high Heaven
Another year of life will now bestow,—
That year may lead thee to eternal peace,
May cancel follies past, redeem the time
In thoughtless dissipation once abus'd,
Dispel the shades of vice, the gloom of care,
Call forth each latent virtue, and impart
New strength, new hopes, and joys which ne'er shall
fade

THE SPIRIT OF THE EVENING STAR.

By Mrs. Hill.

It was one of those beautifully calm and almost holy evenings that ever succeed a sultry day in Italy; the rose and myrtle sent forth a richer odour, the vine and ivy seemed to cling more closely as they were vowing everlasting truth; the soft notes of the wood-pigeon were wafted on the balmy air like the last love sighs of a broken heart: then came, as if in contrast, the merry mandolin, echoing sweet tones from the deceiver's lips; stars shone brightly, and each one left his image in the dancing waters. The young moon travelled proudly in her ether car, as if expecting homage like an Eastern beauty.

The massy walls of the Palazza di Ravina cast a dark shadow far around, yet was the Palazza itself as bright as noonday; variegated lamps hung in festoons, and strange devices from the high-arched windows; rare exotics filled the balconies, gemmed with mimic glow-worm light; Æolians breathed in soft murmurs, and wafted odour from the perfumed flower—it was a very type of fairy land.

A gala, given in honour of the Signora Isabel having attained her nineteenth birth-day, was the cause of such festivity that night. She was a peerless beauty;—the only offspring of a high and noble house, all this world's good was showered around her. The proudest born of Italy had sighed for favor, and besought her hand. But she, in early youth, was vowed to one whose lofty sire had ever been the deadliest enemy of her father's house,—an ancient feud from generations back, but still maintained with deepest hate. Love will

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always have it so, and those whose hearts are formed to be affection's fount are, by some strange caprice of fate, thrown back upon themselves and crushed in utter helplessness. Verona boasted not a youth or maid whose charms or wealth could equal theirs. The father of Leoni cast him forth, and bade him seek a home in distant climes, there to forget his passion. Report had given out that he was dead. It might be so, and from that hour the lovely Isabel had pined away in weary solitude.

The festal board was spread. Bright forms were in the banquet-hall, and many a fairy foot tripped lightly in the mystic dance. Young Isabel with heart and mind both ill at ease, stole from the merry throng, and sate beside the casement of her lonely bower. Beneath her were the choicest flowers of Italy, adorning the gardens of the Palazza; statues here and there stood forth in the uncertain moonlight, and seemed to her sick fancy as solemn as the spirits of the dead. A silvery fountain was sporting high in air, and as the feathery spray descended, it found repose in a broad marble basin, overhung with water-lilies; the stars were mirrored there, and surely one more radiant than the rest, assumed an angel's form! the godlike figure rose majestic and serene before her wondering eyes; the spell-bound fountain ceased its murmuring, and not a sound was heard above—below. How beauteous was the vision of that moment; the spirit's hand was slowly raised, and his transparent finger pointed to the cloudless sky; and Isabel neither moved or breathed. The blood was curdling round her heart, a fascination she could not resist was over her bewildered senses. A voice, soft as the far distant echoing of holy music, stole upon the air; it seemed to issue from no one object, but from all. It was the breath of immortality pouring its healing balm to soothe the suffering child of earth.

"What would'st thou, Isabel? I am the Spirit of the Evening Star; be thou but silent, I can make thee happy. Much ill is threatened! Leoni's name must never pass thy lip, till that now crescent moon is on her wane. He will return to thee this night. Seek thou the banquet-hall. Be wise—be happy!"

"He will return," and ah the fear that had so paralyzed her every limb was past. Was it the guardian angel of her wayward destiny that now appeared before her? Love unsealed the lips that fear had closed, and summoning her every power of fortitude, she answered thus, "Mysterious visitant what is thy errand here, for good intent or evil?"

"That remains with thee—ask thou no questions, but reply to mine. Wouldst thou again behold thy love?"

"I fear me that is now impossible; he whose name thou hast forbid my tongue to utter, sleeps with the dead; and I, in sad loneliness, am left to weep—to weep." Fast fell the gathering tears upon her cheek; the long drawn sighs burst from her tortured bosom, and in the agony of that sad hour, she begged the Spirit's aid to bring relief. A smile of heavenly pity beamed upon the angel's face, as he replied,

"My power is limited. I, like thee, although immortal, am a child of sin; yonder is my dwelling-place, that vesper star, and many a sun will rise and set ere I again may taste that glorious draught of bliss—a *spotless* angel's boon. Our greatest, best, he of the bright and Morning Star, whose smile was heaven, and whose breath was love; why did he fall from glory?—sad was the hour of pride that cast the bright archangel down. Presuming on our happiness, we followed to the same abyss of sorrow. My punishment is there to sojourn, and behold from yon bright sky, this world of suffering. Good

deeds at length may expiate my crime, then will eternal Eden smile before me! Farewell, child of a sinful race; beware of earthly passion, guard well thy heart. See what thou wilt, or hear, or know; speak not Leoni's name to other ear than his, or darkness and despair will follow. Remember." Pointing to the sinking moon, the eyes of Isabel obeyed the movement, and when again she looked upon the fountain, no trace was left of that ethereal form. A shadow veiled the moon as of a passing cloud, and once again that heavenly voice was on the breeze of evening, "Be silent, and remember."

The lady turned her from that latticed window, and the light bursts of joyous mirth broke on her ear like maddening discord. She must be gay, and veil beneath her heart of hearts the mysteries of that evening.

The mirthful hall, with its ten thousand lights, the well-timed music, and the happy faces of those who were unmasked, all failed to rouse the dreaming Isabel; the garden and the pale moonbeams were still before her; with thoughtful step and eyes bent downward on the pictured floor, she paced the hall, waiting for what she knew not. Something was to happen—something concerning him her young soul worshipped.

"Isabel!" she started. The keen enquiring glance of her stern father had followed every movement of his child. "Signora Isabel, you have not danced to-night. These noble guests are here to celebrate your natal day. I wish that all should know my wealth and power; and you—you do the honours well!—more fit to be within your nurse's arms than mistress of this lordly house. You have been weeping too; what fancy now? Look to your conduct, Lady; all eyes are on your strange demeanour, some talk of *pity*, but most *feel* contempt. There waits the Count Perizzi, an eager suitor for your hand; give it, and let your coming actions crave pardon for your past neglect! Signora, a Zingaro here would tell your fortune. He rules the stars, and knows the fate of mortals."

Half-murmuring to herself, and half in answer to the Mask, said Isabel, "I would he could read mine."

"He can!" a stranger said; the words, the voice that breathed them, and the secret of her heart were all in unison. Leoni lived—Leoni spoke to her—the lights grew paler, and her brain was reeling.

"Come hither, Lady," said the gipsy-boy, "and I will gather flowers from yonder vase,—shall tell your destiny. *Heartsease* is one of them twined with the blue forget-me-not." He led the way—instinctively she followed. He spoke in lower tones, and each soft word fell like a healing balm upon her troubled heart. "We must not linger here, I am no visitor for this gay place. I know that I am not forgotten, Isabel; my bride, vowed in the sight of heaven; I am come to claim thee. When the light waltz commences, thou canst venture forth. Haste to the corridor; I will be there, to meet thee." He clasped her powerless hands within his own, and left her, ere she had words to speak, or will to utter them.

Two years had passed away since he was banished; he was the same Leoni still,—the only change, his voice had now a sadder, sweeter tone. It fell upon her ear like some one's she had heard before, but where or when her memory gave no account. She was bewildered, events had come across her path so suddenly—events she almost fancied were an idle dream. Sometimes she thought sorrow had warped her mind, and all that she had seen and heard was phantasy. What sparkled on her marriage-finger?—a peerless, priceless ring. How came it there? How, but from him who pressed her hand within his own! Then it was no delusion, and she hoped that many days

of bliss were yet in store. She wished to hide the love-gift in her bosom, and shelter it from every eye. But had the sparkling gem been wrought upon the hand that bore it, it could not have clung more closely. What matter—it was *his* love that placed it there; his love, her lamp of life, and she was well content. Again the giddy waltz began. It was her summons to the corridor. She drew the silver veil, part of her festal dress, more closely round her, and passed unnoticed through the dancers. Faithful to his promise, he was there before her; his dress was changed, instead of the gay gypsy garb, he wore the habit of a monk. The hood had fallen back, and his dark shining curls were waving in the breeze; the expression of his features was more thoughtful than in earlier days. The light, graceful figure, delicate almost to womanhood, had lost none of its buoyancy. But nineteen summers had they seen—Leoni and his Isabel. Not much of joy had marked the path of either. His was, from infancy, a wild, unsettled mind, labouring with gloomy thoughts; the past, the present, and the future were a chaos, from which he conjured up dark visions of predestined fate. One object was attained—one that had been the sole employer of his life—to gain her love. It was a selfish feeling, for well he knew the gulph that stood between them. But reason was absorbed, and held no argument with youthful passion.

She paused one moment on the marble step to gaze on her recovered treasure. Her quick and anxious breathing caught his ear. Forgetful of all caution, he sunk upon his knee before her, and from the hurried beating of his heart poured forth his ardent love.

"Oh, Isabel! the many weary hours that I have sighed for such a joy as this! Couldst thou but know how oft my sinking heart has panted to behold thee! Dearest, thou wilt be mine in spite of all? I *know* thou wilt. Let not stern hearts divide such love as ours. I have the means, and thou must leave thy home, thy father, all for me. Pause not, but answer me, and let thine answer be consent!"

"Leoni, thou knowest the weakness of a woman's nature; that thou art dearly loved be sure. A maiden's lips should not betray her heart. For months I have believed thee dead. Your father's house still mourns for you. What mystery is this, that I behold you here?"

"Of that anon. My father must not know of my return. I was condemned to a monastic life. Even now, the holy fathers of our order believe me still an inmate of their walls. When first I entered there distraction for thy loss brought on a raging fever. I suffered long in silent agony. Wealth I had plenty; and, with powerful bribes, I gained at last my will. That one whom I had chosen from the rest should share his love with me. He was a crafty, cunning man, and did his office well. He cared but little for his sacred calling, and many a dark deed his art has covered. He told me, that in boyhood he held commerce with a sybil, and learnt from her to read the fates of mortals. Suffice it, Isabel, that, but for him, I had not ventured here. A well-concocted story of my death and penitence he told the rigid brothers; and craved, as from my dying lips, that he alone should pay due honour to the dead. That mystic ring now on thy finger, dearest, was his parting boon; it will command a spirit's power o'er him who wears it. Keep thou the charm, no human aid can part us. If mortal hand, save mine, should clasp that ring, you die. Beware; for it is fragile as the brittle ice; but fear no danger. We must away to foreign lands. My foot once free, I may return the charm, and all will then be well."

The faltering tongue of Isabel proclaimed a thousand fears. She told, with beating heart, the vision of the fountain. Terror had wrought too much upon her mind; and, as she spoke, each word became a stifled sob. Sweet was the sorrow that bowed down her strength. She leant her head upon his breast and wept.

He did not whisper to that gentle girl his mystic fate; he did not pour into her listening ear the fatal truth that he then bore a charmed life; that love for her, when on the verge of death, had driven him to seek that power which he should not have known. On one condition he returned to earth: that Isabel must share his destiny in good or evil. Her fate was linked with his here, and hereafter. Sometimes his heart would quail beneath the thought that she must perish in the gulph which yawned for him. But passion led him on to the most base and selfish act that could enslave the soul of man. He knew not that a guardian power would shield her innocence. He knew not that the prayers from her pure lips would wash the stain of sin from off his soul. But *this* he knew: a few short years at most were all that he could call his own, perhaps, of earthly happiness. It was too late for him to think of that; he had forgotten worldly sorrow; but in his love for her alone, was he of mortal nature, that love had been his curse; even in death he could not flee from it; and now he would not if he might.

"Why dost thou weep, beloved?" said Leoni. "Come, let me kiss the tears from off thy burning cheek. Rejoin thy guests; no trace of sorrow shall be visible. To-morrow at this very hour we meet again. Remember, here and there, thou'rt mine for ever."

And many a hill around Verona caught the sound of his last words; like an electric chain the echo rose from east to west, from north to south. She marvelled, as the mimic tones of his sweet voice died in soft cadences away—"Mine, mine for ever!"

The guests were now dispersing; with eagerness she sought the solitude of her own chamber, and communed with herself on past events. A weariness hung over her, but not of sleep. She knelt, as was her custom, before an image of the Holy Virgin. She had no power to utter prayer; the sacred words rose to her lip, but faltered ere she breathed them.

Beside the couch of Isabel there hung a picture of Leoni; she raised the flickering lamp so that its light should rest upon the canvass. It was a happy, beautiful face. The jetty fringe of those love-speaking eyes seemed trembling on the lids. The lips were fresh, as if the breath of life hung on them. The very purity of heart and soul was there. Who could behold a face like that, and doubt its owner's truth.

She slept that night a fitful feverish sleep that could not be repose. In dreaming, wherever she would go a gulph appeared. The spirit of her mother warned her back; but young Leoni beckoned on, and spoke those honied words that ever would beguile her of her love.

The morning came; she dared not brave her angry father's eye, and sent to beg she might remain alone. She knew that, in the banquet-room she had neglected those he wished she should have noticed. An answer came, that Count Michelli commanded the presence of the Lady Isabel in his own private chamber.

She dared not disobey, and tried to steel her heart against his angry words and harsh reproof. She hastened to his presence, and felt his eyes were sternly fixed upon her. She dared not meet their fury lest she should sink before him.

"Young lady, you may sit; it may be, ere our conference has ended, that you will need support." He spoke with all the biting sarcasm of his nature, and thus continued: "I cannot parley with you, Isabel, lest I forget what is both due to you and me. Now listen to me: I command you to accept the hand of that rich noble you last night so proudly scorned. I know your motive, but will not mention that. I am to blame, for giving place so long to your mad head-strong fancies. In two days hence you are Perizzi's bride: worthy to be the husband of a fairer dame than thou art. What did you in the corridor last night, wandering alone? Eyes were on you that you little dreamt of. 'Twas pity you should choose a solitary walk, when lovers were so plenty."

Stung, goaded on to madness, Isabel resolved to tell him all. The thought and word were of the selfsame birth. She knelt before him, and, spite of his stern nature, buried her face in his unwilling hands.

"Father," she said, "my only parent, suspend thine anger for awhile, and I will tell thee all. Thou knowest that I was vowed to one before the secret of my father's hate to him and his was told to me. 'Twas wrong I own to pledge my faith ere I consulted thee. I did not think of that. Nay, spurn me not; thou wouldst have done the same—thou didst! Bianca, my own sainted mother, wedded *thee* against her father's will. She was thy choice; Leoni, mine. I have tried hard and long to curb my wayward will. I have striven with a breaking heart to banish from my memory all trace of my ill-fated love; but passion will have way."

"Mad art thou, Isabel; Leoni paid the forfeit of his daring to taint the honour of my house by wedding thee; and were he now the ruler of the world, my only child should be a mouldering corpse beneath my feet, ere I would give consent to such a union."

She held the bright curls back that burst their bandage, and gazing on her father's face, exclaimed, subdued and calmly, "Leoni lives, and I have seen him! I am the worthy daughter of a haughty sire. I swore I would be his in life and death, and I *will* keep my vow. I have been goaded on to this, without one spark of love or pity. Blame not me, but those who should have taught obedience in my infant days."

Ravina rose; and though he gloried in the daring nature, so like his own, of that frail flower that ever seemed to bend with fear before his will. Yet must his power have way.

"Leoni lives, indeed; let him not venture here. Now mark me;" and he seized her hand that bore the mystic ring. It crumbled at his touch. An unseen power was over every nerve. He sunk to sweet repose, like a tired child, brawling itself to rest.

Soft music floated on the air. The silvery fountain and the moonlight hour were once again before the eyes of Isabel. The heavenly form of that bright angel waited there. He cast a wreath before her feet, begemmed with dew-drops, sparkling as if the noontide sun were on them. It was the boon of immortality. Leoni stood beside that holy being as she beheld him first. A garland wreathed *his* brow, on which was traced—Repentance. Thus spoke the Spirit of the Evening Star: "Come hither, child of immortality; despair not, fear not. A short probation, and the heaven of peace is thine."

A shadow fell upon the listening waters. Ravina woke as from a fitful dream. In vain he called on Isabel; no trace of her was visible. The noon-day sun shone brightly; birds were singing in wild glee; but she, the beauty of the banquet hall, the spell-betrothed—was seen no more.

LINES FROM THE FRENCH.

By Miss F. Johnston.

Lady, the rose which thy dear hand,
Sought to preserve from dying;
S severed from its kindred band,
Is now pale and wither'd lying.
But its sweet gratitude to speak,
The lovely flower in death,
Bequeath'd its blushes to thy cheek,
Its fragrance to thy breath.

Dover.

THE REDBREAST'S PETITION.

Spare, oh spare my mossy nest,
Leave my little bow'r at rest;
Leave me to enjoy the Spring,
Gaily, in return, I'll sing,
And my notes shall sweeter be,
Then were I encag'd by thee.
From the larch, at early day,
Blithely sounds my cheerful lay;
And in noonday's fervent heat,
I seek some shady cool retreat;
And there, to charm the hours away,
I tune my unaffected lay,
And the wand'ring passer by
Listens to the melody;
And, at ev'ning's pensive close,
When the flowers woo repose,
When the balmy dews descend,
And the heav'n's soft colours blend,
By the margin of the spring,
A farewell to day I sing.
Then, stranger, spare my mossy nest,
And leave my little home at rest;
And I will sweetly sing to thee,
An unaffected melody!

C. G. L.

ENIGME.

Quand on me voit, on rit, on est joyeux;
Je suis toujours escorté du mystère.
J'inquite les curieux,
Et le jaloux qui tient les yeux
Ouverts sur sa moitié trop chère
Ne trouve pas souvent avec moi son affaire,
Mon règne est dans les jours consacrés à Momus.
Pour deviner en faut-il plus?

CHARADE.

Par un article singulier
Sont réunis mon premier, mon dernier;
Malheur à qui fait mon premier,
Si Thémis en a mon dernier.
Sur mainte carte on trouve mon entier.

THE COUSIN.

Rich people often fall into the error, if not the misfortune, of marrying too young; there seems to be as much sympathy between two great fortunes, as between two tender hearts. When a young man of family, with expectancies, or property at his own disposal, is old enough to appear on the stage of life, his friends think it an act of prudence to get him married as soon as possible, in order to save him from the temptations and follies, to which the young, especially, if wealthy, are exposed; and thus, in averting, as they think, one evil, they often give birth to a greater.

Having finished his studies, Charles Lecomte left Paris with his tutor, to make the tour of Italy and Germany, and on his return had scarce attained his majority. He was a fine young man, active, clever, of an easy temper, and quite disposed to enjoy his liberty, and the handsome income left him by his father. But his mother had other views for him, and, proud of, yet dreading her son's advantages, presented him immediately to a lovely girl of rank and fortune, whom she had chosen from among several, with whom she had made acquaintance during the absence of Charles. She considered marriage as a haven of safety from the storms of youth and passion. Charles fell easily into his mother's prepared scheme. His heart was free and unguarded, and, no art left unemployed to secure him, he yielded to the visions of happiness which were presented to his view, and became a husband. He had nothing to fear or to regret in consenting to this marriage, which had the advantage of entire equality, and accorded with his inclinations.

The evil genius of youth, that deceptive *coleur-de-rose*, that pervades every path of life, and leads the inexperienced into imprudences; the disguised god of fools and prodigals, gamblers and sensualists, is not always content with one victim. The precautions of wisdom may, for a time, avert his power, but in the end, he generally asserts his right to annoy, or perhaps annihilate his followers.

Five years had passed since the marriage of Lecomte, and during that time he had raised envy in the breasts of some men, and jealousy in others. He was the personification of a happy and fortunate man; he could have nothing to wish for; he moved in the first society; he had a large income, and his wife was one of the prettiest women in Paris. Yet he was not quite content, though he felt no present want, nor had any care for the future; the dissatisfaction lay in the past. Human wishes, like fruits and flowers, have their season. The happiness we seek, if we do not find it at our own time, loses half its value, as fruit is poor in flavour, and flowers less fragrant, when produced out of the ordinary course of nature. Charles had come too soon into possession of so much worldly good; and what was the consequence?

In the large hotel, where he resided with his lady, he had a suite of rooms fitted up for himself in bachelor style. In these apartments, he passed only a few hours in the early period of his marriage, but now he passed nearly the whole of his time, when not engaged abroad. Nevertheless there had been no violent disagreement between the young couple, the chain had been severed by degrees. When this is the case, the wife must be either blameable as her husband, or she must be a woman of strict virtue united to tact and moderation. The husband was not long in breaking through the pale of matrimony, but did Madame follow his example; had she retaliated? Their acquaintance were ignorant of the facts in this chapter of matrimonial faith, but they were unanimous in supposing that

revenge was preparing. A pretty woman, neglected by her husband, never wants for consolation. Men are ready enough to pay attention to beauty, when no cause for complaint or grief exists. The serpent, who glided into Paradise to tempt the first pair, was a subtle and ingenious reptile.

M. Lecomte had passed the night at his club and a masked ball, when, on his return home, he found a note from his wife, who had not seen him for three days, requesting him to breakfast with her next morning. Any other man might have expected reproaches, but Charles was accustomed to an indulgence which he explained to himself, generally, in some way to the satisfaction of his own conscience. "Elise," thought he, "takes my neglect of her rather coolly, and scarce notices my absences; she is so cold and indifferent. Can she ever have loved me? or is it her coquetry, which leads her to be calm, because serenity is favourable to the duration of beauty? or," and here the young man winced a little, "may not some one console her for the want of my society, by paying her attention during my frequent absences?" Guilty persons often endeavour to justify themselves by trying to believe that the parties they injure are incapable of honorable sentiments. But Charles, however lenient to his own want of conjugal faith, was not indifferent to the conduct of his wife, and the idea that she might entertain any thought of reprisal troubled him for a time, when such a possibility flashed across his mind. A few salutary reflections would ensue, but his natural thoughtlessness soon returned; he thought no more of danger, his confiding temerity returned, and he launched anew into the vortex of dissipation.

Madame Lecomte received her husband graciously; her attentions at the breakfast-table were given with a charming ease of manner, and she was even kind enough to enquire where he had passed his preceding evening. Encouraged by her unsuspicious tone and smiling countenance, Charles forgot the delicate susceptibility of the female mind, and answered her much in the same way as he would have replied to one of his gay companions.

"Real pleasures are rare and fugitive," said he, "I am dissatisfied with my last evening. I began by losing forty louis at whist."

"Well," returned his wife, "that is no very serious loss; it cannot inconvenience you greatly; but, if your funds be low, perhaps, I can assist you."

"Thank you, my kind friend, but I yesterday got a supply at my banker's. When I left the club, I went to the ball at the Opera-house; it was flat in the extreme. Will you believe that I, who never fail to attract the attention of several distinguished women, was noticed merely by some half dozen figurantes. It was positively quite humiliating!"

"Very, but never mind, you may be more fortunate at the next ball."

Charles taking his wife's complaisance in earnest, said, "And you, dear Elise, how did you pass last evening—not alone I hope?"

"Oh, no; I had a visitor—our cousin Alfred Breton!"

"Ah, indeed!" A person gifted with penetration might have observed a slight alteration in the tone and features of the husband, and an almost imperceptible shade of satisfaction in the countenance of the wife, which might have been thus interpreted, "Undoubtedly Alfred pays her court, and she receives his homage!"

"He is jealous of Alfred, so much the better!"

After breakfast, Charles said, "There will be a steeple-chase

in a few days. Will you be on the course to see the horses start?"

"Do you purpose taking part in it?"

"Certainly, and in order to ensure the honours of the conflict, I mean to ride Ibrahim!"

"What! that spirited animal that is so much talked of?"

"Yes; I shall mount him to shew my prowess in equestrianism!"

"Then you have bought this horse?"

"Not exactly, but he will be mine. I have offered three thousand francs for him, and as there is no higher bidder the bargain will be concluded to-morrow."

"I must say, my good friend, that you are about to commit a great imprudence."

"Perhaps so, but I dare to do it; though perhaps our cousin, M. Alfred Breton, might lack the courage to engage in such an undertaking, in spite of all his self-love and ridiculous pretensions," Charles flung out of the room as he said this in a tone of sarcastic bitterness.

Left alone, Elise was no longer the smiling beauty; her countenance betrayed the chagrin caused by the conduct of her husband. She was the ill-treated woman, bearing her sorrow patiently, yet watching for the opportunity which should vindicate her own faith, and recall her husband to his allegiance. Charles left the house, and soon after the cousin was announced. Again did Elise appear all smiles and captivation. From the reception she gave the young gentleman, suspicious inimical to her character might certainly have been formed. Alfred Breton was an exquisite of the first class. He was not deficient either in courage or ability, but his vanity kept his better qualities in subjection. Many women would have been charmed to receive his attentions, but Alfred, though not indifferent to the favour of the sex, was too much enamoured of his own person to be a general admirer of ladies. He would sometimes, in a spirit of rivalry, play the adorer to a fair dame who might be the fashion, but if his heart were touched at all, it was by his relation, Madame Lecomte. He suffered no eclipse, beside his gentle cousin, and the confiding tone in which she conversed with him was at once gratifying and flattering. She was never denied to him at home, and seemed pleased to receive his gallantries when abroad. After the usual salutations, she said, "Do you mean to attend the steeple-chase?"

"If you will be there. Yes!"

"Oh, assuredly; I love to see a fine intrepid young man on a spirited horse. My husband means to enter the lists!"

"Ah, indeed; then will I also."

"Have you heard speak of a horse called Ibrahim?"

"A most unmanageable beast thy say."

"I hope he will be one of the coursers, and I admit that my sympathies will be engaged by his rider, since he must, of necessity, be courageous and an excellent horseman."

"Suppose I should ride him?"

"Oh, you would not expose yourself to so much danger. Charles pretends that he could ride him; but no one can ride him but his owner, and it would be a folly to purchase an expensive and dangerous animal, because I made a thoughtful observation. However, I need not fear, since I understand he will be sold to-morrow!"

"He shall be sold in less than an hour, and I will be the purchaser." With these words, Alfred left the room, and Elise, clasping her hands as he closed the door, murmured,

"I knew he would."

It may now be comprehended why Madame Lecomte was so gracious with her cousin. It was not the first time that she had incited him, by flattering his passion and interesting his vanity, to forestall Charles in some foolish, or extravagant project. On the appointed day, he appeared at the steeple-chase, mounted on the famous Ibrahim. For a long time, the fiery, unruly animal refused to enter on the course, and when he did obey the spur, he started off like lightning at an ungovernable pace, and could not be checked till he plunged headlong into a deep ditch. The fall was so sudden, that the horse was strained past recovery, and his rider emerged from his unwelcome bath with a dislocated shoulder. During the confinement, consequent on this accident, Elise visited her cousin, and kept up her influence by her regrets and kind wishes for his speedy convalescence. She had other work for the deluded dandy. Charles had embroiled himself with a Captain Sorman, a professed duellist, ever ready to take an affront, and resent it by a challenge. Sorman had occasionally displeased Madame Lecomte by his freedom of manner towards herself, and feeling now a dread of him, as well as a dislike, she spoke of him to Alfred as a person causing her the greatest annoyance. The consequence was, that ere he could be supposed capable of using a pistol, the useful cousin had met the redoubtable Captain, and put him completely *hors de combat* for persecuting either man or woman by a dangerous wound in the head; while himself escaped with a slight contusion. Alfred was now a lion among the exquisites, for he had proved his courage in two notable instances, and he seemed to like Elise all the better for the dangers she had thrown him into, since they had been the means of establishing his notoriety in the *beau monde*. But another trial awaited him. The peace of Madame Lecomte was threatened with an invasion more terrible than any that had yet been offered. Charles had become acquainted at Baden with a German Baroness, and this lady, a woman of equivocal character, had lately appeared in Paris. Elise dreaded lest a liaison should be established between her husband and the fair German, but she spoke of it to Alfred as though it gave her no concern.

"It is a brilliant conquest for Charles," said she, "since I understand the lady has repulsed a dozen suitors. Really my husband must be a persuasive person."

"The lady has been too favourably represented," replied Alfred, ever ready to disparage Charles, and through vanity to oppose him. An animated discussion took place between the cousins, in which Madame adroitly stimulated the vain exquisite to attempt a conquest of the Baroness. He commenced the siege, and his being a single man gave him the advantage of Charles, who was not at liberty to hold out the possibility of marriage—a consideration which had great weight with the widow. Alfred, not dreaming of such an entanglement, prosecuted his suit, and one day gaily announced to Elise that he had beaten Charles out of the field.

"Can you prove it?" she asked.

"Why," replied he, in a tone of demur, "the lady wishes me to see her safe to Vienna."

"Well!"

"You would not advise me to go?"

"And why not—you can return?"

And the very useful cousin really did escort the German lady as she desired. Elise, released from the attentions of Alfred, sought to regain the regard of her husband; who, though mortified at being repeatedly foiled by Breton, was not sorry that the only man he feared, as regarded his wife, was removed for a

time from her presence: indeed, he was not without hope that the Baroness might, if she played her cards well, induce the exquisite to offer her his hand, for she certainly was a fascinating woman. But charming as she was, Charles, who had given more of his company to his wife after the departure of the enslaving widow, because he felt discomfited, and not in spirits to meet the raillery of his companions, began to feel that the modest attractions of Elise were far superior to the blandishments of those light women, who for some time had lured him from his home and domestic happiness. And while in this improved state of feeling, the season arrived for the pleasures of the country, and Lecomte conducted his wife to his paternal estate. Here, removed from the temptations of a seductive metropolis, and occupied in superintending alterations and improvements, he found Elise sufficient society, and wondered that he had not discovered her amiable qualities before. On his return to Paris, he voluntarily renounced the free and reprehensible life he had led, and no longer required his own particular suite of apartments.

Perhaps, Madame Lecomte might be blamed by some persons for thus trifling with her cousin, but if men will pay attentions with improper motives, they should not wonder, if some virtuous woman of sense and spirit should take advantage of their impertinent gallantry to forward some praiseworthy scheme of her own. Madame had not, like her husband, succumbed to the evil genius of youth; she soon perceived a dark shade beneath the *couleur de rose*, and did not mistake the assiduities of Alfred Breton for pure kindred regard. She, therefore, availed herself of his relationship, and his vain presumption to cure her husband of his extravagant and criminal follies, and to convince him, that though pleasure may be found in the halls of dissipation with spendthrift men and unprincipled women, yet happiness abides only by the domestic hearth, with a virtuous wife, and the society of a few prudent friends.

C.

S O N G.

I've wander'd 'neath Italia's sky,
When red with sunset glow;
I've watch'd each balmy ev'ning fly,
That southern summer's know.
I've seen the olive and the vine,
As lovely as may be;
But never yet saw fairest clime,
Dear England! equal thee!

I linger'd too a briefer space,
Where chilling north winds blow;
And summer scarcely shews a trace
'Mid everlasting snow;
'Mid festive pomp I pass'd my time,
And splendid revelry;
But never yet found gayest clime,
Dear England! equal thee.

MARIAN.

THE HAND OF THE WERE-WOLF.

The term Were-Wolf has probably descended to us from the Chaldeans, and other pastoral nations, who were obliged to live continually on the defensive against the wolves that followed their flocks; and the terror inspired by these animals favored the nocturnal depredations of unprincipled individuals, who availed themselves of a disguise, as a wolf, to perpetrate misdeeds of all kinds. Out of these practices a superstition arose that gave birth to many strange tales, and horrible adventures; and the belief of beings partaking of the natures of wolf and man obtained so much credence in the early ages, that not only some eminent writers, but many philosophers of the early and middle ages were interested in the subject. We forbear, however, to enter into a disquisition on the origin, or etymology of the word, but proceed to state, that in France a remnant of the superstition remained in much later times; and that in Berri, traditions of the Were-Wolf were preserved in all their vigour.

In the village of Ryans, once a large town, about three leagues from Bourges, there was a poor family who lay under the imputation of being descendants of the Were-Wolf. They had no subsistence, but by labour, yet such was the prejudice maintained against them, that few persons were willing to employ them; and while the poor creatures were often in want of a morsel of bread, their neighbours did not scruple to attribute to their agency every misfortune or accident, that happened among them. A fire, or an inundation—a bad harvest, or a destructive storm, blight and mildew, or an epidemic among the cattle,—all were laid to the charge of Simon Gorde, who was regarded with a suspicious eye, and pointed at as a subject for execration. Nor was Simon considered the only offender in his family, for two aged relatives, his wife, his son, and daughters, all shared the blame, and such was the horror in which these poor people were held by the neighbours, that they would even have thought a child at the breast capable of doing an ill turn, so great was the prejudice against this race of Cain. The cemetery and the Wolf's Cross were the places which were more particularly considered as the nocturnal theatres of the Gorde's, who were said to feast, by moonlight, on the bodies of the dead, or on dark nights to attack any living mortal whom chance or necessity might lead near either of those fearful places. That the wolves would descend from the mountains, and find entrance to the cemetery, the Gordes themselves well knew, and that a vagrant, in a state of intoxication, had fallen over the stones of the Wolf's Cross, and narrowly escaped with his life was also known, but these things, with many others, were attributed to the evil dispositions of the Were-Wolf, and his family. And thus, borne down by the odium attached to them, the poor creatures took no pains to emancipate themselves from their state of suffering; they allowed the calumnies put forth against them to remain uncontradicted, because they were powerless to defend themselves; they seldom passed through Ryans by daylight, and preferred work which they could execute at home, or would take them to some spot unfrequented by their uncharitable neighbours. They appeared not at the market of Aix d'Angillon, nor at the *fête* of Binges, nor mixed with the pilgrims to Saint Soulanges. They wrought not at vintage, or harvest, for they possessed not one friend in either of the adjacent communes. The curate had forbidden them the church, and the revellers chased them from the cabaret; they inhabited a miserable cabin, built with mud and clay, and thatched so indifferently with straw, that neither

cold, nor rain were entirely excluded. This wretched habitation stood alone, but near the entrance to the village; and the inhabitants would make a long circuit rather than pass the dwelling after twilight, when the supper fire shone through the crevices of the ill-constructed building, and gave notice that the unholy family were partaking their unhallowed meal.

Grief, poverty, and the putrid exhalations arising from damp and filth, brought sickness and death into the midst of this proscribed family, who could hope for neither compassion nor succour. Simon Gorde, the father, was the first victim, and his corpse was scarce cold ere his wife also sighed out her last breath; this unfortunate pair gave up their souls to their Creator, uncared for by the physician, or the priest. Simon Gorde, the son, prepared a grave for his parents, and placed them in it, shrouded in a few old rags. A peasant, who saw him engaged in this pious work, when darkness was covering the earth, crossed himself repeatedly as he hastened from the spot, lest he might be thought a participator in the ceremony. The news of this double death was received in the surrounding villages with rejoicings; it was looked upon as a punishment specially inflicted by Providence on this unhappy family, and some persons would even have countenanced a public thanksgiving on the occasion. Simon Gorde, the son, now thought the head of his family, was left with no one to care for in the world; the two old people, and his young sisters, fell victims, one by one, to the inveteracy of the disease, and when the young man placed the last of them in the earth, he felt half-disposed to lie down beside them, and seek in voluntary death for relief from a wretched and isolated existence. But it was not by tears and sobs that he expressed his grief, it was in silence, half savage and resentful, that he contemplated his present privations and future lot.

For many successive nights, he rushed, pale and haggard, from his paternal roof to stretch himself on the graves of his relations, and for a great part of his time he was entirely without food. Winter had put a stop to field and forest labour, and Simon had applied in vain for a day's thrashing, or some outdoor employment, but no one would engage him for fear of drawing upon themselves the fatality that seemed to attend the name of Gorde. He was refused brutally, and with threats; even the dogs were set at him, and, when deprived of the means of labouring for his sustenance, he was driven away with contempt and cruelty if he sought the scanty pittance allowed by law to the poor. Nothing then remained but to die of starvation, or to deliver himself from the tortures of famine by suicide, and from this last he was only withheld by a sentiment of tenderness which had lately stolen into his heart. Yes! strange as it may seem, this man, abhorred by the human race, and with whom he felt at war; this Pariah, who almost seemed to have lost his confidence in God, since he had become so bereaved and so destitute—this being, sharing none of those affections which compensate for the misfortunes of life; without consolation, but from his own conscience,—without hope of a better fate than had fallen to his ancestors,—attenuated by want and sorrow, yet often swelling into rage and resentment—he loved! and love alone saved him from the crime of self-destruction.

Simon Gorde would have been as handsome a young man as any in the country, had not oppression and privation driven the colour from his cheek, and deepened the shadow of his brow. He seldom raised his sunken eyes but to glance furtively and wildly around him. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, which obscured the favour of nature, an unpreju-

diced observer would have admired the stern dignity of his figure, and the contour of his head, which was well placed on his robust and finely-formed shoulders: his step was firm and haughty; and his movements not devoid of grace; and there was a softness of voice and purity of language which contrasted strangely with his ragged habiliments and wasted countenance. In fact, he differed so much from the labouring part of the community, that it might have been supposed the men were in some degree instigated by jealousy in their conduct towards him; the women, indeed, were not so harsh in their judgments, and some few dared to pity, and occasionally relieve him.

Fauchon, the wife of Claude Lovey, butcher, at Aix d'Angillon, had remarked Simon one day, when at work, near her husband's house, and, spite of the strange things said of him by her gossips, she formed a different opinion of the good-looking Were-Wolf. After this, she would stop, if she met him, to greet him, or reply to some remark, which he found confidence to address to her, for the poor fellow, grateful for a look or a word of kindness, had looked upon Fauchon, and saw that she was pretty. His gratitude and his admiration increased, until just before he had so rapidly lost the whole of his family, he had dared to intimate to Fauchon—that he loved her.

It was nine o'clock at night, and the inhabitants of Ryans were most of them at rest. Simon, alone, silent, and motionless, his hands supporting his head, fixed a dull eye on two brands, not yet extinct, among the ashes on the hearth. He gave no heed to the north blast that penetrated through the mouldering roof, and shook the door and window of his hut. He thought of his departed friends, and hoped soon to rejoin them, for the cold-seemed freezing the marrow of his bones, and hunger was seizing the powers of vitality. At intervals, a thought of Fauchon stole over his more sorrowful feelings, and the shadow of a smile lighted up his features for an instant, "Oh, my God!" he murmured in a tone, almost without hope, "I beseech thee put an end to my sufferings. Ah! would that I were the Wolf they say I am; I would revenge the injuries that are heaped upon me. But no! I would not eat their flesh, or drink their blood. I would pursue, and torment them; the unfeeling wretches who allowed my family to die—my father, mother, sisters, all! Why have I not the power to transform myself into a Wolf, if my fathers did so; at least I should find carrion, and I should not perish with hunger. Fauchon, alone, in this wide world has any love for me; but it is enough. I wish not for the love of any other mortal. For some time, Simon gave way to his melancholy and poignant reflections, the smouldering fagots contending feebly with the darkness of the night, but he had a dread of darkness, and he rose shivering, yet excited to renew the expiring fire. He threw on a bunch of heath and a little straw, and sought by the light for something else to burn. He had no more firewood, and he turned over a heap of rubbish, which had been thrown into a corner, as useless for any other purpose than to burn: under this accumulation of rags, old shoes, tool handles, and broken furniture, he discovered a leathern trunk, which he never remembered to have seen; he seized it with avidity, as if supposing it contained some treasure, and tore it open, for it was secured with a spring. It appeared as though it had not been opened for some time, and contained nothing but a dress of skin, which must have been the disguise assumed by some individual among his predecessors. It was formed of sheepskin, the front legs being furnished with imitative paws as a covering for the hands. The head was enlarged, and

lengthened by a muzzle in which appeared a formidable set of teeth, and, the whole was so arranged as to form a complete disguise for a human figure. Simon drew back started from this discovery—so opportune, that it appeared the effect of sorcery; then recovering his surprise, he drew forth this strange disguise, which, either from neglect, or long service, was much deteriorated. As he examined it, he recollected the many stories that he had listened to from his grandfather; tales which he, as a child, had laughed at; but which he remembered had always made his mother look grave. A struggle between tenderness and revenge arose in his mind, and as he silently continued to examine this criminal inheritance, many wild projects presented themselves to his imagination. Hunger had already rendered him desperate, and he now saw every object through an awfully-coloured prism; he gnashed his teeth, and imitating the howling of a wolf, began to invest himself with the insignia of a dreadful vocation. So great was the change wrought in him by this grotesque, yet frightful garment, that it might have been thought enchanted, and gifted with the power of transforming man to beast. Thus, arrayed as Were-Wolf, he rushed from his cabin into the open country, white with hoarfrost, and swept by the piercing gusts of the north-wind. With a frightful howl, he traversed fields and plains, the high road and less frequented footpaths, but no benighted traveller came in the way of the frenzied Simon, now rendered furious by the sharp air acting forcibly on the ravening hunger that gnawed him into madness. On a sudden, the distant sound of wheels arrested his attention, and he stopped undecided whether to fly from, or advance to meet the approaching vehicle. The night was not so dark, but that he could discern the chapel of the Old Castle at Aix d'Angillon, that once large town reduced to a village amid the ruins of a fortification; and he found himself near a pile of stones, bearing the denomination of the Sorcerer's pillar, and a few dilapidated buildings, inhabited only by beggars. He was soon aware that the wheels were those of Claude Lovey, who went twice in the week with his cart to supply meat to Saint Solanges, and travelled thus by night that he might be home again in time for market at Aix. Simon knew this as well as other people; and the departure of the butcher naturally suggested the remembrance that the wife was left at home by herself. He hesitated a moment whether he should endeavour to see her, or accost her husband: but hunger triumphed over love; and the whistle of Claude, encouraging on his horse, hastening his decision, he darted into the road, and seized the horse by the mane. "Claude Lovey," said he in a gruff voice, "I am dying with hunger! Give me some meat that I may live!"

"Saint Solanges, have pity on me!" said the affrighted butcher. "Ah! is it you, Simon Gorde, the Were Wolf of Ryans?"

"It is I," replied Simon, availing himself of the credulity of Claude, "and I would rather eat of thy meat than of thine own flesh. Give me, therefore, to eat, and forget not each time that thou goest to Solanges to reserve me a part of thy stock."

Simon, the better to enact his part, had placed himself in front of the cart, and rested one paw on the shaft, while he affected to smell at the cart with his muzzle.

Claude, who firmly believed in the existence of the Were-Wolf, no sooner saw the immense paw, than he roared out an invocation to all the saints, and throwing a piece of meat on the ground gave his horse such a jerk with the reins that the animal started off without waiting for a touch of the whip. Simon lost

no time in securing the meat, which afforded him so excellent a repast that he promised himself a renewal of so easy and amusing an expedient; beside, having no sort of regard for the husband of the woman he loved, he felt a malicious pleasure in terrifying poor Claude Lovey. Several meetings, therefore, took place between Simon and the butcher, who dared not reveal his nocturnal adventures to any one, and submitted to the impositions of the Were-Wolf without murmuring, or even waiting to be asked for the meat. He became, however, thoughtful and sad; he left home without a kind word at parting with his wife, and his cheerful whistle was no longer heard on his journey. He returned more sorrowful still, and Fauchon became alarmed at the alteration in her husband. Could jealousy have any part in his estrangement? And Fauchon questioned, and coaxed, and entreated, until Claude could no longer withhold from her his meetings with the Were-Wolf."

"Simon Gorde is no more a Wolf than yourself, my good man," said Fauchon, offended that such a suspicion should attach to her friend, "you are labouring under some delusion, or have been dreaming on your road; Simon does not deserve the character he bears."

"Wife, you are wrong; the Gordes have always been of that race, and Simon inherits the Wolf's paw."

"Simon is too gentle, I am sure, to turn himself into a Wolf; and, unless I see him, I will not believe what you tell me."

"Faith, then you shall see him, if you will go with me; you will then be convinced, for, beside that he told me his name, I knew the sound of his voice."

Fauchon was not free from superstition, and might have believed this story, if told of any other than Simon; and she resolved to accompany her husband, as much from the desire of clearing Simon from the imputation, as from curiosity. It struck twelve by the clock at Aix when she took her seat among the freshly-killed provisions; but Fauchon had no fears arising from the time of night so dear to evil spirits, her only dread was to find her lover guilty. Simon was punctual at the rendezvous, and his howlings, which could not conceal his paternal voice, sadly disconcerted Fauchon. Claude trembled in every limb, as he sought a piece of meat to throw out to Simon, who stood, holding out one enormous paw, by the Sorcerer's Pillar.

"Oh, Claude, I shall die with fright," cried Fauchon, "give your horse the whip, lest harm should come to us."

"You are not alone," growled Simon, fearing some trick, "beware how you trifle with me!"

"Be patient, my good Simon, I know better than to play tricks with you. It is only my wife I have with me."

"Fauchon with you! Ah, it is, indeed, your pretty wife! come she must get down."

"Oh, I conjure you, good wolf; let us go on our way, out time is precious, for to-morrow is market-day, and my poor wife will be frightened to death."

"No matter; she must come down and if she does not do so voluntarily, I will murder you both!"

It was in vain that Claude Levey exhausted all his stock of prayers and lamentations to soften the determined Simon, who refused all terms of accommodation, and menaced the unlucky pair in words that curdled the blood in their veins. Fauchon, though so particularly interested in the debate, neither spoke nor moved, so much was she surprised; nor did she offer any resistance when she felt herself quickly lifted from the cart, and thrown, as by a power invincible, on a heap of

stones, where she lay senseless. The butcher was no less confounded at this proceeding, and fell down upon his load, as if annihilated by some heavy blow. When he recovered, his vehicle was jumbling over the road; the horse galloping as though some witch was spurring him forward with red hot iron. Nevertheless, Claude performed his errand, sold his meat, and returned to Aix, mourning for his wife, and intending that a *de profundis* should be said for her. How great, then, was his surprise to find her in bed, rather pale and weary, but without any marks of ill-usage. And he was still more surprised, when she told him that the Wolf had merely carried her into the wood of Marcaux, where he had left her. This was tolerably civil behaviour for a Were-Wolf; yet Claude Lovey did not feel quite at ease on the subject. This affair irritated him against Simon, and though he feared to take any open method of punishing his enemy, he pondered over some mode of revenge that should be unattended with risk to himself. He, therefore, consulted with the Sacristan, a man whose advice was sought on all extraordinary occasions, for he was thought to possess the wisdom of Solomon.

"It is impossible," said this wiseacre, "to kill a Were-Wolf. His skin is proof against fire-arms, but an instrument of sharp steel may wound him, or strike off a paw. There is danger, however, in striking him, if you do not fetch blood; but that done he will fly immediately. That same night, Claude, determined to know who, or what the creature was, who had taken his wife from him, secreted a newly-sharpened chopper in his cart, intending to use it as a means of proving the identity of Simon Gorde, for he had great faith in the advice of the Sacristan. The wolf presented himself as usual, and enquired after Fauchon, which rendered the butcher still more resolved.

"Stop!" said Claude, stooping, as though to choose a piece of meat, "I have brought you a beautiful supper to-night. Here, hold out your paw, and do not be unmindful of my bounty."

"I shall not forget it," replied Simon; who, not mistrusting the man, whose wife and whose viands he had no scruple in appropriating, placed his extended paw on the side of the cart; but instead of a lump of beef or mutton, Claude drew forth the chopper, and, with one stroke cut off the paw placed ready as a block. The Were-Wolf moaned with anguish, and disappeared quickly in the darkness of the night.

The following morning, the butcher, grinning and laughing, approached the bed of his wife, and unfolding a napkin, presented to her view an amputated hand, partly concealed by a piece of Wolf's skin. Fauchon screamed, and, rising hastily, dressed herself, while her husband, with a savage joy, exhibited the hand, and said, "Ah! the Sacristan advised me well; the Were-Wolf is now recognizable, and I shall no longer fear his artifices."

* * * * *

Simon Gorde was still in bed, though it was near noon; the clothes were stained with blood, as was the floor of the cabin. His face was ashy pale, and expressed as much grief as pain. Tears stood under his eyelids, and he listened to the sounds without attentively and anxiously. Footsteps approached rapidly; the door quickly opened, and a woman, pale and tearful, threw herself on the couch of Simon. She threw her arms around him, uttering lamentations and curses, and drew from beneath the coverlet an arm enveloped in wrappers steeped in blood. At this horrid sight, the woman execrated the executioner, and mingled her regrets with the suffering victim. These outpourings of love and desolation were suddenly interrupted by a

knocking at the door. Fauchon went to reconnoitre, by the window, who it might be that would venture to visit the hut of a Were-Wolf, and raised her hands and eyes, as though utterly in despair. As a second knock shook the door, she exclaimed, "It is my husband; how can I escape? where can I hide myself? No! I will not hide myself, for if Claude comes to complete his horrid work, I will defend you, or we will die together."

Fauchon crept under the bed-clothes, at the suggestion of Simon, and clung to him trembling with alarm. He fixed his eyes on a weapon of defence, but did not raise himself in the bed.

"Good day, Simon Gorde," said Claude, as he entered, holding a napkin tied up, "I come to offer you a job of work. I have some vines to dress, and we know you are handy at such matters."

"I am not well," replied Simon, endeavouring to stifle his anger, "I am not in a state to work—"

"Ill—gossip; what sick with idleness I suppose. Where lies your malady? Let me feel your pulse." Simon coloured, and hesitated for an instant whether to comply with this demand, which he could not fail to understand; but, fearing to expose Fauchon, he presented his left hand stained with blood. "Not that hand, Simon,—the other; What have you lost the other hand? Simon changed from deep red to the paleness of death; he answered not, nor gave any sign of complying with a desire so cruel in its pretext. Claude enjoyed the evident embarrassment of the unfortunate young man; already was he disposed to satisfy himself, by drawing forth the other arm; already had he begun to untie the napkin, for one hand only lay on the outside of the bed, and Simon thought not of withdrawing it. "Why do you show me that hand?" said Claude, who thought he had arrived at the conviction he had expected, "do you wish it chopped off? Come, Sir Wolf, you shall now obey me—I will see the right hand."

"Here it is!" said a stifled voice; and Claude Lovey, astonished and terrified, saw a second hand, whole and sound, extended towards him in a threatening attitude. He drew back, stammered, and cried out for mercy, as, crossing himself, he rushed, half-crazed, from a house, which seemed protected by the devil.

He left the amputated hand behind him; which, however, became to him a vision of torment not to be exorcised by all the arts of the Sacristan. "Ah! that hand;—to whom can it belong?—is it the hand of a Were-Wolf or a demon. Certainly Simon Gorde is innocent, for I saw both his hands: there must be sorcery in it."

On the morrow, the first object that met his eye, on entering his shop, was the hand that he had left in the cabin of Simon Gorde. It was denuded of its Wolf's clothing, and lay among the joints of meat on the board. He did not dare to touch this hand, which he thought enchanted, but caused it to be thrown into a well, where he hoped it would remain out of his sight. But again did it appear on his stall, and he had it buried in his garden, without being able to get rid of it—for it came once more to infect the air of his shop, and fill him with remorse for the part he had acted. At length, hoping that sepulture in consecrated ground would appease the spirit of the hand, he conveyed it secretly to the cemetery of Valentigny; but there was no peace on earth for Claude Lovey, he found the hand one morning nailed to the shutter of his shop. This was too much for man to bear; this silent proof of his fault, and its constant reproach deprived him, not only of rest, but impaired his senses. He tore the offensive member from the place where

it was fixed, and, without taking leave of his wife, quitted Air for ever. Not long after his body was found floating on the surface of a neighbouring river, swollen and livid. His hands were contracted, grasping, in death, the unconscious instrument of his punishment—the Hand of the Were-Wolf.

Little more than a year after this the pretty widow of Claude Lovey installed Simon Gorde of Ryans into her shop as its master, having united herself to him in marriage. Whether she improved her fortunes or her respectability by this marriage is questionable. The sacristan shrugged his shoulders, and the want of the right hand could not be concealed. But who shall account for the fancies, the infatuation, the devotion of woman. Alas for love! Certes he is too often mentally blind; since the want of worth, intellect, or good dispositions is not always sufficient to overbalance some advantage of person, fortune, or birth. Love enters more frequently by the eye, than through the understanding.

C.

WHERE ARE THEY?

"I came to the place of my birth and cried, 'The friends of my youth—where are they?'" and an *echo* answered, 'Where are they?'"—SUBACIC MANUSCRIPT.

I sought once more my early home,
The scene of many a happy day;
My lov'd companions all were gone;
I asked again, "Ah, where are they?"

None came to greet the friendless one,
With jocund step and smile so gay;
But with a sad and plaintive tone,
An echo answered, "Where are they?"

Oh, what a bright and joyous band
Here laugh'd life's cloudless hours away!
Sojourning in a foreign land,
My heart oft asked, "Ah, where are they?"

I thought not I should find that all
The happy group had passed away,
And, to my oft-repeated call,
An echo answered, "Where are they?"

MARIAN.

MORNING.

How lovely are the first faint streaks of morn,
Ere yet the sun unfolds the gates of day,
And with the glories that array the dawn,
Outshines the ling'ring morn-star's dwindling ray.
And, oh, 'tis sweet to tread the pendant dew,
And breathe the incense of this glowing hour!
To see the sun steal blushing into view,
And share his colours with each woodland flower!
'Tis sweet to note the insect throng repose
On bud or flow'r, rock'd by the gentle wind,
And hear the milkmaid's simple song, that flows
With more than magic sweetness to her hind:
While from each bough bursts forth a raptur'd lay
Of adoration to the God of day.

J. P. C.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

By Miss F. Johnston.

Upon a hillock which rose beside their tranquil abode, sat a youthful matron and her little girl. At their feet flowed a sunny rivulet, bordered with waving rushes, bright verdure, and fragrant flowerets. The little maiden regarded tenderly her pensive parent (whose thoughts were with the absent), and softly kissing the pale cheek which rested upon the yet paler hand, she skipped away to the sparkling brook, and gathering a nosegay of the delicate blue forget-me-not, returned to the side of her mother, saying, with a smile, "Dear mother, why is this little flower thus named?"

"Does not my Adela know," replied the gentle Mrs. Mildé, "what is implied and required by the request, 'Forget me not?' When, therefore, it is uttered in sincerity, then hovers the sentiments of the heart upon the breath of the lips, and a sound is the symbol of the feeling; but when the sentiment is accompanied by this gift, then blooms the feeling of the heart in the azure-tinted cups of the sweet little flower. Its simple form responds to its name; nor does it require fragrance, more than the pure sentiment many words."

"But when," again interrogated the little maiden, "did the darling flower receive its name?"

"Nature, my dear child," resumed her mother, "is the common parent of mankind; she bestows upon the children of her love, every where, the beautiful, and, in the beautiful, the good and the true, if they will seek for and understand it. However, man must first himself possess and discern them, ere he can understand the images in which Nature offers them to him. She but gives him the similitude; the reality must be engendered in himself. Do you recognise this little portrait, dear one?" she continued, drawing from her bosom a small miniature.

"Oh! do I not!" exclaimed the delighted child; "it is my dear, dear father, who is now far away! Oh, how beautiful! I see him smile; I hear him speak!"

"And I too, Adela," murmured her mother with deep emotion. "But would that be, did we not bear him in our hearts? No; though the portrait were much more beautiful than it is, we should neither see him smile, nor hear him speak, nor would you regard it, and say, it is my father. Some years since, my dear child, your dear father dwelt on the other side of the stream, and he crossed over, and we met, and loved. At parting, I accompanied him to the shores of the stream, and he gathered a floweret, and gave it to me, and said in a low, soft voice, 'Lina, forget me not.' From that hour the simple flower has seemed ever to repeat to me the kindly words."

"And has it then, since that time, borne its pretty name?" inquired the little girl, regarding the flower with more interest.

"Nay," replied her mother, "not from that period; but probably it was from some similar circumstance that it first received the name. The true and the good remain ever young, and ever new. But it was at that moment I first understood the full meaning and significance of the name; for what is not felt by the heart is rarely received by the understanding. I loved your father; he was a noble youth: thus the flower became to me an image of my love, and of all love, and will continue to be so ever."

"But, dear mother," again questioned Adela, "why is the little flower an image of love? Has it anything peculiar in its appearance?"

"That will you discover, my beloved child, when you are better acquainted with your own heart. Love grows and blooms in silent modesty and sweet innocence. Therein does it permit itself also to be discovered. There is nothing stormy in its nature and essence. But, my Adela, there is also a counterfeit love, which, alas! merits not the name. This little flower grows and blooms beside the clear stream that flows through our valley; thus love dwells in the pure and guiltless heart, and ennobles and embellishes the life; and as the floweret adorns the little brook which seems to flow by, crowned with flowers that are reflected in the glassy waters like the stars of heaven; so does love also elevate and beautify life. How calm and beautiful is our home; for love is an inmate there! Regard the lovely tints of this simple floweret; they are the colours of the heavens. Love also is a heavenly plant, born of heavenly seed, and bearing heavenly blossoms."

Thus spake the tender parent, and regarding the little girl with affection, she extended to her one of the flowers, and added with a smile, "And you, Adela, my sweet child, Forget me not!"

The youthful maiden bowed her rosy face upon the hand of her mother, and a tear of joy glistened in her bright eye, as she murmured, "I need not the flower, dear mother, nor the image, for I have yourself."

"Then, love," rejoined Mrs. Mildé, "forget not the lesson of the little flower!"

KNOWEST THOU?

Knowest thou the hour to Lovers most dear?

'Tis when day is declining, and darkness is near,
When the nightingale's song, and the zephyr's soft sigh,
Is heard in the foliage, and breathed from the sky.

Knowest thou the token by Lovers most prized?

'Tis when hearts, once affianced, shine out undisguised,—
When the soul-breathing eye, and the blush-suffused cheek,
Meets the glow that it feels, and the thought it would speak.

Knowest thou of Lovers the evening and close?

'Tis when two in one holy alliance repose,—
When linked by affection's insoluble chain,
Soul mingles with soul, ne'er to sever again.

T. D.

SAGE RESOLUTIONS.

"I'll never marry," cried Sir Lawrence Pears,
For 'tis a dose composed of hopes and fears!"
Some fair Lafarge may her *soft* poison steal
Into my veins, and teach my heart to feel;—
But then, despite of all her sobs and sighing,
I can get my acquittal—*without dying*;"

CHARADE.

No undue tribute rigorously exact,
My first, is conscientiously to act;
In northern climes, my second doth abound,
Tho' during winter's reign, in England found;
My whole, the balance with such fairness bears,
That man his right obtains, his wrong repairs.

CLARA PAYNE.

A SKILFUL ANGLER.

Three fishers were quietly pursuing their pacific amusement on the borders of the Seine, nearly opposite to Maison Lafitte, but more directly to that of M. M. These three individuals seemed to possess all the qualities necessary for men who make war with the gudgeons. They had arrived at the spot at ten in the morning, and there they were at five in the afternoon, sitting almost motionless; the arm extended with that patient resignation that characterizes men who love a fry of their own providing. M. M., who had watched them for some time from his window, at length decided on a nearer view, and descended to the river.

"Well, gentlemen, and how succeeds the fishing?"

"Oh, not amiss," replied one of the anglers; "the fish bite."

M. M. asked some questions of the men, and remarked with rallying incredulity on their information, and the skill and cunning which they declared were necessary.

"Do you doubt of my skill, sir?" said the first who spoke. Well, you shall see how expert I am, Follow my line with your eye, and then you'll soon know what fish I mean to catch."

"A bleak?" asked M. M.

"Oh, no," said the other.

"A gudgeon?"

"Not precisely that."

"What then?"

"Yourself, sir!" cried the man, quickly rising. "You are a debtor to my client, M. N. I am an officer; here is my warrant, by which I arrest you; and, if you please, you must go with me to Versailles."

The gentleman, who had hitherto evaded all the means employed for his apprehension, was obliged to submit, which he did with a tolerable good grace, and followed the dexterous officer of the law.

C.

THE SCHOOL.

Now, 'mid the lapse of dim oblivious years,
Once more I view, and view thee through my tears!
Sweet scene of early youth, conspicuous in the vale,
Whose whiten'd walls reflect yon moonbeams pale.
The slim poplar, waving o'er its antient roof,
Now woos the gentle breeze; the clamour of the many tongues
Is still'd, that murmur hum the evening theme,
And hush'd the angry noise of stern reproof;
And mem'ry fond, thou welcome, pleasing dream!
Sweet reminiscence of those early joys,
For ever gone! And wish I, though that wish be vain,
Those hours once more; those simple joys again?
And I, companion of my fellow boys,
Still, with ready zeal the welcome task explore,
And thread, content, the depths of classic lore.
Adieu!—for darkness dimly veils each tree,
And leaves the scene to silence and to me.

GEORGE BURCH.

A SABBATH DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

A SKETCH.

By Clara Payne.

"Welcome Sabbath, day of rest!"

By some unforeseen circumstances chance had detained a traveller at the little inn of a most charming village in Wales. It was a fine summer's morning, and the country shone forth in all its loveliness. It was also the Sabbath day; but the traveller was in no mood for contemplating the beauties of nature. We well know how irksome it is to be thwarted in even the most trifling affairs; but to be detained against one's will requires patience indeed. Thus the traveller was out of humour with all things, and at a loss how to spend the weary day. While in this state of uncertainty, he heard the pleasing chime of village bells, summoning the Christian to hold communion with his Maker; nor was the summons heard in vain; for through the fields and o'er the hill were seen the peasants, clad in holiday attire, bending their steps towards the sacred dwelling.

Led by curiosity the traveller, too, followed the goodly throng. It was an old, a very old church. Strange figures were carved upon its mouldering walls, and many a name and date once read there, as hieroglyphics now they met the curious gaze. The very burial ground had been enlarged, to mingle with the past the passing generation. In this spot the villagers were assembled awaiting the coming of their worthy pastor. Some were chatting in knots together, while others were resting on the moss-grown stones. One man, of most respectable appearance, attracted the traveller's attention; he was mournfully gazing on a grave, distinguished from the rest by a railing o'er-shadowed with trees. He would look at the grave, and then at the traveller, and then at the grave, as though he had something respecting it he wished to communicate, but had not courage to begin. At length, seeing the traveller approach the railing he also joined him.

"Ah, sir, you are looking-at the stranger's grave," he said. "That grave, it always makes me sad. May be you know the story?"

The traveller pleaded ignorance, and the narrator continued—"It is eight years since the dreadful accident happened; but even to this day none knows to whom this grave belongs, nor whence the stranger came. He was a foreigner; some say he was an artist; for on his person a sketch-book was found; in it were merely the initials of his name. This, with a miniature of a beautiful woman, were the only clue whereby his friends could be traced, and they, alas! have proved in vain. The cliff to the right is where the melancholy accident occurred. The stranger had taken up his abode at the village inn; and, ordering his dinner at an early hour, rode off to view the surrounding scenery. Night came, and he returned not. Next morning, as myself and friend were going to town, as fate would have it, we went the lower road, and never shall I forget the ghastly sight we there beheld. From the frightful cliff above they had fallen—the stranger and his horse—and both were killed. It made a great stir at the time, sir—but here comes Parson Zealous." All heads were instantly turned to welcome the worthy clergyman; and it was delightful to witness with what happy faces he was greeted by his faithful flock. There was a ceremony performed before entering the church: this was the shaking of hands; the young, the old, the rich, the poor, all shared alike in their pastor's cordial grasp. This

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ended, with becoming gravity they took their seats in church. The traveller also followed, and never, perhaps, had he listened with more pleasure to the Morning Hymn, then sung by that rural choir. The clergyman's sermon was admirably adapted to the comprehension of his hearers, inculcating peace and good-will towards all men. The traveller was deeply interested. The discourse finished, he too had the privilege of shaking hands with the good man, and returned to the village inn, notwithstanding his delay, both edified and gratified with his Sabbath day in the country.

OH! LIFE IS A TREASURE.

By Mrs. Leigh Cliffe.

Oh! life is a treasure few persons enjoy,
Tho' they dance to the measure that's struck up by joy,
For old care casts a thorn in their way as they trip,
And the goblet of pleasure is dashed from the lip.

Then sorrow comes on in her widow's attire,
And snaps the last string that is left on the lyre,
While it gives back the echoes of joys that are gone,
And the heart sinks in sadness, and shrinks at its moan.

Oh! life is a treasure that fades ere 'tis known,
What bliss it embraces—what joys are our own;
But Time, by his mirror, tells all men too plain,
The treasure neglected, age weeps for in vain!

TRUTHS OF THE HEART.

By Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Love, thou'rt a mischievous sprite!
Ever deceiving, promising, grieving;
False to the heart, as thou'rt fair to the sight!

Love, thou'rt a practised deceiver!
Smiling at throes, that from falsehood arose,
Thou conquer'st, yet scorn'st thy believer!

Love, when thou'rt wedded thou fleest!
Silently shying the heart that is sighing;
To some unconscious bosom thou hiest!

Love, if for mercy thou seest,
Be constant and true, as thou ought'st, to the few
Who to thee, though thou'rt false, have been truest!

EPIGRAM.

"My darling! when you die, I'll have you sealed
Hermetically up, that, when reveal'd,
You may (like Pettigrew's sound corn of wheat
That laid so many centuries in bed
At Thebes) spring up, and round you spread
A cluster of fresh ears."—"Ah! surely sweet,"
The wife replied, "But, love, may I speak true?
I then should wish a younger beau than you."

C

SKETCHES IN HIGH LIFE.

By Caroline Hill.

No. I.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

"I wonder whether Lady Matilda will be married in white or blue? Blue, I should say; it does so become her beautiful complexion; blond flounce, and a profusion of blond, of course."

"Yes," replied a tall, fair girl, affecting a most infantine lisp; "so *ma* says. For my part I decidedly admire Lady Matilda. Don't you Miss Mansfield?"

"Decidedly," echoed the accommodating Miss M.; "your ladyship has most exquisite taste on all occasions. Beautiful, little Honey!" patting a snarling, ugly poodle.

The first speaker, Lady Eliza Beaumont, a frank-hearted, unassuming girl, her sister, the lisping Lady Emma, and *the* Mansfield, a sort of half governess, half companionable person, were the trio descending on the beauties of Lady Matilda Vernon, whom the gallant Colonel Monteith was about to lead to the hymeneal altar. Vast preparations were on foot for the occasion. Milliners and mantua-makers complained of sleepless eyes; beaux and belles could talk of nothing else than the approaching *fête*; match-making mammas planned conquests for their daughters; card-playing old ladies dreamt of knaves, trumps, and the odd trick. Misses wondered that Lady Matilda could marry Colonel Monteith; it would be so horribly ludicrous to stump through life with a man who had a *cork leg*. Such was not the case, gentle reader: Monteith had been severely wounded in foreign service, and, as usual, report had exaggerated, and deprived him of a leg; though the injury received was in his shoulder. It had given him a *stamp*, however. But then he *was* handsome. Oh, yes, all agreed that he *was* handsome! Disappointed fortune-hunters spoke of Lady Matilda as a wayward chit, whom nobody could possibly have noticed. Gossips prophesied it would be a very unhappy match, as Lady Matilda had been given to certain little flirtations not altogether prudent. So scandal plied her busy tongue: much truth, but little charity, in all her words.

But to proceed: the ladies Beaumont were to be the bridesmaids, and, of course, every style of grace and fashion was in ardent contemplation. Wedding-bells ringing gaily, ushered in a bright morning, and still brighter faces. *Such* shaking of hands and hearty congratulations! Even gentlemen's gentlemen looked of more than *usual* importance; and ladies' ladies aped their mistresses to the very life.

The young and lovely bride, that was to be, returned the admiring gaze of her friends with graceful salutations. Next to her the Ladies Beaumont shone conspicuously in beauty; Lady Emma almost forgetting to lisp, and really condescending to be tolerably agreeable. Carriages and guests were waiting, and every apartment of Lady Matilda's residence in a state of hubbub and confusion.

Time whirled on with rapid wings; but no bridegroom appeared. Old ladies looked very significant, and young ones began to look very silly; still, no Colonel Monteith. At last it was resolved that the two especial friends of the Colonel should instantly repair to his house, and learn the reason of his unwarrantable delay.

The intended bride, poor thing! looked very uncomfortable; vinaigrettes and eau-de-Cologne were in great requisition; but after half an hour of the marvellous, and distress of mind to all parties, Sir Hugh Abindon and Captain Clanville returned,

each supporting an arm of the culprit Colonel.

Ladies and gentlemen, we blush to own the truth; but it *must* have its way: the guilty Colonel had positively—*FORGOTTEN* to get up and be married!

When his friends spoke in no very gentle terms, accompanied by divers knockings at the bedroom door, Monteith vehemently replied, "Rank and file! Take open! Order! On, on to glory! That's right; give the rascals no quarter!"

The offence, though very great, needed but little argument to induce forgiveness from the kind-hearted Lady Matilda. The marriage rites were duly consummated, and happiness reigned, fairy mistress, for the day. And many a time, in riper years, when sorrow or a cloud of discontent would shade the brows of the young couple, has it been laughed away by recollection of the reluctant bridegroom.

BALLAD.

By Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

I have not, since my youthful days,
Stood by my father's hearth;
Yet often faithful memory plays,
Like sunbeam o'er my path.
I see my sire as then he seem'd,
Belov'd, and born to bless;
And his bright eye with pleasure beam'd
At my fond, warm caress.

My mother, too, with sunny smile,
Would joy my songs to hear;
Did sadness, e'er my heart beguile,
Her kindness check'd the tear.
Those were, indeed, the happy hours,
Which but in youth we prove;
Joy had not bowed to storms and showers;
But all was peace and love.

Fond Memory! paint those early days,
Till life shall cease to flow!
Let Fancy sing those infant lays,
Unknown, untun'd to woe.
Still let me know, in dreamy bliss,
Each parent's fond caress;
Still feel a mother's tender kiss,
And hear a father bless!

ADDITIONAL VERSE TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

May Heaven's protecting power
Watch o'er that tender flower,
Whose leaf's yet green!
May Wisdom guide the way,
And Virtue's purest ray
Light, to life's closing day,
PRINCESS and QUEEN!

W.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE WHARNCLIFFE PEERAGE.

This family is not more distinguished for its high lineage than for the talents which many of its members have displayed. It is a branch of the regal house of STUART, which springs from JOHN, third Earl of BUTE, whose second son by MARY, only daughter of EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, Esq., of Wortley, in the county of York, was

The Honourable ARCHIBALD STUART, who, on the demise of his mother, in 1794, assumed the additional surname and arms of WORTLEY. On the 8th of June, 1766, he married MARGARET, daughter of Sir DAVID CUNNINGHAM, Bart., of Levingstone, in the county of Linlithgow: the eldest of three sons and two daughters, the fruits of this union, inherited the estates, and in 1826 was created by patent

BARON WHARNCLIFFE, of Wortley, in the county of York, the present Lord. This nobleman, whose Christian names are JAMES, ARCHIBALD, STUART, WORTLEY, MACKENZIE, was born in October, 1776, and in 1799 married ELIZABETH CAROLINE MARY, daughter of JOHN, first Earl of EREB, by whom he has issue,

JOHN, born 23d April, 1801, who married in 1825, GEORGIANA ELIZABETH, third daughter of DUDLEY, first Earl of HARROWBY, and has a son and daughter; CHARLES, born 3d July, 1802, a captain in the army, and CAROLINE JANE.

Though this peerage is a recent creation, in two instances, at least, its ancestry renders it illustrious. Springing from the regal house of the STUARTS, its descendants are possessed of royal blood: but the still higher nobility of genius has cast its light over the family: the great grandmother of the present Lord WHARNCLIFFE was the celebrated and eccentric LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, whose wit and literary talents form one of the brightest pages in the history of the last century.

The memoirs of this singular lady are too well known to require any very minute details. The extraordinary talent she evinced at an early age; the freakish manner in which she eloped (or rather, in the words of Horace Walpole "scuttled off to be married") with Mr. WORTLEY; her journey to, and admirable letters from Turkey during her husband's embassy at Constantinople; her unaccountable separation from her lord and master; and the mysterious eccentricity of her after life; those who are even but poorly acquainted with the gossip of the seventeenth century cannot be ignorant of. Many circumstances, however, which are *not* generally known, it may be as well to acquaint our readers with, and which we supply from the captivating work of the present Lord WHARNCLIFFE, entitled "The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague."

The following picture of a ladies' rebellion will surely amuse, though we have no wish that it should *instruct*, our fair readers; it comprises an account of the storming of the gallery of the House of Lords by a body of Amazons:—

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons.

Notwithstanding which determination, such a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon,* the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals he swore he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and, I think, not to be paralleled in any history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even, Yours."

Lord WHARNCLIFFE adds—

"The debate to which this story relates, must have been that May 2, 1738, on the depredations of the Spaniards, which appears to have been closed by a speech of Lord Hervey's."

Every thing that relates to Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE's private life seems to possess some feature that makes it deserve to be classed as extraordinary. Besides the daughter who married Lord BUTE she had a son, who turned out nearly as extraordinary a person as herself. Of a wild, gay, irclaimable temper, he early forsook his family circle to travel. When Lady MARY separated herself from her husband, she also passed several years abroad. On one occasion she encountered her son, almost by accident, at Avignon. They met as strangers; and the account she gives of the interview is extremely curious. The son was so hopelessly dissipated that his father

* "Lady Huntingdon, the same (the Countess Matilda) who afterwards became the head of the Whitfieldian Methodists."

determined to disinherit him. What followed is not a little strange. The conclusion of his curse is thus related by Lord WHARNCLIFFE :—

"It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr. Wortley that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him, by his will, of the succession to the family estate. But even this step was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr. Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of, in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley early in life was married in a way then not uncommon, namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mahomet, and indulged in the plurality of wives permitted by that faith.

"In 1776, Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice, his wife being dead, through the agency (as is supposed) of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the 'Public Advertiser' of April 16th in that year, in the following words :—

"A gentleman, who has filled two successive seats in Parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is * * * * (exciense.) Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect."

"It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons, on his way thither. There, however, while eating a becafigua for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death; thus putting an end to this honest scheme."

On her return to England Lady MONTAGUE exchanged the character of a wit and beauty for that of a not very elegant eccentric. Slovenly in her dress, and negligent of her person, she excited universal remark. There was a mysterious story of a tormentor, in the shape of a foreigner, who followed her ladyship wherever she went with threats that he would divulge some fatal secret, and by such base means made a very good income out of the lady. The secret was never made known; perhaps, like Canning's knife-grinder :—

"Story, God bless you!
He had not to tell, sir."

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE died of a cancer on the 21st of August, 1762. An enormous fortune devolved on her daughter, Lady BUTE. Horace Walpole states it to have been £1,350,000!

CHARADE.

I am what kings would like to be;
My first gives wealth to northern Italy;
My last makes glad the weary soldier's heart,
When night compels him from the foe to part.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

VESPASIA.

TO GEORGIANA.

ON HER REQUESTING A FRIEND TO WRITE IN HER ALBUM.

On thy album's chequered page
May here I *only* claim a place?
Such fragile record of thy friend
Some envious heart will soon efface!

Love a more precious tablet asks;
One corner of thy heart then spare!
And, ah! how deeply will I trace
My name irrevocably there.

C. M.

TO ———.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson.

A Rose-bud, blushing into bloom,
To Earth's cold clime was given;
But Fate decreed its brighter doom—
To ope, a flower, in Heav'n!

THE WREATH.

I bring thee fairest flowers, love:
The rose, with brilliant hue,
With lilies pale, and violets sweet,
Yet wet with pearly dew.

And they will form a beauteous wreath,
Around that brow to twine;
Trace in each flower some emblem fair;
Some charm resembling thine.

MARY.

BALLAD.

I MAY NOT LOVE THEE!

I may not love thee! I have tried
To school this fond, this foolish heart
In vain. My love hath art defied;
It lives, of life a very part.
Oh! had I dwelt upon the thought,
(That thought of mingled joy and pain,
As I have done) 't had madness brought
Unto this racking, fever'd brain!

I may not love thee! I have tried,
And I have found another love;
And when that other she hath sigh'd,
Thy form was there, all else above!
And she is rich; her ivory brow
Glitters with jewels proud and rare;
And when I mark her blushes glow,
I think of *thee*, and call her fair.

JUSTINA H.

AMBITION.

A FANTASY.

By Mrs. Hasenclever.

PART II.

A blaze of light streamed through the spacious apartments of a mansion situated in the most fashionable part of London, and strains of sweet music met the ear of the passer by, whom curiosity might attract for a moment to listen to the enlivening quadrille, the inspiring waltz, or the still more exciting gallopade, that sent forth a burst of merriment from yon gay ball-room. Within, a scene of almost eastern magnificence, met the beholder's eye. The suite of rooms, gorgeously furnished in crimson and yellow damask, were decorated with pictures of priceless value, reflecting their varied beauties in innumerable panels of plate glass. Here might be seen the soft, voluptuous landscape of a Poussin, the bewitchingly intellectual portrait of a Montespan, the soul-subduing melancholy of the angelic La Vallière, and the homely and yet inimitable nature of the Dutch cottage; while, to prove that the possessor of all this wealth and magnificence had a true English heart, the bold energetic Stanfield, the calm, peaceful Collins, and that king of British artists, the mighty Landseer, shone side by side with their foreign and rival brethren. Nor had the more quiet and dreamy-like imaginings of the sculptor's art been neglected. Statues, exquisite in their proportions, and delicate and refined in their conceptions, relieved, by their pure white contour, the otherwise almost aching magnificence of these halls; while a spacious conservatory, rich in the many-scented luxuries of more favoured climes, shed a delicious perfume through the apartments, and a bewitching languor over the senses. Through these festive scenes, and over the delighted throng, hovered a lady fair, whose rich white, brocaded and massive satin robe, studded with glittering diamonds, swept the ground in many folds. Her raven hair was confined by a zone of brilliants and rubies, and her arms and bosom were resplendent with the same gorgeous and regal jewels. She looked like some eastern princess, the guardian genii of a fairy palace. It was Aubrey's wife; one who had loved him unchanged, unchanging, through a long, dim series of revolving years. When the voice of scandal or calumny had breathed his name, the shaft fell on her ear innoxious as an arrow on a mountain of ice. When coldness and indifference might have frozen up the founts of a less deep seated affection, it merely seemed to open with a more lavish hand the unfathomable wells of her sympathy, and pity, and love. Ella's attachment to Aubrey had been woman's love in its purest and almost divine nature, hoping on, hoping ever, where hope scarcely glimmered—the warm, the gentle, the tender, the confiding devotion of the woman; and yet the steady, firm, undeviating friendship of the man. Exquisitely has the king of modern poets sung—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
 'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange;
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange.
 Men have all these resources; we but one—
 To love again, and be again undone."

I awoke, and found my ambition, like, alas! in the end even the most successful, "the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving but a wreck behind!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE;

OR, PEEPS AT BOOKS.

THE VICEROY. By JOHN FISHER MURRAY, Esq.—This is one of the class of novels that we like the least of any of the imaginative tribe. It is too political, too personal, too improbable to please. "Sweet is pleasure after pain," says the poet; and it is a pleasure to us to turn to the next book before us.

TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY is a very delightful and interesting work. The author gives us a fair and impartial insight into Norwegian society; and we would recommend his publication to the notice of our readers, who, we can assure them, will be as much pleased with it, on perusal, as we have been. The following is the author's description of the Norwegians generally:—

"I should say that they are a generally moral, but not a deeply religious people. I wish I could add, that I thought them exempt from the besetting sin of northern nations; but though I did not meet with many habitual drunkards, very few that possessed the means of indulgence seemed able to resist the temptation of an idle Sabbath evening, or christening, or a visit to the neighbouring town or fair to drink more than was good for them. The neighbourhood of large towns exercises the same corrupting influence here as elsewhere; and it is indeed sad to see the peasants returning with their empty carts from Christiana or Trondhjem in the worst state of intoxication. But in the interior, habitual drunkenness is rare. Almost the only exceptions I remember were two innkeepers of low caste.

LEGENDS OF VENICE.—This is a splendid publication, and exquisitely illustrated. We know not when we have been better pleased with a work of this description. The text is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe.

A LEGEND OF THE LOVER'S SEAT. A Poem by ALFRED COLEMAN.—This is a pretty little publication, which the author has kindly printed for the benefit of the East Sussex Infirmary. We hope it may meet with an extensive circulation.

OLLA PODRIDA. By the Author of Peter Simple.—This production, from the pen of Captain MARRYATT, is exceedingly amusing, and his want of recollection of persons equally so, which often places him in very odd situations. The following little blunder is laughable:—

"The knowledge of this unfortunate failing makes me peculiarly careful not to avoid a person who appears to know me; and one day a very absurd scene took place. I was standing on some door steps close to the Admiralty, waiting for a friend, and there was another gentleman standing close to me on the pavement. A third party came up, extending his hand, and I immediately took it, and shook it warmly,—although, who my friend was, I was, as usual, very much puzzled to find out. Now it so happened, that the hand which I had taken was extended to the gentleman standing by me, and not to me; and the party whose hand I was squeezing looked me in the face and laughed. I did the same, and he then gave his hand to the right party and walked off. As, however, we had said, 'How d'ye do?' we had the politeness to say, 'Good-by;' both taking off our hats on the broad grin."

WILD FLOWERS FROM THE GLENS. By E. L. L. One vol. W. J. Cleaver, Baker Street.—An exceedingly pleasing volume of tales, chiefly founded on romantic legends or traditions. The language is flowery and elegant, and the moral of all good.

THE CONSPIRATORS, by E. QUILLINAN, is a clever novel, and will, we think, attain a due share of public favour. Places and persons may be guessed at easily, from the descriptions given by the author.

THE ROMANCE OF JEWISH HISTORY. By the Misses MOSS.—We are glad these young ladies have taken a new department in the field of literature. Jewish History has as yet been almost untrodden ground, and we have had great pleasure in travelling through this part of it with the Misses Moss, who are evidently very talented young persons, and we can recommend the work to our readers.

LEGENDARY TALES OF THE HIGHLANDS. By Sir T. D. LAUDER, Bart.—These tales are of a very superior class. *Tail-tear Crudach* is an excellent story, and *Serjeant John Smith* is a bit of genuine broad comedy in prose. These tales will wile away a winter night pleasantly.

SONNETS. By Sir JOHN HANMER, Bart.—There is much fancy and classical taste in these sonnets; and if such a thing were to occur that poetry should become popular, they would meet with a great circulation.

DACRE OF THE SOUTH, a Tragedy by Mrs. GORE, is well written, and, we think, admirably adapted for representation.

LITERARY LEAVES. By DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, Esq.—This is a *mélange* of prose and poetry of various descriptions, and of various qualities. These volumes cannot fail to please, though we are sorry to find the contents of them so unequal.

FUGITIVE VERSES. By JOANNA BAILLIE.—To say that these verses are good would be saying too little. They are excellent; full of noble thoughts, most elegantly and expressively told.

JEST AND EARNEST.—We have before us a very pleasing volume of essays under this title. A little pruning might, perhaps, have improved some of them; but they are all very respectable.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BIRTHS, OF SONS.—The Rt. Hon. Lady OXMAN TOWN.—At Kenilworth Vicarage, the Hon. Mrs. MONTAGUE VILLIERS.—The Lady of the Rev. C. BURNBY.—At the seat of her father, Lord Dunsany, the Lady of G. PRICE, Esq.—The Lady of Capt. T. BULKELEY, 1st Guards.—The Lady of H. L. S. LE STRANGE.—The Hon. Lady BUTLER.—Madame DEVIS. The Lady of the Rev. R. R. ROLFE.—The Lady of C. LOWTHER, Esq.—The Countess of ARBAN.—The Lady of W. COPLAND, Esq., of Colliston.—The Lady of J. JOSSELYN, Esq., of Western Hall, Suffolk.—The Lady of HOLLINGWORTH MAGNIAC, Esq.—The Lady of the Rev. HENRY J. ROSE.

OF DAUGHTERS.—Lady GRAHAM.—The Rt. Hon. the Lady CHARLES RUSSELL.—The Lady of R. LEMON, Esq., of H. M. State Paper Office.—The Rt. Hon. Lady BATEMAN.—The Lady of T. GLADSTONE, Esq.—The Lady of the Rev. C. BOYS.—The Lady of W. BURLEY, Esq.

MARRIAGES.—By Special Licence at Stanmore Church, C. E. LAW, Esq., to Lady ELEANOR CECIL HOWARD, daughter of the Earl and Countess, of Wicklow.—C. BARRINGTON, Esq., to Miss LEWIN.—W. BROWNE, Esq., to LOUISA, daughter of C. TYRRELL, Esq., of Polstead, Hull.—R. P. AMPHLETT, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to FRANCES, daughter of the late E. FER-

RAND, Esq.—A. W. BEAUCLEERK, Esq., to ROSA, daughter of J. ROBINSON, Esq., of Kew.—P. ANDERSON, Esq., to Miss PHÉBE DE HAES.—ROBERT TYRON, Esq., to HENRIETTA, youngest daughter of Captain PROVOST, R. N.

DEATHS.—The Hon. Mrs. CAVENDISH.—Sir W. DUNDAS, Bart.—At the Tonga Islands, Captain CROKER, Commander, of H. M. Ship *Favourite*.—At St. JEAN D'ACRE, Lieut. LE MESURIER.—The Hon. W. L. HARRIS, second son of Lord HARRIS, in his 27th year.—R. FERGUSON, Esq. M.P. for the Kircaldy District of Burghs, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife.—Col. EVAT, Commandant of the Royal Military Asylum, Southampton.—Lieut. C. F. HOCKIN, R. M.—Suddenly, Mr. W. H. RANDALL, one of Her Majesty's pages.—The Daughter of Mr. MACREADY.—At Coughton Court, Warwickshire, in his 84th year, Sir CHARLES THROCKMORTON, Bart.—In her 42d year, DOROTHEA, wife of Sir H. B. HAGTON, Bart.—CATHARINE Countess DE WINTO.—In his 40th year, MICHAEL RYAN, M.D., of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury.—At Lyons, the Comte de LAPASTARE.—At Leamington Spa, Count KASSIMER OSORSKI, Knight of Malta, and Member of the Legion of Honour.—M. LEOPOLD KAUFMANN, a young architect, only twenty-two years of age, and who had already distinguished himself by erecting the *Café des Italiens*, at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Lafitte, died a few days since, after a painful malady of nearly nine months.—M. VON LITTELOW, Director of the Observatory, and Professor of Astronomy in the University at Vienna.

COURT MOVEMENTS: FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

Her Majesty the Queen and infant Princess are doing well. We are delighted to state that the Queen is now quite convalescent.

Her Majesty has received another visit from the boy Jones, who was on a former occasion found concealed in the palace. He was discovered by the nurse of the Queen, and committed to prison as a vagabond. This urchin, at once so mischievous and *espiegle*, in no degree wants intelligence. Several of the magistrates visited the prison, and when Jones was asked why he entered the apartment of her Majesty, he replied, "I wanted to know how they lived at the Palace. I was desirous of knowing the habits of the people, and I thought a description would look very well in a book." When asked whether he had spoken to any bookseller on the subject, he replied, "No, he had not; but he thought, nevertheless, an account of the Palace, and of the disposition and arrangement of the chambers, and particularly of the dressing-room of her Majesty, would be very interesting." This is the age of the prurient curiosity; and as cooks, *valets de chambre*, and ladies'-maids, have all published the fruits of their experience, it is not impossible that Master Jones may be added to the list of the "illustrious obscure" already too numerous.

The Churning of the Queen was performed at the Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Lady in Waiting, and the Deputy Clerk of the Closet were present.

The time appointed for the Christening of the Princess Royal, is, we believe, not yet definitively fixed.

Her Majesty deputed Lord Robert Grosvenor to answer the congratulatory addresses that have been presented to her and Prince Albert.

H. R. H. Prince Albert attended the first Privy Council held by Her Majesty since her confinement.

The Polytechnic Institution was honoured with a visit from Prince Albert, prior to the public. At half-past twelve his Royal Highness arrived, attended by Sir E. Bowater and Captain Seymour. The party were received by Mr. Nurse, Mr. R. W. Sievier, Dr. Spurgin, and the directors. The Prince and his suite were conducted over the establishment. His Royal Highness paid considerable attention to the gas microscope, and the blowing up of sunken vessels, according to Colonel Pasley's method. The Prince expressed a wish to descend in the diving-bell; Mr. Sievier had the honour of accompanying his Royal Highness. Two new instruments elicited admiration. One was called an anemometer, or wind and rain gauge, and the other was composed of a long strip of flat iron, fashioned into two hoops, on which a small railway carriage was started to exemplify centrifugal force. Laurent's brass band attended. His Royal Highness remained an hour and a half.

Prince Albert has given directions to have a light and fanciful bridge constructed to connect the banks of the lake with the little island in Buckingham Palace Gardens, on which the different aquatic birds are reared.

Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Christmas Cattle Show, and expressed themselves highly gratified with the exhibition.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, attended by the Dowager Lady Clinton, went immediately on her arrival in town to the Palace to pay a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty was received by Lady Barham, Lady in Waiting; Hon. Miss Pitt, Hon. Miss Paget; Viscount Torrington, Lord in Waiting; Earl of Belfast, Vice-Chamberlain; Major the Hon. George Keppel; Colonel Wemyss; and Major-General Sir Edward Bowater, Equerry to Prince Albert. His Royal Highness Prince Albert received her Majesty in the grand hall and conducted her to the Queen. The infant Princess Royal was presented to the Queen Dowager. Her Majesty, attended by Earl Howe, Lady Clinton, and the Royal suite, inspected the Uxtoeter union workhouse. In going over the different apartments Her Majesty was pleased to express her approbation at the cleanliness of the establishment, and the general arrangements for the comfort of its poor inmates, who, it is needless to observe, were delighted at her Majesty's affability. The parochial authorities were apprised by Earl Howe it was the Royal pleasure than on Christmas day there should be a substantial dinner of good old English fare, with a liberal supply of ale, given to the poor, at her Majesty's expense.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager left Marlborough House, attended by her suite, for Sudbury Hall. Her Majesty is expected to return to town at the christening of the infant Princess.

The Duchess of Kent has been a constant visitor at the Palace. Her Royal Highness has proved a pattern to all mothers. We are happy to learn that she enjoys excellent health. Her Royal Highness visited the Queen Dowager during her short stay in the metropolis.

An insane person, who has been known about town under the title of the Princess Resterlitz, made a desperate attempt to obtain admission into the Palace, and to stab the sentinel on duty who opposed her ingress. The poor woman, who indulges the infatuated idea that she is the rightful claimant of the throne, has been treated with every kindness, and most likely will find an asylum in Bethlehem Hospital.

The Court will pass the Christmas holidays at Windsor Castle.

The Duke of Cambridge has paid visits to Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and also to the Queen Dowager.

The Duke of Cambridge has had an attack of gout, but is now quite recovered.

The Duchess of Cambridge, with Prince George and the Princesses, is at Rome. The Pope sent one of his *prelati domestici* to compliment them on their arrival.

The Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia Matilda have been frequent visitors at the Palace.

The Duke of Sussex has also paid every attention to Her Majesty and his august grand-niece.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, attended by the Hon. Capt. Curzon, left Marlborough House. His Serene Highness embarked in a steam-packet for Antwerp.

Mrs. Kempthorne, the widow of the late Rev. J. Kempthorne, of Gloucester, has been appointed superintendant of the Royal nursery establishment at Buckingham Palace.

Queen Christina appears to be delighted with the reception she has met with in Paris. She is, however, about to leave that capital for Italy on a visit to her relatives. The Princess of Capua has been received by her Majesty.

The Duchess of Orleans is recovering very slowly from her late accouchement.

The Princess of Capua, who is much admired in the Parisian circles, is a frequent guest at the Palais Royal, where Queen Christina is lodged. Don Francisco and the Spanish *Infanta*, with their family, are also lavish of their attentions towards their English relatives. It does not appear, that the Prince and Princess have been yet *publicly* received at the Tuileries, though it is said they have been privately presented by Queen Christina, and dined at the Château in company with the *Infante* and other royal relatives.

The inauguration of the King of Holland was celebrated with great pomp at Amsterdam, on the 28th of November.

The remains of the Emperor Napoleon have been interred in the Chapel of the Invalides. The whole scene theatrically magnificent. The remains of the Emperor were received at the Chapel by King Louis Philippe, and the Clergy of Paris, who performed a solemn mass, and absolved the greatest warrior of the age in which he lived from the anathemas which in former times had been levelled at his spiritual and eternal peace by the incumbent of St. Peter's Chair.

THE IDLER IN LONDON.

The IDLER has the pleasing duty, first, to present her compliments to her readers, and wish them a happy new year, and at the same time to express a hope, as the trades-people have it, that she shall continue to receive, and to merit their future favours. With the NEW YEAR she trusts to meet with many new friends, to whom the WORLD OF FASHION may prove a pleasing and expected companion.

Of the various amusements which London now has to afford the "holiday folk," the *Concerts d'Hiver*, at DRURY LANE, seem to claim the premier degree of popularity among their musical competitors. MUSARD gives up the direction to attend to his professional duties in Paris; but there is no want of talented professionals here to make up for his temporary loss.

At COVENT GARDEN, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* attracts crowded audiences. In magnificence of scenery it is im-

possible that it can ever be surpassed. A new farce in one act, called *Brother Ben*, has been successful owing to the excellent acting of Mr. C. MATTHEWS and Mr. HARLEY. As a literary production it is below par; but in consequence of well managed stage effect, it elicited peals of laughter and applause. The new Pantomime is founded on the Romance of the *Castle of Otranto*.

Sir E. L. BULWER's new play of *Money* has been brought out at the HAYMARKET with decided success, and Mr. WEBSTER enlisted all the strength of his company to make *Money* go off well. The rapturous applause that followed the representation, proved that the audience were not insensible of his efforts to give them pleasure. There are some excellent points in this comedy, and we must add some faults, but, taken as a whole, we think with some of our contemporaries, it may stand side by side with the *School for Scandal*, without being much injured by the comparison. A new farce, called *Bob Short*, from the pen of Mr. MARK LEMON, has also been successful. The scene in which the landlady locks *Bob Short* out of doors, from his inability to discharge his long account, is admirable. The spite with which she throws his wardrobe, consisting of a few "Dickeys," was irresistibly comic. By the way, we omitted to mention the coquetry of Sir EDWARD BULWER on the night of the first representation of *Money*. He kept his place in the stage box, as coolly as if he had been sitting in his parliamentary seat until he was called for by the audience, and then "took to his wings," and left the audience to pocket the commendations they were anxious to bestow upon him. This was not very complimentary to the admirers of his splendid talents, though we must say, we do not see why a successful dramatist should be compelled to exhibit himself, gratis; a penny a-head ought to be demanded of such of the audience as desire to gratify themselves with a stare at a *Lion*.

The ADELPHI has been playing the *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Queen Mary*, *A Vision at St. Helena*, and an Extravaganza, entitled *The Teetotallers versus Wittelers*, in which PAUL BERNARD enacts *Bacchus* most admirably.

SADLER'S WELLS has become quite Shaksperian, in more senses than one. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, &c., have been performed. BALLS, the clever comedian from the OLYMPIC, is engaged at this theatre, and has been playing *Paul the Brasher* and *Frederick Storke*. He is a very clever actor, and an acquisition to the company at this house.

The VICTORIA has produced *The War in Syria*, which appears likely to have as great a run as *The Wizard of the Wave*. Mr. JACOB JONES's tragedy, *Spartacus*, has also been successfully performed. Miss EMMELINE MONTAGUE enacted the heroine well, and Mr. HICKS deserves great praise for the manner in which he personated the character for which he was cast; but we must say, that some of the *sticks* at this theatre ought to be sent to some day-school, to teach them that blank verse should be read and recited differently to prose.

The SURREY has produced little of-novelty. *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life* and the *Wet Nurse* have drawn tolerable houses; but this is the dead season for the Minors, their audiences being rather short of cash, or saving it for the Pantomimes.

The QUEEN'S ought to succeed; for the management is lavish in the production of new pieces. *The Partners*, or the *Old House of Paris*, is really a pretty piece, and was very respectably enacted. *The Sea*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Abou Hassan*, and several other pieces have been performed to tolerable houses.

The Exhibition at the COLOSSEUM is still the *Panorama of London*. It really is time that some other view should supersede it. It appears to us that there is a want of spirit or of money somewhere; or the proprietors, perhaps, prefer living on the loss.

The *Tableaux Vivants Indennes*, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, lose nothing of their attraction; and we think there is not one amusement in town more deserving of public patronage.

At MADAME TUSSAUD'S GALLERY several new groups have been arranged; also an excellent likeness of PAGANINI has been added to this magnificent collection.

We were both pleased and disappointed at the SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY's performance of Dr. ELVEY's Oratorio of *The Resurrection and Ascension*. It wanted originality, and, in some parts, reminded us too forcibly of the compositions of other masters, which the Doctor, most probably had ringing in his ears at the time he was composing his own Oratorio. We were reminded of *Let the Bright Seraphim* very strongly when we heard the air, *The Lord is my Light*; and, to give merit where merit is due, we were equally delighted with the chorus, *Those are gone up on high*. The Oratorio was well performed; but there was undoubtedly a want of melody throughout.

The NEW MADRIGAL SOCIETY we attended through the influence of a lady subscriber; and we must acknowledge that the twenty and odd amateur performers of both sexes, were not far behind their professional rivals. The Society is strictly private; therefore we avoid mentioning names; though we can most conscientiously give all the performers praise. Mr. T. COOKE was the director, and we congratulate him on the progress some of his pupils and friends have made in the science of music.

LIZST, accompanied by Mr. J. PARRY and Miss BASSANO are making a successful provincial tour.

The indefatigable BURFORD has opened the *Panorama of Damascus*. It is admirably executed, and is, at the present moment, of the highest interest.

Mr. O. H. TOULMIN gave an excellent Concert at Kennington. The principal *artistes* were Misses RAINFORTH, BIRCH, and DURANT; Messrs. W. HARRISON and H. PHILLIPS. The selections were made with great taste.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Royal Lullaby. Words by Mrs. H. Downing; music by Signor LANZA. Chappel, New Bond Street.—A little ballad, prettily composed, for the Royal nursery.

Sunday Evening Recreations. By Signor LANZA. Nos 1. and 2. Lanza, Seymour Street.—This will form an admirable Sacred Musical Annual; and, if it progresses as well as it has begun, will be a general favourite.

The British-built Seventy-four. Words by J. Hammond, Esq.; music by J. M. Edney. Monro and May.—A very pleasing song, and very well arranged.

A Selection of Sacred Melodies, arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte. By eminent Modern Composers. Monro and May.—This is the sixth number of this excellent work. Arison's delightful air, "Sound the Loud Timbrel," is the gem of this number, which deserves to be universally known.



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861. Evening Dresses



The Latest & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Morning & Evening Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Mourning Dresses

(46)



(5)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Morning & Evening Dresses



The Latest & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Evening Dresses

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of white and *oiseau* shot satin; the *corsage* low, round, and tight to the shape, is trimmed with a lappel of pale *oiseau* velvet. Short sleeves, terminated by *bouillons*; the tunic and the bottom of the skirt are bordered to correspond with the lappel. *Demi-coiffure*, formed of a gold net, inclosing the hair, and a pink and black shaded crape scarf, fringed with gold; it is disposed in front in the cap style.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—The robe is a *Pekin renaissance*, *demi-cœur corsage*, deeply pointed, and made very low round the bust, which is trimmed with a lappel, bordered by a deep *chenille* fringe, corresponding with the porcelain blue and *rose de Chine* of the dress. Hanging sleeve, bordered to correspond. Two rows of a deeper fringe, with a rich heading encircle the skirt. Syrian turban, composed of straw-coloured velvet, intermingled with white satin, and ornamented with gold *agraffes* and tassels.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of *satin Pompadour*; the *corsage* is quite round at the top, and deeply draped with white satin; it descends in a very sharp point in front. Short sleeve, tight to the arm, and entirely composed of white satin folds; the skirt is trimmed with two flounces, headed by white satin *bouillons*; the head-dress gives a side view of that of the first Fig., but it is composed of green velvet.

PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Satin robe, quadrilled in two shades of brown; the border trimmed with *bias* tucks. Blue figured satin mantle, made short enough to display the trimming of the dress, lined with orange satin, and trimmed at the bottom with a rich orange and blue fringe; the lining forms a *rouleau* up the fronts; they are decorated with buttons and *rouleaux* in a novel style. Moderate sized hood. White satin *chapeau*; the interior trimmed with blue flowers; the exterior with white ribbons and feathers.

EVENING MANTLE AND HEAD-DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Fawn-coloured satin cloak, lined with *groseille* satin, and trimmed with a velvet collar, descending in the lappel style, and corresponding with the colour of the lining. *Mantelet pelerine* of a very large size, bordered with fringe, and headed by a *groseille* fancy silk trimming. Large hanging sleeves; the *coiffure* is composed of a white and gold crape scarf, intermingled with white satin, and ornamented with white feathers.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Oiseau* satin robe, low *corsage à trois piece*, trimmed with a *pelerine* lappel. Short tight sleeve, covered

with three flounces disposed very full, and terminated by a Brussels point ruffle; the skirt is finished with a rich embroidery above the deep hem; it rises in *gerbes* in the centre and behind. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with flowers.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—The robe is of a new striped silk and wool material, called *Alpagà*. Brown figured satin cloak, lined with green *gros de Naples*; it is made with a collar, which descends in front, in the lappel style, and a large square *pelerine*; the whole, and also the arm-holes, are bordered with a silk chain trimming to correspond, which heads a band of green quadrilled velvet. Green velvet *capote*, of rather a close shape, with a round crown; the trimming consists of sprigs of exotics of a very light form, and disposed in a very novel manner, they are of delicate hues; a band and *brides* of velvet ribbon, to correspond, complete the ornaments of the *capote*.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Rose-coloured satin robe; the *corsage* half-high, and opening on the bosom, is trimmed, *en cœur*, with two flounces headed by a row of fancy silk buttons; the same kind of trimming is disposed *en tablier* down the front of the skirt. Long tight sleeve, finished with a flounce at the top, and a pointed cuff. *Chapeau* of pale blue-velours *épinglé glacé de blanc*; a round and very open shape; the interior trimmed on one side of the brim with a sprig of roses; the exterior with white ribbon, and a *bouquet étagé* of white and blue shaded ostrich feathers.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Dark blue *levantine* robe, the *corsage* half-high, and tight to the shape, is trimmed *en pelerine*, with two rows of rich fringe; it is a mixture of black and gold colour. Tight sleeve, the upper part trimmed with two *volans*, *en suite*. A *tablier* formed *en échelle* of the same trimming, decorates the front of the skirt. *Chapeau capote* of black velvet, of a small size; it is trimmed with shaded ribbons, and a willow plume.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Striped *levantine* robe, a high *corsage*, and *demi-gigot* sleeve; the cloak is composed of shot satin, and lined with *groseilled peluche*; it is made shorter than the dress, rounded at the corners, and trimmed with party-coloured fringe, and a *rouleau* of *peluche*. Green velvet *chapeau-capote*; the interior of the brim trimmed with flowers; the exterior with green velvet ribbon, terminating in a full knot, with long floating ends on one side.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of pale straw-coloured crape over satin, both are bordered with *point d'Alençon*, and the robe is drawn up on each side of the front by twisted *rouleaux* of white and straw-coloured *chenille*; the ends of which descend in long tassels upon the satin dress. Low and tight *corsage*, with short tight sleeves, both profusely trimmed with lace. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a *bandeau* and other ornaments of fancy jewelry.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Pou de soie* robe, a high *corsage* tight to the shape, and trimmed *en cœur*, with three rows of fringe to correspond; the same trimming is continued in a reversed form down the skirt. Tight sleeve. Green velvet *chapeau bibi*; the interior trimmed with moss roses; the exterior with a superb white and green willow plume.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Green velvet robe, a low *corsage*, and *manche à bouillons*; *berthe* and *manchettes* of antique point, with a full knot of velvet ribbon in the centre of the former; the front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with point lace laid flat, and knots of ribbon placed upon it at regular distances. Black velvet *chapeau à la Louis XIII.*; a round open shape, with the brim quite turned up; the interior is trimmed with gold net and gold *blonde*; the exterior with gold *agraffes*, velvet ribbon, and a superb willow plume.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White and blue shaded satin robe; the *corsage* is cut very low, and full draped. Short sleeve, formed of three close *bouillons*. The skirt is trimmed with a very deep flounce of Brussels point, looped by a sprig of white roses. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a wreath of red roses, without foliage.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3 gives a front view of the same costume, with an evening mantle, composed of rose-coloured satin, lined with blue satin, and trimmed with green stamped velvet.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1841.

The commencement of the new year calls for our tribute of thanks to our fair Subscribers. We hope and trust that our labours in the field of Fashion prove that we are neither underserving of the distinguished patronage bestowed upon us, nor ungrateful for it; and we beg to add, that while we are spared to continue our labours, we shall never relax in our endeavours to merit the high approbation which has hitherto cheered us in the performance of them.

WALKING DRESS.—Robes afford us little room for observation, as they are either of rich plain silks, or *satin Turc*, or else of the various dark printed woollen material, called Saxony cloths, *cachemiriennes*, or *mousseline de laine*; these latter, particularly the *mousselines de laine chinés* are very genteel, though not expensive. Their make presents nothing remark-

able, a single deep flounce, or a few tucks ornaments the border; the *corsages* are mostly a three-quarter height, and trimmed either with folds or a lappel; the sleeves are either demi-large or quite tight, the latter fashion certainly gains ground. Silk dresses are mostly made in the pelisse robe style, decorated either with fancy silk trimming or folds. Cloaks and fur shawls are both adopted, but the former are most numerous, very few of the latter being yet seen. Those of Orleans cloth are much in request; the gypsy form is now most in vogue, but we think it will soon be superseded by the round cloak, a little shorter than the dress. Long cloaks, and those made with sleeves are quite exploded; whether the material is Orleans cloth, or else silk, or satin, the cloak is always lined with vivid coloured sarsenet, or *gros de Naples*; the full shades of red are most in request; the trimming consists either of a quilting round the border, or a deep rich fringe. Walking bonnets are rather dressy; we have seen some straw ones, lined and bordered with plaided velvet; the interior trimmed with flowers, and the exterior with broad velvet ribbon, descending in long fringed ends at the side; the shapes are always rather close. Velvet bonnets of dark hues are more fashionable, and, in our opinion, more appropriate, as they are less shewy; they are usually trimmed with a single full ostrich feather of a corresponding hue, and ribbon *en suite*. Lace and flowers, dispersed in the cap, still ornament the interior. Boas, particularly flat ones, are indispensable in walking dress, but muffs are only partially worn.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Short cloaks are decidedly the mode at present in carriage costume; the trimmings and ornaments employed by them are beautiful. We shall cite as the most *distingué*, those of *scabieuse* velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with *Kolinski*; those of *groseille* velvet, lined with ermine, and ornamented with very rich accessories in fancy silk trimming; less rich, but, nevertheless, extremely elegant, are those of *persée* satin, lined with straw colour, or black, lined with orange; they are trimmed with broad fancy silk galon, heading a deep hem, which is edged with fringe, or else by rich black lace, surmounted by a pretty embroidery in the colour of the lining. In some instances, *brandebourgs* to correspond are employed to decorate the sides. Upon the whole, we do not remember a season in which there was so much taste and variety employed in trimming cloaks.

CARRIAGE BONNETS.—The most novel are composed of velvet, and are of dark or full colours, very deep blue, black, or garnet colour; the latest style of trimming consists of three ostrich feathers of unequal lengths, disposed in a *bouquet* at the side, and rising one above another; this style of trimming is, in our opinion, much prettier and more graceful, than that lying entirely on the brim: another novelty which promises to become very fashionable, is a long ostrich feather, knotted with *grêbe*. We have a slight, but very seasonable, alteration to notice in bonnets, which has taken place within the last few days; it is an enlargement of the brim, which though, in itself, moderate, adds considerably to the comfort of the wearer.

EVENING ROBES.—Those of black velvet, satin, and *moire*, will enjoy great vogue; the trimmings will be principally black lace. Black lace dresses worn over rose coloured satin, are also expected to be very fashionable. We understand that one has been ordered for our Gracious Queen, which is said to be of uncommon beauty. Some of these robes will be worn round, and others opening in front over the satin one. Some pretty *attaches*, formed of black and rose-coloured velvet flowers, will be adopted to retain the open robes on each side.

of the satin under dress; and also to attach pagodas of black lace on the skirt; rose-coloured satin sleeves. We have given so many elegant evening robes in our plates, that it seems almost superfluous to cite any others, but we must call our fair readers' attention to some that have just appeared, whose surpassing elegance renders them well worthy of our notice; they are composed of *bleu velours d'orient* of a beautiful light shade; the *corsage* sharply pointed at bottom, and cut low and round at top, is trimmed with a deep drapery, composed of *crêpe lisse*, arranged in full reversed folds, and terminated by a fall of English point lace. Short tight sleeves, trimmed with three *biais* of *crêpe lisse*, each accompanied by a fall of English point lace; the front of the skirt is trimmed by two rows of lace, disposed in a novel form of *tablier*, terminated at the bottom on each side by a knot of ribbon, round which the end of the lace forms a rosette.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—We may place decidedly in the first rank, the *coiffure Victoria*; the foundation is of *tulle*, embroidered in silks in such a manner as to resemble its being strewed with coloured gems; the front is ornamented with *marabouts*, frosted with gold, and a long lappet of *dentille rénaissance*; the pattern of which is entirely in gold, falls on each side upon the neck. We must not omit mentioning *coiffures* of *crêpe*, or *tarlatane*, arranged on the head, somewhat in the turban style, but turned up on one side, and with the *torsade*, forming a running knot, from whence a point fringed with silk and gold descends. We may cite as the prettiest of the caps, a *bonnet Marquise*, from which two *barbes* of *tulle illusion* descend upon the cheeks, and the summit of the forehead is crowned by a short wreath of velvet. But the most novel *coiffures* of the month, and certainly as pretty as any that have appeared, are those composed of *biais* of coloured velvet, disposed on each side of the face in close plaits, and divided by a row of puffs of ribbon, the colour of the velvet, figured either in gold or silver; a long tassel, composed of silk to correspond, and gold or silver, descends on the left side, and two *marabouts* adorn the right.

BALL DRESS ROBES.—Although the season for balls has not yet commenced, we have seen some beautiful new materials for robes; we may cite as extremely elegant, some rich gauzes of the *grenadine* kind, with a white ground, figured in orange colour, and others figured in blue and silver; but the material, *par excellence*, is *la Jardinière*; it is a striped and gaufréd *crêpe*, and is so called, because the stripes are covered very thickly with flowers of all colours, and of a very small size. These dresses, made in open tunics over white satin, and trimmed with *blonde* lace, will have a most elegant effect.

MITTENS are indispensable for social parties. We may cite, as the last novelty, those of black *filé de soie*, embroidered in gold, and finished at the wrist by a narrow fall of the same, festooned round the edge with gold.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—We may cite, in addition to those that we gave at the commencement of the season, *pensée*, garnet, and orange. We have also to observe that a mixture of orange and black is very fashionable in undress, and for half or full dress, orange and white is considered *très distingué*, as is also *bleu porcelaine* and *rose de chine*.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The season of balls and *fêtes* is at length arrived, and this year they are expected to be even more numerous and brilliant than usual; for charity comes to the aid of trade, and numerous balls will be given for the benefit of the unfortunate sufferers from the dreadful inundations at Lyons. But, before we proceed to describe the splendid costumes for balls and *fêtes*, let us see what our notes of the month say respecting

OUT-DOOR DRESS.—We find that several of the new woollen, and silk and wool materials, both *broché* and *chiné*, increase in favour for promenade robes. Silks are however more in request, particularly plaids of sober hues, and shot silks of full colours. Plain satin and *satins* *Twe* are also in great favour. Promenade robes offer nothing absolutely novel either in their make or trimming; indeed, with respect to the latter, the majority of the skirts are plain; but where trimmings are adopted, they are generally *bias* tucks. Fashion gives her fair votaries more latitude than we ever remember in respect to promenade wraps; *bourrours* mantles, shawl mantles, *mantelets*, and shawls, are all in request. Shawls are now, indeed, so large, that one may well supply the place of a mantle; and their exquisite beauty, both of patterns and colours, tempts our *élegantes* to wear them as long as the weather will permit. *Mantelets*, though fashionable, are less in request than any of the others that we have mentioned; and those that are adopted are usually of velvet, bordered with sable. We need not expatiate upon the forms of these envelopes, having given in our plates, both for the present number and the two preceding ones, all that are in every way most worthy of the attention of our fair readers. The materials for *chapeaux* and *capotes* remain the same as last month, with the addition of two new fancy materials, called *velours d'Orient* and *velours friisé*; the latter is a novel kind of silk plush, very rich, and beautifully curled. The two shapes described in the beginning of the season continue their vogue; but we observe that the *capote* form is that generally adopted for the promenade. The ornaments are all placed low at the side, and falling below the brim. We observe that, during the last month, a great number of promenade *chapeaux* are trimmed with feathers to correspond, without being shaded by any other colour; there is either one or two, but never more than two of different lengths, and descending very low at the side.

PEIGNOIRS.—We see a good many composed of merinos of sober colours, and of the finest quality. We may cite, in particular, those of a new shade of *poussière*, with a very loose sleeve, similar to that worn by nuns, it is called *manche à la religieuse*. A good many also have appeared of a woollen material, between the consistence of a merinos and a *mousseline de laine*; these latter are always lined with *taffetas* of either a full shade of red, or else quadrilled in two shades of red, violet, or green; the *peignoir* and cape are bordered with a broad *biais* band of the material of the lining. Although these *peignoirs* are worn only in complete *deshabille*, they have a very smart as well as comfortable appearance. We must, however, cite some others, we must call a caprice, rather than a fashion, because, at present, it is adopted only by a few *élegantes*, who pride themselves on introducing fashions, which we must observe, do not always succeed; but the one of which we are about to speak, is so original, and, in our opinion, so tasteful, that we shall be glad to see it a decided favourite; but we must

say, it is only adopted in home dress, and not even then but in complete *négligé*; we speak of *peignoirs*, composed of *marcine* of dark colours, lined with the same material, and the same colour, or else rose colour or blue; they are made open, confined round the waist, and quilted all round, rather more than half a quarter in depth; they are worn over coloured *taffetas* petticoats, either red, blue, or green, and trimmed with a deep flounce of the same material, or else quilted round the border like the *peignoir*; a small cap of clear cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes lace is very generally adopted with a *peignoir* of this kind, and the *ensemble* forms one of the prettiest toilettes that has yet appeared for the *coin de feu*.

EVENING ROBES are composed of the various rich materials which we have given in our two last numbers; the rage for the two new colours, which we mentioned in our last number, *bleu porcelaine* and *rose de chine* is as great as ever, and likely to continue; the major part of the new evening silks exhibit a *mélange* of them. Orange and white *glacé*, *broché*, *ragé*, is also coming much into favour in evening dress; the silks or satins *broché* in orange upon a white ground, have in some degree the effect of gold. We noticed, last month, the prevalence of a mixture of gold in the new winter silks; we have since seen some satins, both black and dark colours, particularly brown and violet, lightly *broché* in gold; the trimmings for these dresses will be *dentille d'or*, that is to say *blond* or thread lace, either black or white, according to the colour of the dress, with the pattern wrought in gold thread.

PARIS OPERA DRESS.—The *Theatre Italien* has led the way in solacing the unfortunate inhabitants of Lyons, and the representation given for their benefit, was attended by all the rank and fashion both French and foreign in Paris; the robes were, in general, of great richness, and several were trimmed with fur; we noticed several, both of satin and velvet, with the *corsages* opening *en cœur* nearly to the *ceinture*; they were trimmed with three rows of the *mastre du Canada*; the sleeves were terminated by a band of fur, surmounted by a *bouillon*, and the *corsages* made low, were also edged with the same fur; but though this splendid sable was in a majority, there were also several dresses trimmed with *chinchilla*, swansdown, and ermine. We must observe that sable was generally preferred for dark or full coloured velvets and satins. *Chinchilla* was adopted for those materials in light colours, deep blue velvet and satin were trimmed with ermine; and white satin, generally ornamented with sable. But our fair readers will say "Were there then only fur trimmings." No, Mesdames, we have cited them, only because they were in a majority, but not a large one. We must also make honourable mention of several velvet robes, trimmed with *point d'Alençon*: others, composed of flowered brocades, *moires*, and Pekins, of all colours and patterns, trimmed *en tunique*, with two lace *volants*. We may cite also, as equally novel and elegant, some satin robes worn under velvet tunics; the under dress is either white satin, or the colour of the tunic; but, in either case, it is bordered with a broad band of velvet, corresponding with the tunic; the latter is trimmed either with lace or fringe.

PARIS OPERA COIFFURES.—We must place in the first line the *coiffures historiques*; the graceful and simple *Sevigné*, with its light flowers; the *ferronnière*, composed of gold cord and lace with patterns of the *renaissance*, and that universal favourite, the *Marie Stuart* of violet velvet, encircled with gold. There were also several of a much more antique date, as the *Reine Blanche*, *Isabeau de Bavière*, and *Marguerite d'Anjou*. Equally numerous, and more striking, from their

originality, were the *coiffures de fantasia*, turbans *en filets*, *d'or*, composed of soft low folds, encircling the forehead in the *aureole* style; others, composed of ribbons and flowers, tastefully mingled in the hair, and retained by a gold or silver *filet*. *Tulle* or *blond* lace caps with floating *barbes*; other *coiffures* were composed of *voilettes* of English point lace, *bouillonnées*, and falling in irregular *coquilles*, on each side of the neck. We must notice, as being among the prettiest, though certainly the most simple of these *coiffures*, a long end of *blond* lace floating on one side, and a bunch of the nut-tree drooping on the other. We may cite as one of the most distinguished of the fancy head-dresses, the *Egyptienne*,—it is a kind of velvet caul, ornamented with gold embroidery in an Egyptian pattern, and two large *bandelettes*, composed of satin, figured in gold. We cannot, in conscience, say this is a becoming *coiffure*, for it must be indeed a lovely face that would look well in it; but there is a degree of originality, a certain style about it, that may well merit for it the praise of being *très distingué*.

BALL DRESSES.—Although balls have not yet commenced, we have seen some elegant robes that have been ordered for them; we may cite, in particular, those of white crape with pointed *corsages*, and the skirts raised by a knot of ribbon, or a gold *agraffe* at the extremity of the right side, before, and on the left, at the back. The under dress, always of white satin, is bordered with broad lace, laid on flat. We may mention also, as peculiarly worthy the attention of our fair readers, some robes of white *moire*, worn with *tulle* tunics looped on one side by tufts of *myosotis*, and also some robes of blue Victoria *tulle*, worn over *gros de Naples* dresses of the same colour. There is a double skirt of different lengths, placed so as to have the appearance of a double trimming. The *corsages* are pointed, and the sleeves short and tight, but finished with three close *bouillons*. A rich lace *volan* is disposed on the shoulder, so as to form a *mancheron* of a novel and tasteful kind. We have no hesitation in saying, that ball dress will be this year in the very best taste; the materials, generally speaking, light and appropriate, even when they are of a very rich kind. We cannot yet say anything positively with regard to trimmings, except that flowers will be much in vogue for them; but no doubt we shall also have several fancy trimmings to announce in our next number.

FLOWERS.—It is expected that ball *coiffures* will, except in grand costume, be of a very light and simple kind; and there is no doubt that flowers will be the most in request for them. What, indeed, can be prettier or more becoming to a fair-haired *belle* than blue-bottles; or better adapted to display the brilliancy of jetty locks than anemones. We may cite also, as very generally becoming, wreaths of lilac, rose-buds, white heath-blossoms, jonquilles, roses of Bengal, tulips, white camellias shaded, small wreaths of *belles de nuit*; in short, all the various flowers that have peculiar claims to beauty, both of our own climate and those of others, particularly the scarce flowers recently imported from distant lands, will be put in requisition to adorn ball head-dresses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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VOL. 18.

AUNT LUCRETIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Miss Lucretia Audley, a sprightly lass of forty-nine, was left sole protectress and tyrant to her niece. The pretty Fanny, now Miss Lucretia, had a strange aversion to ladies under the age of fifty, and seldom allowed her fair niece to appear in company, as she considered her a mere child, *entre nous*. I think she wished first to change the state of *single blessedness*, and dared not compete with the more juvenile charms of her blooming niece; but I may be illiberal, yet 'tis most certain she did keep Fanny very retired.

My friend, Harry Anson, promised to introduce me to the aunt and niece, strongly recommending the latter to me on account of her charms, and—pursue. As he was a married man I did not fear him as a rival; I therefore accepted his offer. Accordingly, one morning he accompanied me to Miss Lucretia's. But, before I proceed, my readers may wish to know who I am; and if *they* do not, *I* wish they should.

My name, in the first place, is Charles Manderville; my rank, a major; my birth, genteel; my fortune—but never mind my fortune; it does not suit me to be explicit on that point, and I hope my readers are not curious; but if ladies should do me the honour of reading my little sketch, they, being women, must necessarily be afflicted with that malady so peculiarly a woman's; therefore I must give them a hint of my circumstances, or I shall be the subject of conversation at the next tea-party: suffice it to say, Fanny's thousands would not be unacceptable—rather the contrary. To tell you the truth—and I love candour above all things (*Fanny, of course, excepted*)—I was not a little proud of my name. Manderville I thought sounded very romantic; Charles, very pretty; and Major, very brave. I have said nothing of my person; but I will, with my readers' permission, for I am a little vain of that too. My face is certainly well shaped; my brow fair and lofty; my eyes bright and brown; my nose, Roman, and very handsome; my whiskers, auburn and ample; but, *above all*, (or rather, *beneath all*) in *fascinating, my bewitching*, my irresistible moustaches, may absolutely be styled splendid; and they curl round a mouth which displays dimples such as Adonis himself might have envied; my figure is tall and well-proportioned; and, in short, my "*tout ensemble*" is perfectly agreeable. I think I now hear my readers say, "*not a little vain.*"

Miss Lucretia was quite the *reverse of me*; she was neither young, witty, nor handsome; but, as it was the fashion of the day to be distinguished for something, she "*eat up*" for learning. Now nothing could be more out of my way than that;

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and, what was so provoking, Miss Lucretia chose to be most clever in history, and of that I really knew nothing: that Henry the Eighth had six wives, and that Queen Elizabeth was never married, formed the sum total of my historical knowledge; and I should never have remembered that, only I used to think, when I was a school-boy, Henry must have been a "*Blue-beard*," and that had I lived in Elizabeth's reign, I would have married her. But the day before I called on the *old maid* (I'm glad she did not hear me) I looked over Goldsmith's History of England, forgetting there were other histories than that of England, and I felt quite confident in my ability to converse with any "*blue-stocking*." On the morning appointed Harry Anson, I, and my wondrous stock of knowledge arrived at Miss Lucretia Audley's, Park Street; Miss Lucretia received us very smilingly; she was dressed in the most juvenile manner; an immense volume of Grecian History was before her; but her fading cheeks were too deeply rouged to look very studious. But, as my readers may suppose, I wanted not to hear of departed kings and queens; all I wished was to see and flirt with Fanny; but she was not in the room. My first consideration was how to get her there before the old maid had fallen in love with me herself; for I understood she had that amiable foible of being susceptible, which is a foible in old maids, and no charm in young ones.

"I understand," said I, turning to Miss Lucretia, "that Miss Fanny Audley is residing with you, and as I had a great respect for her father, I cannot help feeling an interest for his child; therefore, if you have no objection, I should like very much to see her."

Now all this was perfectly true, as I really had a respect for her father; not that I had known him—for I had never seen him in my life—but I always make it a rule to respect the memory of the dead, and as Mr. Audley was numbered with that class, he claimed my respect. I did feel interested about his daughter, and I did wish to see her: so my readers, you find this is "*all truth and nothing but the truth.*" Well, Miss Lucretia, of course, could not deny my request; so she rung the bell, and ordered Miss Fanny to be brought down stairs.

Brought down! thought I. Well, if she wants bringing, she is no longer interesting to me, although I respected her father, as she must be a mere child, and I understood she was about seventeen. I thought Harry had perhaps been playing me one of his tricks, or possibly Mr. Audley might leave more than one child; but I hoped not, as, somehow or other, I can't exactly say why, but I always preferred sole heiresses to co-heiresses.

"So you knew my poor brother, Major," said Miss Lucretia;

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"as good-hearted a creature as ever lived since the reign of Egbert; but so shockingly ignorant: he was at Oxford five years, and, would you believe me—no, I am sure you will never credit it, when I tell you, on his return, he could not say who was the mother of Telemachus!"

"Is it possible!" said I, raising my eyes in well-feigned astonishment, slyly touching the foot of Harry, who, like me, was smiling, and knew not if Telemachus was man, woman, or a famous temple: indeed, if I had not heard he had a mother, I should have supposed he had been the latter.

"Now you, Major Manderville and Mr. Anson," continued the learned Miss Lucretia, "will, I am sure, agree with me, that every Oxford scholar ought to be perfectly acquainted with such a fine filial character as that of Telemachus."

"Most certainly," articulated Harry and I, laughing inwardly, yet looking very grave, as if we sympathised with his pedantic Sister; feeling it a source of deep and everlasting regret, that a man should go down to the grave without knowing who was the mother of Telemachus.

"The Oxford University *will not, cannot*, be long famed. We expect, you know, Major Manderville, after a few years' residence, to see men of superior knowledge; but how are our cherished hopes blighted, when we find, alas! our fondest anticipations never to be realized! for, instead of learning, we see nought but ignorance!"

"Very true, Miss Audley," said Anson; "every man ought to be acquainted with the character of such—such a—what-do-you-call as Telemachus."

My poor friend knew not the gender of Telemachus; and as "*what-do-you-call*" is either masculine, feminine, or neuter, that was his ingenious way of expressing himself.

"And what an exemplary woman was Penelope!" added the incorrigible pedant.

"Admirable!" answered I; "she made him an excellent wife."

"Mother, you mean," said my perfect companion.

"I beg your pardon, mother I meant. Ha, ha, ha! the idea of my saying Penelope, the wife of *Tantalus*!"

"Tantalus did you say? why you and I are talking of different people. Perhaps you mean Tantalus and Pelops?"

"No, no, no, Ma'am, it was a mistake in my pronunciation; Telemachus, I meant," said I, colouring at my blunder, and frightened dreadfully at the mention of two names which bespoke their owners to be as much of strangers to me as Telemachus and Penelope; but my perturbation was put to an end by Fanny's entering, all smiles and blushes, looking full of spirits and fun. She was about seventeen, and certainly very pretty; and so animated! I looked at her; thought of her—fortune, and—loved her! Miss Lucretia introduced her to Major Charles Manderville. How sweetly I thought the name sounded! and she looked as if she thought so too. Harry, having another call to make, took his leave; but I stayed with the ladies.

"Now, Fanny, I must ask, how have you been spending the morning?" said the clever aunt. "I hope in study; for *children* cannot begin *too soon*."

"I have been *amusing* myself, Aunt, by looking over a book which I found in an old folio, containing the ages of all your family, and I find this is the anniversary of your birth-day."

Miss Lucretia received my congratulations rather ungraciously, and looked terribly furious at Fanny, who afterwards told me, had her aunt written a dictionary, she would have omitted the venerable words, *Age*, *Gray Hair*, *Wrinkles*, and *Birth-day*.

"Oh, Fanny!" said Miss Lucretia, determined upon having her revenge; "I am so sorry you look into any idle books, rather than attend to your studies. She is shockingly ignorant, Major Manderville."

"I am sorry to hear it," said I, with my looks falsifying my words, as I glanced archly at Fanny, who was tittering behind the old maid's chair.

"Why, Aunt, though I may be ignorant *now*, yet, when I am your age, I may be as clever, if I should be as *fortunate as you in not having a husband or family* to engage my attention; but you cannot reasonably expect a girl of seventeen to be as well informed as a woman of—"

"Be silent, and sit down, I command you!" screamed Miss Lucretia. Fanny did sit down; but it was not till she had said, "as a woman of fifty."

"Leave the room, Fanny; you are out of your proper sphere; the school-room is the place for girls of your age; for when young people are introduced so early, they are always pert and forward."

"I declare, Aunt," said she, rising, here's a *gray hair* in one of the *folks* of your face."

"*Folds of my face*!" shrieked the angry Miss Lucretia, wiping off the *awful gray hair*.

"Then, wrinkles," said the provoking girl.

The mortified Aunt pushed her from her, desiring her to leave the room, at the same time giving her an *affectionate* but sly nip, causing a frightful red mark to appear on her snowy arm.

I could have knocked the old fury down; but Fanny, coloured with indignation, yet with aggravating calmness, said, "Dear Aunt, how very impolite! what a shocking place you have made! Pray, Major Manderville, can you give me any advice how to treat it? If I had thought it possible, amongst civilized people, to have received such a nip, I would have asked Jameson's advice yesterday, when he came to fix in Aunt's new set of *false teeth*."

Miss Lucretia looked aghast. This was too much; the shock almost deprived her of speech; but as it is death only that can stay a woman's tongue for any length of time, she soon recovered her's; and, when she did, it was to order, in the most violent manner, her niece up into her own room.

"Indeed, Aunt, I cannot go there until it is well ventilated."

"And, pray, why not?" asked Miss Lucretia, happy to change the subject.

"Because your maid has burnt one of the curls off your *wig*, while pressing it with hot irons, that it has made such a terrible smell."

As soon as Fanny pronounced the word "*wig*," Miss Lucretia moved her chair closer to me, exclaiming, "'Tis not true, 'tis not true; went into violent hysterics, and fell into my arms."

Fanny rung for assistance, and I placed my lovely burthen, with her false teeth, gray hairs, wrinkles, and wig, in the arms of her maid, and then left, having told Fanny how much she had amused me, and that I should call the next day to enquire after her AUNT's health.

I did call the next morning, the morning after, and the morning after that. When Miss Lucretia knew I understood the secrets of her toilette, she carefully avoided me; but the disappointment I experienced at not seeing her, was greatly alleviated by the constant company of her witty niece.

Fanny, the teasing, the provoking, saucy Fanny, is my wife. She is now standing over me, laughing heartily at my sketch of AUNT LUCRETIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

ELIZABETH R.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Sleep! for the mist of care
Hath not yet dimm'd thy brow;
Sleep! for on thine infant head
Is cloudless sunshine now.

Be still; 'twas but the breeze
That kiss'd thy cheek so fair,
And lifted playfully
The ringlets of thy hair.

Thou smil'st my baby boy—
What can the vision be,
To cast such beauty on thy lip,
And bless a child like thee?

Sure nought of earth could give
Such radiance to thy brow;
Well might we deem thee beautiful,
A sinless cherub now.

Why should thine eyes uncloze
To such a world as this?
Why should we wish thee back
From a dream of infant bliss?

Sleep! for the clouds of care
Have not yet wreath'd thy brow;
Sleep! for o'er thine infant head
Is sinless glory now.

CAROLINE HILL.

A LOST WIFE.

"Last Sunday, between ten and eleven at night, the wife of Stahle, tailor, absconded: she is well looking, fair as a lily, with blue eyes, and dark hair, as bright as the wing of a raven. She was dressed in a gown of grenadine, a rose-colour bonnet, a pale green shawl, and is named Sarah. She is gay and lively, laughing and dancing when all goes well; but becomes sullen, pettish, absent, and careless, when the atmosphere is cloudy. The tailor, Stahle, begs that the person who may be harbouring her will send her back to her domestic duty, after giving her a severe reprimand. Should she absent herself long after this advertisement, her husband's door will be closed against her. N. B. Any person who will bring home the above-described female shall receive a reward of two hundred florins, or a winter suit of apparel."

As may be supposed, this announcement excited great curiosity. For the first three days the town of Stutgard seemed topsy-turvy. "Who is Stahle? where does he live? how long has he been married? is his wife as pretty as the advertisement describes her?" and a hundred other questions were asked. From this to visiting his shop was but a step. The most curious were anxious to learn more particulars from himself. The affair became a sort of fashion: a banker went to ask a question, and ordered a travelling coat; a tradesman wished to know the particulars of the disappearance, and was measured for a waistcoat; a sly young student wished to be more intimately acquainted with the character of the lost

angel, and found cash enough to buy a pair of pantaloons. In a word, almost every body was anxious to hear the matter from the tailor's own lips, and a benefit accrued to him which he might possibly have foreseen; and that it was so was pretty well proved by an article in the "Swabian Mercury," which concluded thus: "In fact, we believe the affair to be a mere tale, or rather a puff, to procure patronage for a new establishment. But the fashioner of garments has not lost his time in circulating his *chef d'œuvre*, since, instead of losing an imaginary wife, he has gained the prospect of a fortune from a flourishing business."

C.

IMPROMPTU

On hearing that the French had produced a new ballet called *Le Diable Amoureux*, having the preceding year also performed a farce, bearing the curious title of *Les Filles de l'Enfer* (*Hell's Belles*).

Why is it that the French delight
In ransacking their very wits;
Making their scenes with horrors dight,
And scaring nature into fits?

Is it because by fancy led,
They fain would make their audience quail;
And show the *Devil's* in their head,
By putting him in ev'ry tale?

JOHN BULL.

PARISIAN BURLESQUE.

All the lovers of horses, all the amateurs of the art equestrian, and everybody interested in races and wagers, were assembled on Sunday in the Champ-de-Mars. Every one present at this tourney of eccentricities made a parade of being as English as possible; for, now-a-days, we borrow every thing from our neighbours on t'other side the channel. After the steeple-chace we had cock-fighting and pigeon-shooting; and then ensued wagers without end, with all their strange and original accompaniments. The wager which was laid last year between the three greatest oyster-eaters of the *café Anglais* cannot be forgotten. He who lost could only get down ninety-six dozen; while he who won swallowed a hundred-and-twenty dozen of the live animals. The wagers of Sunday were not of a gastronomic character; they were under the dominion of the Jockey Club. One of the lions, best known for his equestrian feats, made a proposition which in an instant drew round him a host of betters. These were the articles of the treaty: "I will appear at the opera in Paris on Wednesday; on Thursday at that of London; on Friday I will enter the great theatre of Brussels; and on Saturday, at six o'clock, I will dine at the *café de Paris*. The sums betted on this strange proposition soon amounted to some thousands. The enthusiasm excited had not subsided, when a young gentleman appeared in the circle; he was greeted and saluted eagerly by every one. Having been made acquainted with the preceding match against time, he proposed a wager of a different nature, in which a handsome bull-dog should be the hero. He should kill a hun-

dred rats in ten minutes : the poor rats (not those of the Royal Academy) to be presented to the dog all at one time, and in a place securely closed from all escape. The time allowed for this murderous occupation would oblige the dog to strike, with a mortal bite, ten rats each minute, without reckoning the bounds necessary to secure his prey. In a short time a hundred thousand francs were betted on this exploit ; and the sum would possibly have been larger, but for one clause in the wager, which obliged the betters to furnish the rats. As may be seen, we progress daily ; and we shall shortly cease to be surprised at anything ; we shall come to bet on our own existence. Two friends shall meet in the street—

" Good day, or good even."

" My dear Alfred, how yellow you look !"

" And, you, my poor Augustus, are positively green !"

" I don't think you will live over to-morrow !"

" I fear you cannot see the night over !"

" Will you bet that you will outlive me ?"

" Aye ! what shall be the stake ?"

" The fortune of the deceased to the survivor."

" Agreed."

And thus friends shall wager which shall die the first.
A charming state of society !

C.

ENIGME.

Sur douze pieds égaux noblement je m'avance ;
Plus librement je chemine sur dix ;
Avec neuf si je boite en cadence,
D'aller sur huit je m'applaudis ;
Alors j'ai des grâces, je danse ;
Avec sept, quand je m'élançe,
Mes mouvements sont précis ;
J'ai certaine élégance
Si je marche avec six ;
Sur cinq je balance
Mais par raccourcis ;
Je cours sur quatre
Prêt à m'abattre ;
Quelquefois
Avec trois
Je suis prestre ;
Mais sur deux
Si je veux
Sembler leste,
Funeste
Effort,
Je reste
Mort.

EPIGRAM.

My lady's concerts ! take her to the Deuce !
Then go I must, or write her an excuse.
A little music ! Yes, a squeak and squall ;
But, to save writing, I'm prepared for all !

L.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

A pretty picturesque village is the little village of Sandham, with its green fertile meadows and murmuring brooks, overhung with weeping willows, its small white cottages, and the rustic church, on the top of a gently sloping hill ; and there, to complete the picture, is the Belle of Sandham, the lovely Grace Littlesdale, sitting before the door of her mother's scrupulously neat cottage, working with her needle, and singing as blithe as a lark. Grace was a pretty, lively girl, with laughing dark eyes, and long chestnut hair, curling over her smooth open brow, with a complexion like the rose and the lily, with carmine lips displaying snowy teeth. No wonder Miss Littlesdale was the Belle of rural Sandham. Many were the wooers that came to the village, and begged Miss Grace's favour ; all the rich farmers' sons, and the tradesmen well to do in the world, all sought her for a wife ; but she replied to them kindly but firmly, that she would not marry where she did not love ; and the disappointed wooers went their way. All wondered at her, but none blamed ; for they knew she always acted consistently, and did that which insured her respect as well as esteem. It was a beautiful summer evening on which Grace dismissed her last and most wealthy suitor ; a tall, proud farmer, known for his avaricious disposition and unkindness to the poor. He had long sought her, offered her splendid gifts, and finally proffered himself for acceptance, but was rejected. This was more than his haughty spirit could bear ; and he left her, vowing vengeance if she did not become his bride. Poor Grace ! she wept bitterly at his harsh words, scarcely daring to move when he closed the little wicket behind him, and sprang on his horse to ride home ; for she felt that, of all her lovers, she liked him the least, and certainly, at that moment, feared him the most. Mrs. Littlesdale was from home, Mr. Littlesdale in the hay-field, and Grace sat alone in the twilight, trying to seem calm, but sometimes singing and sometimes crying. Poor girl ! she was anything but happy. Presently the little wicket swung on its hinges ; footsteps approached quickly, and the latch of the door was raised. Grace stood dreading the appearance of her discarded lover ; trembling from head to foot, and terrified by her own apprehensions she screamed loudly.

" It is I, Miss Littlesdale," said a voice, so soothingly, that it brought back the blood to her cheeks, and dyed her neck and shoulders the same colour ; " do not be alarmed ; but you are not alone."

Grace replied by a violent burst of tears, and the young curate seemed perplexed. A young, pretty female stood before him, dissolved in tears. He knew not her grief ; how could he administer comfort. So, determining to ask no questions, he bade her sit down, and cease from weeping, if he could alleviate her distress.

Grace gazed on Arthur Stanmore for a moment in silence ; and, as she did so, the young man met her gaze with a glance of deep admiration. He thought he had never seen so lovely a creature ; her thrilling, tearful gaze ; her beautiful face, pale with emotion, all rendered her an object of great interest to the handsome young curate.

" Pardon me, sir," said Grace, " if my conduct seems singular, as I am sure it must, especially to a stranger ; but you will forgive the too easily excited fears of a timid, foolish girl ; and I hope will put the most favourable construction on this seeming insanity."

" I can make every allowance for you, Miss Littlesdale," was the answer ; " but you shall not be exposed to the same

again while your parents are absent. I will return, and send my sister to remain with you." So saying, Mr. Stanmore bowed and left the cottage, while Grace wondered at past events.

"How strange!" ejaculated our heroine, "that he should be so kind, when for months he has passed me without a word or smile; and now he is going to send his lovely sister for my friend and companion."

The next morning, while Miss Stanmore sat preparing her brother's breakfast, she mentioned the very refined manners and conversation of Grace Littlesdale; how often she had admired her beauty, and how truly amiable she appeared. Arthur Stanmore thought so too, and proposed to walk to the cottage to ascertain how Grace felt after her fright. His sister laughed, and tied on her bonnet, saying, she should like a pretty sister.

Often and often were the visits repeated, till an appointment to a distant rectory called Arthur, from Sandham, and then he discovered he could not exist without Grace Littlesdale; so, after mature deliberation, he asked her to be his bride, and the young curate was not rejected.

Should my readers wish to know the fate of Mrs. Stanmore, I will tell them to look on the face of the loveliest prebend's wife, in one of the richest endowed cathedrals in England, and there discover the Belle of Sandham.

H. J. B.

SKETCHES OF HIGH LIFE, By Caroline Hill.

No. II.

THE HEIRESS OF GODALMING.

"In the name of all that is charitable, good people, I pray you open the door, for I am sadly drenched!" So saying, the stranger dashed the large drops of rain from his slouched hat, and pulled more closely round him a thick travelling cloak, which, though composed of materials to brave the worst of weather, hung heavy with the piercing wet.

It was, indeed, a pitiless and gloomy night. Huge clouds strode along the sky, bellowing forth their wrath in mighty thunder—terrible as the voice of an avenging fiend. All was pitchy darkness, save when the lurid lightning seemed to rend the heavens, with its forked and angry fire. The wind roared, shaking the tall trees to their very roots. The traveller paused. No answer had been given to his appeal for shelter, yet he could distinctly hear, in the pauses of the tempest, the soft tones of a female singing, or rather chaunting, the following lines:—

"The Indian's arrow hath travelled far,
Winged by the light of a shooting star;
The Indian's bride hath nought to fear,
Though she trembles beside like a stricken deer."

"What more, girl, seest thou? Behold, here is a sudden transition; Blood must be spilt, and that, too, speedily!"

The girl laughed merrily, and continued her wild melody:—

"I have traced thus far of a warrior's fate;
He must die by the sword of the white man's hate.
Faith must be broken; blood be shed,
And the bride shall weep o'er a widow'd bed."

"Aye, those whose fates are here revealed, had better been content to live in ignorance!"

These words were uttered by a harsh, sullen voice, strongly contrasting with the soft sweet tones of the singer. The stranger hesitated from again soliciting admission; but the

storm evidently increasing, he struck loudly with the hilt of his sword upon the cottage door. Lights moved rapidly to and fro, but all was silent; no voice answered his repeated intreaties for shelter. At length, a heavy bar was removed from within, and the door turned slowly on its hinges. The bright burning faggot on the wide hearth looked a merry welcome to the exhausted traveller; the room, long and narrow, was lighted by a dull lamp, suspended from a beam stretching across the ceiling, curiously carved in quaint devices; the furniture, of more than ordinary value, was tastefully arranged. With her back partly turned to the fire, stood a tall, commanding woman, her face much shaded by a large coif and lappets; a sac and petticoat, of rich old-fashioned silk, fell in profusion round her stately figure, as fresh and as smooth as if the wearer had never deigned to disturb a single fold. The traveller, with a graceful bow, craved pardon for his intrusion. His courtesy was returned by a cold and haughty smile.

"Madam," he commenced, "you are displeased that I should thus intrude upon your hospitality, but would not bid me forth again on such a night as this. You were not alone; I have disturbed some one."

"It may be so, sir Knight; no matter, you came not here to question of my household. You cannot tarry long: I am seldom so honored as at present!"

The stranger heeded not her sarcasm, but continued, "I have not travelled hereabout for many a day, and am come hither now, I fear, upon a fruitless errand. Perhaps you can give me information: a family of the name of Arnold once resided here. Did you know them, may I ask?"

"I did," replied the lady, in faint and trembling accents. "Major Arnold died from a musket wound, received in his country's service. His widow and her only daughter were left friendless and destitute, though they could rank their lineage with the proudest. A young patrician came, and poured into the ear of that fair girl a subtle poison!"

"Woman, she was my wife!—aye, in the sight of God and man—my wife. Who you are, I care but little. I am Sir Harold of Godalming!"

"You!" and hastily lowering the lamp, she threw its full light upon Sir Harold's face; her own was deadly pale, and she shrank back, as from the breath of pestilence, exclaiming, "It is—it is the same! Though sixteen years have passed away, I recognize you well!"

"And you," said Sir Harold, "are Mabel Arnold. I did not hope to meet you here, though I have come to seek you!"

The lady had sunk back upon a chair, as weak and helpless as a child; sobs of agony, bursting from her pallid lips, "Depart Sir Harold," she exclaimed, "Ill chance will follow you, that you have dared once more to cross the threshold of the widow's home."

Sixteen years had rolled away since Sir Harold—then in his twentieth year, had sought and won the love of Major Arnold's daughter. Mabel, stern and harsh, forbid his suit, and gave strict orders that his visits should be discontinued; had she but gained her daughter's confidence, Grace had not now defied her mother's will. In the first warm passion of a young and guileless heart, the colder ties of duty were forgotten, and Grace became Sir Harold's bride—a crime never to be forgiven. From that time the cottage was untenanted. Mabel had gone, but none knew whither. On the very morning that our tale commenced, she had returned, and with her, one of tender years—a lovely girl. That Sir Harold sought and found her, has been already told. What was his errand we have yet

to state. Struggling for mastery, feelings that had lacerated his noble heart broke forth in all the wildness of ungoverned fury.

"Mother!" you would persuade yourself and me that you have done no wrong. Where is my child—my motherless poor little one? I dared not for a while proclaim my marriage to the world—and why? Because my father, like yourself, held over me a rod of iron. Giving birth to a sweet babe—my wife sunk into an early grave, and you refused forgiveness in her dying hour!"

"Alas! I did not know the truth; by fatal chance your letters never reached me!"

"Well, that is past, and now I ask of you my child. You are pale, Mabel; in mercy let me know the worst. I can endure it as becomes a man. You *have* a tale to tell—I *know* it—my babe was stolen in her first year of life. I am a broken-hearted man! If you would make atonement for the past, be faithful now."

Mabel rose, and with a weak, unsteady step, led to a small, low door, she pointed to the latch, and Sir Harold, with a noiseless hand unfastened it. A clear, bright fire burnt opposite the entrance. As the air was admitted to the room, a dull, hot vapour seemed to issue from it. Mabel and Sir Harold could scarcely breathe. The fatal truth at once flashed on the widow's mind, as in the hopelessness of mute despair, she screamed, "Oh, God the charcoal fire." An instant, and the lamp-chain severed in her hand like a single hair; baffling with the heavy-laden atmosphere, she called aloud for help. Sir Harold followed her, and bitter was the trial of that hour. Her cheek upon her rounded arm, reclined a creature fair as had been the vision of his early years; fair, as in those days of poetry, ere sin and sorrow had set their seal upon the world, our primitive nature was. The crimson of her tender cheek was beautiful, and there the long lash slept in quiet. Her lip alone was pale, as if the last sweet breath had lingered there, and with a parting kiss had stole its fragrance. It was the sleep of death, and she, Sir Harold's only child, the heiress of a high and noble name, and when her father sought a shelter, she was beguiling time with words of playful prophesy. Yielding to Mabel's wish, she had retired; a charcoal fire was burning there to dry the room for winter stores. Sleep overpowered her, and her sweet eyes closed, never more to be re-opened in this world. The sunlight of Sir Harold's hopes was darkened by the shadow of the grave; he hurried to a foreign land, and found a stranger's home.

Mabel, stern to the last, sunk not beneath the stroke of heaven, and only in her furrowed cheek and wandering eyes might the trace of care be seen. She died, as she had lived—an alien from the world; no hand to smooth her pillow—no tears of sorrow for the aged and the friendless.

CHARADE.

Autour d'un tapis vert la fortune volage
Souvent de main en main promène mon premier;
Lourd instrument utile au labourage,
Dans les champs on voit mon dernier.
Ah! sauve-toi, jeune bergère,
Qui dans les prés cueilles des fleurs:
Mon tout, caché sous la fougère,
Va te faire verser des pleurs.

A TALE OF LE DIX NEUVIEME SIECLE.

In one of the handsomest hotels of the Rue de Lacken, towards eight o'clock in the evening of the twenty-third of October, 1830, there was a clamour that contrasted strangely with the quietude of the environs. About the entrances, and in the court of this hotel, inhabited by the Count de Merode; men, equipped in military array, though with no uniformity, were assembled and engaged in preparations which denoted the immediate departure of the Belgian army. On the ground floor within, the staff and subalterns were similarly engaged, while an apartment on the principal floor of the hotel, brilliant with lustres and gilding, was occupied by the superior officers. Equality in revolutions lasts but for a day—that of the struggle. The people, who have contended with so much violence for the repeal of subordination, and the destruction of social distinctions, fall again under the yoke, which they think they have shaken off; but it is only their rulers who have changed.

One remote part of this vast building seemed to escape the hubbub which resounded in its halls. It was silent and dimly lighted, for it was the chamber of the Countess, who was in despair at the departure of her husband. She was young and lovely, the tenderness of her nature giving an angelic expression to her features. She stood beside the cradle of her infant, her arms thrown round the neck of her husband, whom she loved with that devoted fondness which his noble qualities so well deserved. His absence was only expected to be short, but he was going again into danger, and Amelie, who had suffered the keenest anguish during the commotions of the preceding month, dreaded this second separation.

"Why, my beloved Frederic," she cried, "will you leave me again, and expose yourself to new dangers?"

"The sacrifice is indispensable, dearest Amelie, but it will be the last. There are duties, love, which must be fulfilled, however, painful and afflicting they may be. But I shall not be long separated from you. We must drive out the remains of this odious enemy, and that done, I shall return to you more fond—more devoted than ever."

"Kind heaven, grant it may be so, for I could not endure the torture of a protracted absence."

The sorrowing wife fell on her knee, extending her hands to heaven, and raising her tearful eyes in supplication, but a fresh access of grief seized her, and she clung again to the Count. "Look at your child," she cried, "at the poor infant who has no support but you, for I shall exist no more should you be taken from us. Stay with us for his sake, if you will not for me."

"Amelie, you distress me; can you suppose that my heart is free from all emotions of tenderness? can you not think that you are not as dear to me as this darling babe?" Sobs burst from the breast of the Count; he paused for a moment, and resumed. "But it must be; imperious necessity commands; my country demands my arm; her defenders require my example. You do not listen to me, Amelie!"

"I cannot comprehend the duty that separates a husband from his wife and her helpless infant. Such a duty is contrary to nature; I do not understand it—but what do I hear?" she exclaimed. It was the roll of the drum, that beat the signal of departure. Amelie would have yet detained her husband, but extreme emotion had taken from her all power, and she sank senseless into his arms. He placed her tenderly on her couch, and recommending her to the care of her attendants, he

hastily quitted the apartment, which held all he best loved in life. He dried the tears which had forced themselves to his eyes, and enveloped in his cloak, appeared among his officers, with no trace of his recent emotion, but the unusual paleness of his cheek. A few minutes after, his countenance was lighted with a noble ardour as the legion began their march, and quitted Brussels.

Two days after this an encampment might be seen on the plain, which lies about two leagues from Malines, before the Bridge of Wahlen. The night came on, and at ten o'clock the feeble light of the moon was obscured by a small and penetrating rain. At a distance, in the direction of the Bridge lay the troops of the Dutch, but their fires could scarce be perceived through the damp, heavy atmosphere. The Belgic army, which was a strange medley of hastily-raised men, occupied a station about half a league from the advanced post of the enemy. But, if undisciplined, and without proper military appointments, they did not lack good will or courage to rid themselves, if possible, by one powerful attack, of their intruding neighbours; Mellinet and Neillon were, as they had a right to be, generals of this motley army, for they had gained the distinction by having led the Belgians to victory. Their camp was a curiosity, each corps represented a locality; here were the Brabançons and the Flemings—there, the Walloons, and other troops partaking more of the French character. But there was among them unanimity and confidence in their success on the morrow. A frank gaiety animated the men, and many a patriotic chorus was heard from among their ranks. The Brussels legion occupied a position on the extreme right; they were to begin the attack on the morrow, by falling on the left flank of the enemy. About twenty officers had drawn round a cheerful fire, and sought, by cheerful conversation, to render the hours of night less painful and dreary. Frederic de Merode might easily be distinguished among them by his noble air, and the affectionate respect paid to him by his companions. They could appreciate the patriotic devotion of a man, who, happy as a husband and a father, could tear himself from his luxurious home to share in the dangers of fighting for his country. The Count looked sorrowful and care-worn, and took no part in the animated conversation of the party; but after sitting for some time silent, he suddenly interrupted his comrades by saying, "Gentlemen, I have something to communicate!"

"We shall listen to you with religious attention, noble Count," answered one of them gaily, "for, if we may judge by your lugubrious aspect, your story will be of a solemn character."

Without noticing this sally, Merode began, "Lavater, with whom, no doubt, you are all acquainted, retired to a valley in Switzerland to complete his great work on physiognomy—"

"Parbleu!" interrupted the gay young officer, "I wish Lavater were among us now, M. le Comte; I would ask him to explain why *your* physiognomy, which is usually so open and animated, is now so sombre and so sorrowful?"

"You will know shortly, Sir, without the assistance of Lavater," returned the Count, and he continued his recital. Lavater inhabited a small house in a valley of the canton of Uri. One night, having prolonged his labour beyond the usual hour, he abandoned himself to one of those vague and indefinite reveries, which often succeed to protracted mental exertion. He was aroused from it by a voice, which said, "*Lavater, save thyself!*" He rose from his seat surprised, and looked around him; opened his window, but saw no one; all without was calm—the clock of a neighbouring church only disturbed the silence,—it struck the midnight hour. Lavater sought to

account for this strange occurrence, but could not satisfy himself ere it was repeated. A slight sensation of fear came over him, but his powerful mind soon regained its ascendancy, and he began to think that it was only his imagination which he had disturbed by the close application of the evening. But in a short time he was struck with terror, for the sinister warning was given a third time, and in a tone more strongly imperative. Mechanically obeying the portentous words, he threw open the window, and passed from it into the garden. Scarce had he reached the ground, when the house fell almost into ruins with a most appalling crash." The Count stopped, and his agitated countenance showed how deeply he was himself impressed with what he had been reciting; and his companions were for a time silent from a feeling excited by this tale of the marvellous.

At length, one of them said, "Well, Sir, and what of this?"

"Aye, what of this—what are we to think of it—or how explain such a phenomenon. Is it not one of those which have been called presentiment, but which is denied by the scepticism of the present day. Yet when these things happen, it is impossible not to be struck by them. What more shall I say? my reason rebels against a sentiment of this nature, but I struggle in vain to overcome it. Last night, gentlemen—yes, last night—I am positive I was not asleep, I heard a voice calling me, "*Frederic, rise!*" I tried to obey, but found myself incapable of so doing; one of my legs seemed entirely useless. I lay down again, and, in a few minutes heard the same voice repeat the same words. Again I tried to rise, but as before was totally unable. I have now, gentlemen, disclosed the cause of the oppression under which I labour. I think I need not feel ashamed of such a confession, since I proved that I felt but little fear. Still I cannot help admitting that I have a sort of faith in this warning or presentiment. It is, perhaps, a weakness, but is certainly not cowardice."

Such were the words of Frederic, Count de Merode on the twenty-fifth of October, 1830, the night before the battle of the Bridge of Wahlen.

Next morning, by break of day, the drum beat to arms; the line was formed, and by seven o'clock the attack had commenced on every point occupied by the Dutch. It was a fierce contention between regularly disciplined troops and an army of men hastily collected, and unacquainted with the trade of war.

The Count de Merode seemed to have forgotten his ominous forebodings of the preceding evening, and appeared now animated by a generous ardour. At the head of his legion, he had posted himself at the extreme left of the enemy; where by a judicious employment of his men, he ably seconded the manoeuvres of Niellon, who commanded the front of the line. When he perceived that the Dutch were giving way before the powerful efforts of Niellon, he ordered his soldiers to advance upon the enemy bayonet in hand. Being thus unexpectedly charged in flank, they fell into disorder; this movement decided the victory: the Dutch army, attacked at all points, began to retreat, and, heedless of order, abandoned the field of battle. The Brussels legion, however, did not follow up their success—they came to a dead halt, and Niellon, furious at their inactivity, threw himself among them, to urge them forward in pursuit of the flying enemy. But his own progress was suddenly arrested;—extended on the ground, lay Frederic de Merode, his thigh broken by a thrust from a Biscayan. The unfortunate gentleman looked mournfully on those who surrounded and were supporting him; and, pointing to his thigh, he seemed to say, "*Frederic, rise!*" Amputation was

judged necessary, but it was insufficient to save his life; he died a few hours after the operation. And thus Belgium lost one of her noblest children,—a man, whom they would have held forth to Europe with patriotic pride. His last prayers were for his country and the beloved wife, whom he should see no more.

* * * * *
Shall we speak of Amelie—the youthful widow of Frederic de Merode. No! These are griefs too deep for language to express; sorrows too sacred to be exposed to the cold gaze of mere curiosity.

ISABEL.

THE ANGEL'S TEAR.

An angel's tear has fallen
Upon the mighty deep:
Say sweet breeze, that bore it there,
Why do the angels weep?
The breeze, as it swiftly pass'd,
In silv'ry tones replied,
"That crystal tear is full of joy;
'Twas for a lovely bride."
The smiling wave to a nymph
The beauteous treasure gave,
And, as it on her bos'm clung,
'Twas kiss'd by ev'ry wave.
"Bear it to the coral caves,
As ocean's choicest gem;
And, as queen of all that's bright,
Let it wear the diadem!"
That tear is changed; with lustre it shines,
The brightest of all in the diamond mines!

A sadder tear has fallen
Once more upon the deep;
Say, unseen powers above,
Why thus the angels weep?
A voice of music sweet replied
Unto the roaring wave,
"That hallowed tear was shed
Over a mortal's grave."
Why do the weeping waters
So madly mourn and wail?
They are singing with the breeze
A wild funeral knell:
And that tear of angel birth
Lies now encas'd in pearl,
Sweetly in its jewel'd bed,
'Neath ocean's madd'ning whirl.
And now, in the breast of each pearl of worth,
Lies an angel's tear of heavenly birth.

E. E.

CHARADE.

Upon my *first* the passions are portray'd,
Fame oft obtained, and fortunes sometimes made;
Convenience, in my *second*, is combined
With ease, to solace man and womankind;
My *whole* the traveller patronized of yore;
But in these *presto* times is priz'd no more.—ISABEL.

THE DIVER.

From the German of Schiller.

"Chevaliër or squire, who will dare to plunge into this gulf?
I throw in the midst a cup of gold. Already has the dark
abyss swallowed it; and to him who shall recover the treasure
to him it shall belong."

Thus spoke the King: and, from the summit of a rock which
overhung the sea, he had thrown the cup into the dark waves
of the Carybde. "Who then," he repeated, "has the hardi-
hood to brave its depths?"

The chevaliers and squires who surrounded him heard the
question, but were silent: they tremblingly regarded the deep
waves; but no one essayed to reply; and the King repeated,
for the third time, "Is there no one who will accept the
gage?"

All remained silent as before, till at last a young page stepped
out from his companions, and, with an air of fixed resolution,
loosened his cloak, and threw off his vest; while the surround-
ing spectators gazed on in astonishment at his bravery. And
as he advanced to the margin of the rock, the boiling surge
rose with a terrific hissing; and then, subsiding, left a hideous
vortex, whose depths appeared to the eye impenetrable.

At that moment, and before the waters again arose, the young
man addressed a prayer to Heaven, and—a cry of terror smote
the air; the eager waters had closed above him, and the be-
holders viewed him no more.

All became tranquil at the mouth of the hideous cavern,
save that a kind of shuddering of the waters was visible, and a
low, murmuring sound was heard to issue from the gloomy
depths. Every tongue in trembling accents bewailed the loss
of a noble young man, and all listened with horror-stricken
faces, to the distant moanings and stifed cries of anguish,
which, from time to time, grew less and less distinct, and soon
subsided into utter stillness. "How many ships, and how
much treasure lies hidden 'neath thy deep and foaming tide,
whose wondrous secrets no mortal shall ever tell to human
ears!" So said the King.

Meantime the water rose to the mouth of the cavern with a
frightful rushing sound; the waves were agitated as though a
mighty fire raged beneath; an enormous cloud of snow-white
foam arose high in air; wave succeeded wave, and, bursting
forth with loud thunders, terrified every sense. Presently,
above the boiling surge an arm appeared, and then another,
white as the plumage of a swan. Who struggles with
so much energy and tremendous effort? It is the page. His
right arm exalted the cup, which he waved over his head with
signs of joy. His breast heaved with the labours of respira-
tion. He saluted the sun as he emerged breathless from the
flood; while, from mouth to mouth ran the words—"Tis
he! the page! he lives! the cavern has yielded him, living,
from its depths, and he comes among us to tell the wonders of
his flight!"

He advanced; the delighted crowd surrounded him. He
fell at the King's feet, and on his knee presented the reclaimed
cup.

The King signed to his lovely daughter, who filled it to the
brim with generous wine; and the young man addressed to the
King the following words:—"Oh, sire, how blest again to
view the light of Heaven! to breathe once more the pure air!
How terrible is all in the caverns from which I have just
emerged! Oh, that mortal should desire to tempt the anger
of the gods; or to know that which the wisdom of the immor-

tals have shrouded by an impenetrable veil of mystery and doubt! With the rapidity of an arrow I was drawn downwards, as by the agency of an unseen and mysterious hand; then a fierce, impetuous current burst from the yawning rock, opposed by another more violent, and closed with me in the midst, and by which I was whirled round, resistless, hurried on with dreadful speed to some other still more hideous fate. 'Twas at this moment the god I invoked sent me that assistance which was the means of delivering me from a frightful death; a point of rock which grew from the bed of the ocean suddenly presented itself; this I seized with convulsive grasp, and, hanging suspended from a branch of coral, was the golden cup, of which I eagerly possessed myself. Beneath I gazed into a space of infinite extent, whose vast expanse glared to my view, a boundless den of horrors, from which arose the clamour of a thousand demon tongues, and monsters, dragon shaped, with eyes that, darting fire, consumed the parched air, and from whose mouths flowed scalding vapours that stupified my sense; then, huge sea-dogs, with heads all gorgon shaped, that grinned, hyæna-like, and yelled most fearfully—a Pandemonium of terrors. Here I crouch'd amid the fearful gloom; my trembling limbs refusing to sustain my body, while around there danced, in varied shapes, a thousand fearful beings. And I, shut out from all that savoured of my native earth, in this most dreadful solitude, where nothing human could now penetrate. I shudder'd as I viewed them hovering near, a countless mass, all eager for their prey, with newly-whetted fangs. I suddenly left the coral branch by which I hung, and in an instant found myself once more amid the whirl of waters, which bore me upward with tremendous force, and now I breathe the pure air of Heaven."

The King expressed his wonder. "The cup is thine," said he; "and now, this ring which you behold, all glittering with the most costly stones the richest mines can yield, shall too be yours, if once again you tempt for me the ocean's hidden depths, and tell what more of wonders you behold."

His daughter listened with trembling suspense, and, with a gentle supplicating tongue besought her sire: "Oh, my father, be not cruel! Hath he not just accomplished that which no one here had heart enough to do? If thou canst not repress this insatiate desire, I pray you let some one of these gallant cavaliers essay the task; but spare your brave and youthful page!"

The King suddenly seized the cup, and, plunging it in the gulf, "If," said the monarch, "you will again comply, I shall account you the bravest of cavaliers; and, as a mete reward for your daring, you shall become the happy husband of her who has manifested so warm an interest in your behalf."

At these words a kind of supernatural ardour took possession of the young page; and, his eyes sparkling with a newly-acquired, desperate resolution, when he beheld the beauteous cheek of his affianced lady glow with the most tender anxiety, and fall into the arms of her attendants, overcome with the most poignant grief; he resolved to deserve so precious a recompense, and precipitated himself into the abyss.

They saw the ample wave envelope his form, that vanished from their sight; they saw it reappear, and heard, with long-suspended breath, the deep rumbling of the waters. as they, at each interval, receded to their bed; they hung above the yawning space, and marked the return of the wave again and again: but the young page—returned no more. * * *

GEORGE W. BURCH.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF PHILLIP AUGUSTUS.

The long shadows of evening fell on the pavement of Mirabeau, and the night watch had just commenced his round, when a young lad stepped forth from a tent, whose white curtains gleamed brightly in the rising sun, contrasted with the darker hue of those around him, and, stepping over the uneven ground, he leaned his arm upon the battlements, and his brow upon his hand, and gazed on the scene around him. Perhaps the most interesting sight to the young Prince—for Arthur of Plantagenet it was—was the tents placed all around him, the dark forms of the sleeping soldiers, the distant call of the patrol, the baying of the dogs, and occasionally the howl of the wolf from the battle field.

"And calm and bright the moon looked down
Upon the walls of that still town,
While heavily the willow tree
Drooped o'er the walls its panoply;
A warrior proud, whose crested head
Bends mournful o'er the recent dead;
And shadows deep athwart the plain
Usurp the silver moonbeam's reign;
In every ruin'd building cast
Shadows like memories of the past;
And not a sound the wind brought nigh,
Save the fierce wolf's far distant cry;
And that came from the field now red
With the fierce banquet that spread
Accursed and unnatural feast
For worm and fly, and bird and beast;
While round him earth and heaven recorded
The folly of life's desperate game;
And the cold justice still awarded
By time, which makes *all lots* the same:
Slayer or slain, it matters not;
We struggle—perish—are forgot."

Miss Landon's Yeuana.

Thoughts like these were troubling the breast of the young Arthur as he gazed around him. He was a noble figure, that bright boy, as his form showed clear and dark against the midnight sky; for more than an hour had passed away since first he stood there. Perhaps sixteen summers had past over him, and in his full blue eye danced the buoyancy of a light heart, not to be depressed even by sad reflections. His golden ringlets curled adown his shoulders, and did not in the least derogate from the nobleness of his demeanour. His dress was that of the Court of his cousin Phillip, and showed well on the tall, slight form of the youth. He continued on those battlements till the hour of midnight had struck, and then, bending his way to a lone and distant street, he whistled once, and then sang in a low but dulcet tone those lines of Italian music, which, though not pure Italian, sounded sweetly on the balmy air:—

"Frati d'argento
Che per amare a voi
Ci ho pianto tanto
Poveri pianti miei
Gettati al vento."

Now though these lines did not exactly suit Prince Arthur's serenade, they served to bring to the arched window of a ruined

building, a young girl, who, in a well known French song, answered his serenade :—

" Bien venu, beau Prince
 Bien venu.—Bien venu !
 Je ne suis qu'une paysanne de France
 Mais dans ton amour je suis heureuse."

These were in the provincial dialect too ; and, on being committed to paper, lose their principal charm ; viz., the full rich tones of the young girl's voice, and the energy with which she sung. The countenance of the Prince was lit up with joy at her approach, and in a gay voice he replied, " Eh bien, ma belle, me voilà, en bon cavalier, venu faire mes devoirs à la plus belle de paysannes." The maiden smiled, and, dropping a bouquet of flowers, was about to retreat as usual, when he said in a graver tone, " Attendez un peu ma belle ;" and, taking the little white hand she offered, he added, " I leave Mirabeau to-morrow, dearest Fleurette, and my heart tells me I leave it for ever. Ah ! ma chère, when I stood in the square this morning, and heard the voices of my soldiers loud in the praise of their youthful Prince ! Oh ! my heart was sad even then. There is a weight upon my heart. Oh ! Fleurette, I leave thee to-morrow, and for ever."

" No, no ;" exclaimed Fleurette, in a laughing tone. " Non, non, Monsieur Arthur ! nous sommes *les amis* variables que la mort ne peut separer."

" Friends," said Arthur, pettishly, " only friends."

" Ou si vous plait," continued Fleurette, in a lively tone. " Ou si vous plait les *Amours*."

" Ah, yes ! Fleurette," said Arthur ; but do not *jest* now. I am come to say farewell ; and he looked anxiously into her countenance. The smile *still* played upon her lip ; and, vexed at her thoughtlessness, he burst from her exclaiming angrily, " Si vous ne m'aimez pas. Eh bien, ne m'aimez pas."

It was this petulance of disposition that, while his affection and beauty won him many friends, prevented the young Prince from being esteemed. And so they parted. Ah, if Arthur could have known how often Fleurette would weep over that last unkind word, he would not have so thoughtlessly wounded her gentle spirit.

The army left Mirabeau. Arthur saw not Fleurette again ere his departure ; but as he was about to mount his horse, a bouquet was put into his hand, and a little note containing only these words : " Suis je pardonné !—FLEURETTE."

He gave a sneer of contempt, (ah, thoughtless boy !) and, returning the note and flowers to the messenger, " Allons !" he said, and, spurring his horse, was out of sight in a moment.

* * * * *

All quelled was the look of pride in that young warrior's brow, when in a lonely prison he was confined by order of his uncle John. His eye had lost its lustre ; his cheek its bloom, and his form was much wasted. He leaned his brow upon his hand, and gazed from off the battlements ; there were tents below him ; there were warriors ; but not his, as on that evening at Mirabeau ; and the subdued but still haughty spirit of the boy melted into tears ; and it was a bitter tear that fell as he thought on Fleurette !

At this moment his cruel uncle entered. Arthur bent his knee to him, and entreated to be allowed to send a message to a lady in France. John's lip curled scorn ; but he gave his consent ; and Arthur gathered a few flowers, and sent them by

a trusty messenger, accompanying them by these words : " Suis je pardonné ?—ARTHUR."

Oh, anxiously past the hours till the messenger returned. He placed the same note in Arthur's hand that he had sent, and in a low tone whispered—" Elle est morte !"

M. M.

STANZAS.

Will a thought of me ere cross thee
 When I'm on the deep deep sea ;
 When far away I am sailing,
 All my absent friends bewailing ;
 Oh, how pleasant then 'twould be
 To know thou sometimes thought of me !

And when the pale moon lights the deep,
 And all around are hush'd in sleep,
 That the only hour shall be
 When I, retir'd, will think of thee !
 Who can tell that—it may be
 Thou art thinking, love, of me !

Through life my daily prayer shall be,
 Heaven pour its blessings down on thee !
 Or for me, should Heaven assign
 That a watery grave be mine ;
 E'en in death I'll pray for thee,
 May'st thou ever happy be !

ANN MINHAM HOOPER.

THE HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.

From a Voyage in Belgium, by Dumas.

We had confided ourselves to an engineer, two rails, and a few sacks of coal, through the agency of which we did the eighteen leagues that separate Liège from Brussels in four or five hours. Perhaps I should say but seventeen hours, since we had some distance to perform when we quitted the railroad. We were deposited in the midst of a host of omnibusses, and we were surrounded in an instant by their conveyancers and solicitors. After being quarrelled about for some eight or ten minutes, I became the property of one fellow, who almost forced me into his vehicle. It was in vain that I cried out for my luggage, or tried to get out to look after it. I was, unfortunately, the fourteenth ; so, without heeding my exclamations, the gentleman closed the door with a spring, and shouted to the driver, " Full !" Off we went at a tolerable quick pace, which brought me, in about three quarters of an hour, to my destination.

" Here you are, sir," said the conducting gentleman ; " this is your hotel."

" Ah, is it ? And pray what may you call my hotel ?"

" The Hotel d'Angleterre."

" And where are my packages ?"

" Oh, they'll be here soon."

" But how will they be known ?"

" Is your name upon them ?"

" Yes."

" Then it is all right." And jumping up behind his bus,

off it went, leaving me standing, cane in hand, before the Hotel d'Angleterre.

I waited for a short time, expecting that some one would come out to receive me; but as no one appeared, I thought fit to introduce myself, and entered to provide myself with supper and a bed. I found my way to the kitchen; and there sat the hostess in a corner, half asleep. She raised her head, and looked at me with so much astonishment, that I began to think I had made a mistake, and had entered the house of some honest citizen, instead of the Hotel d'Angleterre; but, on looking round, the furniture and fittings up of the place convinced me that I was in a public kitchen.

"Does Monsieur want anything?" asked the woman.

"To be sure I do."

"What does Monsieur desire?"

I thought I had, perhaps, not been sufficiently polite, so I said, "I first hope to learn that you are quite well."

"Oh, yes, quite well; I hope you are the same."

"As a proof, I must tell you that I am extremely hungry."

"Monsieur is a Belgian?" said the hostess, without appearing to notice my direct allusion to the state of my stomach.

"No; I am a Frenchman!"

"Ah! I beg you a thousand pardons! You see we Walloons are not very fond of lodging the Flemings; but if Monsieur be French that is another thing."

"Then you will get me some supper."

"It is very late for supper."

"Yes; the greater reason for wishing it served, and being very hungry."

"If I were, Monsieur," said the hostess, with a sort of abstracted air, "I should not think of supping to-night."

"And wherefore, pray?"

"Monsieur would breakfast more heartily to-morrow morning."

"Oh, I shall eat no less breakfast in the morning for having supped to-night. Come; what will your larder produce?"

"Ah!" said the woman, without rising from her seat, "if monsieur had only arrived the day before yesterday, our larder was well furnished; for the day before yesterday was market-day, and we had fowls, and ducks, and partridges."

"I do not require a supper of three courses," cried I, interrupting her; "and if you have not fowls, nor ducks, nor partridges"—the hostess shook her head at each pause—"perhaps you may have some cold meat in the house."

Another long-drawn "ah," and a shake of the head. "If to-day had been yesterday we had, oh, yes, we had a fine piece of beef and a delicate joint of veal!"

"Well, are there no remains?"

"Not a morsel; a Fleming snapped up every bit that was left about two hours ago. But you are not a Fleming."

"No; I told you I am French."

"Ah, so you did; and I am glad of it; for we cannot endure the Flemings."

I thought I might make something of the tiresome woman by affecting to agree with her; so I said, "Certainly they are a heavy, dull people; nevertheless their hotels have one advantage: at whatever hour one may enter, there is always something ready to eat."

"Well; and do you think we starve in our country?"

Wishing to bring our colloquy, which was beginning to grow aggravatingly tiresome, to a satisfactory close, I came to the last resource, and replied, "Starve! Oh, one can never starve while one can get butter and eggs."

"Ah," said the hostess, with a smile, "and our country is the country of all others for good butter; but, unfortunately, we only churn once a week, on Friday, and this is Wednesday."

"Then, perhaps, you have only salt butter?"

"We have none of any sort. We never keep salt butter, and our fresh is too good to last the week out."

"Well," I exclaimed, in a tone of despair, "then let me have some eggs without butter."

"I had four dozen this morning."

"My good woman, I do not want four dozen; five or six will suffice."

"Yes, but monsieur must know that we Walloons raise chickens, and I sold my eggs for brooding."

"The devil you did! What, all of them! Have you not one left?"

"Ah, yes! I think I have a turkey's egg."

"A turkey's egg is no bad thing."

"It will make you a supper fit for an emperor; it was only laid this morning;" and, opening a closet, there lay an egg almost as big as that of an ostrich.

Quite impatient, I cried out for the boiler.

"You shall not wait long; we have always hot water," said the hostess; but, taking up the egg, she screamed out.

"What is the matter," said I, surprised at her strange look.

"That little rascal, Valentine has played me this trick!"

"What trick?"

"It is blown."

"What is blown?"

"The egg."

"What does the woman mean?"

"Only think of that young rogue! he is worse than a weasel; he is ravenous after eggs. If he can get to a nest good bye to the egg. He makes a hole in each end of it with a pin, blows the inside into his hand, and swallows it warm. A warm new-laid egg is so good for the stomach."

"And the little wretch has gulped down the contents of this shell; a turkey's egg!"

"Faith, he is not particular; but he thrives upon it; he is as strong as a Turk. Ah, monsieur! he is a fine little fellow; you shall see him to-morrow."

"Yes; I beg you will introduce me; I shall like to pay my respects to the young gentleman," said I, feeling in no doubt as to the reception I should give him.

At this moment some one opened the street door, and shouted, "Holloa, madame! here is the luggage of the Belgian gentleman who alighted at your house."

I went to the door, and saw by the light of the lamp that the omnibus conductor had not deceived me: my packages were all there.

"Then you are a Belgian," said the hostess.

"Have I not said I am a Frenchman? Would you like to see my passport?"

"Why do you call the gentleman a Belgian?" said she to the porter.

"Because he came from Brussels."

"Ah, to be sure!" replied the hostess, as if struck with the justness of this reason.

I now saw that every thing seemed going against me; and, fearful that the want of a bed would be added to the want of a supper, I hastened to pay the porter, and desired a female servant, who now appeared, to take my luggage to my chamber.

"Have you got a chamber?" asked the girl.

"I have not taken possession of one, certainly; but I hope to be accommodated."

"Vergenie, show the gentleman to number thirty-five," said the mistress. And the girl, taking up a candle, desired me to follow her, calling me "Monsieur le Fleming."

I wished the hostess "Good night," and, with a sigh, entreated that she would send some bread to my chamber, with some water and sugar."

"Be content," said she; you shall have every thing necessary." And as I left the kitchen I heard her add: "These Flemings are very troublesome."

I was unfortunate: at Brussels I could not pass for a Belgian; and at Liège they would not believe me to be a Frenchman. I followed Vergenie to the third story, where she ushered me into a chamber more neat and comfortable than I expected after my experience of the lower region.

"There M. le Fleming; I hope you'll rest well!" said the girl, placing the candle on the mantel-piece.

"Charmingly," I replied, "if you do not forget my bread, water, and sugar."

"You shall have it presently."

"I must wait."

"Yes, you can wait," said Vergenie, and away she went.

I did wait a full half hour, when, finding that I was forgotten, I took my candle, and descended to the kitchen; but not a creature did I see: all was still in the house; everybody was gone to bed. I looked at my watch; it was half-past ten. I returned to my room, and wrote in my travelling album, "Not to forget the Hotel d'Angleterre."

ISABEL.

STANZAS.

Thou art passing away, lovely child,
In brighter lands to dwell!
E'en now, thou little innocent,
O'er thee Death holds his spell.

Thou art going hence, thou precious one!
Peace, peace! my struggling heart!
I would not call thee back, fair child,
Though dread the pang to part.

'Tis past! angelic one, thou'rt gone!
While mourners gazing stand,
Thy spirit's ta'en its homeward flight
To that far "better land."

CLARA.

ENIGME.

Vous l'avez beau, lisez sans vous gêner l'esprit;
Avant que de finir de ces vers la lecture,
Vous trouverez tout mon nom par écrit.
Cherchez, je n'ai ni forme ni figure,
Et cependant je suis fille d'un corps.
J'entretiens les vivants, ressuscitant les morts,
J'amuse sages et sots, orateurs et poètes:
Eh bien, lecteur, découvrez-vous mon nom?
Quoi vous rêvez! je le dis sans façon
Vous ne savez ce que vous faites.

LINES TO NASSAU,

The Infant Son of Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Thou dearest and loveliest stranger!
To the cheek and this bosom press fonder!
Hope's ray, in the moment of danger,
I love o'er thy features to wander!

The blush of a bright summer's morning
Resembleth the beam of thine eye;
And the rose-bloom, the zephyr's breath scorning,
Is less sweet to me than thy sigh.

A smile beameth over each feature,
And tranquilly flourisheth there:
Oh! dearest, fair, innocent creature,
May that smile ne'er be banish'd by care!

With the dawn of each look'd-for to-morrow,
May health and contentment increase;
And the *Lares* keep watch against sorrow,
While thou'rt watch'd by affection and peace!

Paris.

M. N. N.

LINES TO ———

Say why that lovely head is bowed,
So late erect amid the glitt'ring crowd;
Whose tresses now dishevell'd fall,
Thou loveliest, noblest of them all!

Ah, why should tears bedew that cheek,
And sighs forbid those lips to speak!
Where late the smile of gladness play'd,
Now sorrow sits in gloomy shade.

What anguish moves that gentle breast,
To banish from thy pillow rest;
And those bright orbs but close to weep?
At that still hour despair should sleep.

Yes, thou art sad; too well I feel thou art!
Else why these tears unconscious start;
While thy fair form for ever seems,
In sorrow clad, to haunt my waking dreams?

GEO. BURCH.

IMPROMPTU EPIGRAM.

By Lady Wyatt.

To a Friend, who indulged the invalid Writer by *standing*
a length of time to talk by her bedside.

An excuse for my gossiping wish
The pleasure it gave me should prove:
So well pleased with my dear "*standing dish*,"
That I ne'er thought about a "*remove*."
Versailles.

SMILES AND TEARS.

A TALE.

By Rosalie Grey.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May when I first entered the village of Glenforne. The sun was shining with unclouded brilliancy, and the bells were ringing merrily; every face beamed with joy, and each heart beat high with hope. When I had alighted at the little inn in the centre of the village, where I stopped to change horses, I enquired the cause of the tumultuous gaiety I beheld, and was quickly informed by my loquacious landlady, one of the daughters of their beloved pastor had just been united to the being of her fondest affections. Many were the praises bestowed on the fair bride and her young bridegroom, "who was as good as he was handsome," they said. In fact, I heard quite enough from all quarters to interest my feelings, and to induce me to await with eager impatience and pardonable curiosity the arrival of the bridal party, who were shortly expected to pass. Presently the hum of voices, with that confused buzz which always announces the approach of a crowd, quickly warned me of their arrival; and I leaned forward from the balcony on which I was standing, in order to catch a more distinct view of them; but vainly did I try to discover through the thick folds of her rich lace veil the features of the bride. The bridegroom, I could perceive, was in the prime of youth, and interesting in the extreme; but time was not allowed me for making any further comments; for the crowd gave way, and the carriage dashed on, followed by the huzzas of the men, and the heart-felt blessings of the women and children, who vainly endeavoured to check the tears which now fell in torrents, as they caught a last glimpse of their beloved young lady. I sent for the landlady, and eagerly desired to know more of the young and most interesting actors in this day's drama. Delighted to gratify her usual love of talking, she immediately commenced with the following narrative, which I shall give to my readers in nearly her own words:—

"Mr. Fortescue, the father of the bride, had been vicar of the parish of Glenforne for above twenty years: he was much and deservedly beloved by his parishioners. His family had once been numerous; but the same hereditary disorder which had deprived him of the beloved partner of his early days, had also carried off six of his children, and four now only survived, two sons and two daughters (the latter of whom were twins), who endeavoured by their affectionate attentions to supply the place of their lamented mother and sisters. The eldest son is in the army, and is at present in Ireland with his regiment; the second is a clergyman, who resides on his curacy in a distant county.

"It was while on a visit which the sisters paid to this brother that Annie Fortescue had first become known to her husband, who was curate of a neighbouring parish. Annie was not pretty; but there was a degree of softness and gentleness about her, together with the sweetest expression in her large liquid dark eyes, which caused her to be generally thought so. Her manner, too, was playful without levity, graceful without affectation. Emily Fortescue, on the contrary, was exquisitely beautiful; a perfect contrast to her sister. It would have been impossible to have known they were twins, except at times, when a slight shade of thought would have crossed the expressive face of Annie, and then she would resemble her sister, who was at all times unusually grave, and, on most subjects, cold and indifferent. In one thing, however, the sisters closely

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resembled each other: their voices were so exactly alike that, unless you beheld their faces, it was difficult to distinguish them, even when together. There was also a similarity in their figures; both were slightly and elegantly made; but here the likeness stopped. Eyes of the richest, darkest brown; a forehead of chiselled marble, braided back from which was that luxuriant hair,

'Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing.'

All this was beauty, perfect, indeed, like the sun; it dazzled the beholder; but did not fix him. Annie, on the contrary, was formed to steal upon the heart by slow and imperceptible degrees; but, when once known and loved, she could never be forgotten. A similarity of tastes and pursuits, without the smallest resemblance as to character, gradually drew the newly-married couple together. At first, indeed, Henry Montmorency seemed struck by the perfect beauty of Emily, and every one imagined that she would have been the object of his choice, especially as her usually cold manner unconsciously softened towards him; but, in the mean time, the bewitching sweetness of Annie's character had gradually unfolded itself to his view; and, within three months of their first acquaintance, and, during which time scarcely a day had elapsed without their meeting, the welcome gift of a living soon betrayed the state of his heart, and Annie was made truly happy by a disclosure of the love which she only too warmly returned.

"Henry Montmorency was indeed a being formed to be loved; not tall; his figure had scarcely anything to recommend it, but its perfect grace. None could resist the playful witchery of his manner, the sweetness of his smile, and the gentleness of his voice. His face, however, was faultless; his eyes were large, soft, and expressive; his forehead high and white; very pale; almost light brown hair; an aquiline nose; and a mouth and teeth of the most perfect beauty; but his character was his chief charm; none could ever cast a blemish on that; and his wonderful and brilliant talents such as gave a fair promise of his becoming one of the first men of his day. With such a prize, drawn from the lottery of life, was not Annie Fortescue blessed?"

"Yes," I said; "but you say she deserves her happiness."
"Deserves it, ma'am," continued my worthy friend; ah, that does she! for her chief delight was ever in giving pleasure to others."

"But Miss Emily," I said; "what of her? Have you nothing to say in her praise?"

"Oh! ma'am," said she; "Miss Emily is very good, very kind; but, somehow or other, the poor don't love her; she is too grand a lady as it were. Then she is so grave, that one is ever afraid of presuming. But Miss Annie, she was ever the life of us all; she had a kind word or a smile for every body, and her innocent gaiety cheered all our hearts. But now she is gone!" continued the good woman, wiping her eyes. We shall be sadly at a loss; but I know we ought not to grieve, for she is happy; and I must say that, good as she is, his Reverence is quite worthy of her."

I thanked the landlady for her tale, and, my carriage being at the door, proceeded on my journey.

Three years had passed away ere I again visited Glenforne: it was then the bursting of the spring; it was now the closing of the summer. But, oh! what changes had taken place in

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that brief period! I stopped at my old quarters; but, on finding my humble friend the landlady absent from her accustomed place, I strolled towards the vicarage; it was a soft rich sunset; not a leaf was stirring; not a zephyr moving; the rippling of the pebbly brook alone broke the silence of the scene. I stood on an elevated spot of ground, surrounded by trees; and so close was the drawing-room window, that I could scarcely avoid seeing those within, myself unseen. Near the window, which opened into the garden was placed a sofa, on which reclined a young female, apparently in the last stage of a consumption; at least, to judge by her quick breathing, and the short and hollow cough, which are too surely the precursors of decline. A young man stood by her, administering all those little attentions, which are so needed by an invalid, and so doubly prized when coming from those we love. A violent fit of coughing shook the poor sufferer, and I shall never forget the agonizing expression which passed over the finest countenance I ever beheld, as he witnessed this fresh proof of weakness. I dared not look again; but hurried away to the inn, where I soon learnt from my old friend all that had occurred during my absence. For some time tears impeded her utterance; but at length she commenced her melancholy narrative.

"From the time of Annie's wedding a visible change had taken place in Emily. She no longer took delight in her accustomed occupations: music, drawing, all were thrown aside, until, at last, her father became alarmed for the health of his child, and instantly consulted the most eminent physicians; but all was of no avail: the fatal blow was struck, and, in a few short weeks, Mr. Fortescue's seventh child was numbered with the dead. It was then, when feeling herself dying, the agony of her fond father had wrung from her the secret of her heart, and she confessed to have long felt the most devoted attachment to the husband of her sister. Those soft and delicate attentions which he had, unconsciously as it were, paid her when first introduced to the sisters, and which, coming from any every day man, would have been received as they were meant (the finished and refined politeness of a perfect gentleman); but which, from the young curate, not even the usually callous heart of Emily could long resist. And, as I have before remarked, it was observed, that the icy coldness of her manner changed; and, long before she was herself aware of it, she loved him with a fervour, of which merely casual observers could not have believed her capable. But this was not all: a paper of verses descriptive of her feelings, which had been found under her pillow after death, had accidentally fallen into the hands of her sister, and revealed in one instant the whole of the fatal truth to her. And, oh, ma'am!" continued the kind-hearted woman, "our dear young lady, who was ailing before, has never been herself since; and now all the doctors have given her over, and Mr. Montmorency is hourly expecting her death. These are trials! To think of the grief of the poor father, and her blessed husband, who, they say, is little less than an angel!"

How long the poor woman would have run on I know not; but at that instant the stillness of the air was disturbed by the solemn tolling of the passing bell. My poor friend wrung her hands. "Oh!" she cried, "then it is all over with our dear young lady! and, Heaven rest her soul! if she is not happy, I know none who can expect to be."

My carriage was now at the door, and I immediately took my departure, assured that the grief of the poor woman would be better borne alone; but as I wound round

the hill, and the death-knell was lost in the distance, I sighed, nay, I am not ashamed to confess, I dropped a tear as I thought of my last visit to Glenforne. Then all was gaiety, and bustle. Three short years had past away, and now all was darkness, misery, and woe! The gay, the lovely—where were they? All, all gone, save two, the sorrowing but resigned mourners! Oh, the uncertainty of life! Why do we ever fix our hearts on anything in this transitory world, where the cup of joy is so frequently dashed from the lips, ere its sweets have been tasted? Yes, such is life! however blissful it must have an end!

STANZAS.

When the heart feels light,
And the smile is bright,
As we tread through Joy's short measure,
How soon we find
A willing mind
To join us in our pleasure.

When the heart feels lone,
And the smile is gone,
And the spirit lacks its gladness,
How few will bless
Our loneliness,
Or share the hour of sadness.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell! the past is like a dream,
In which the sunshine of my happiest hours
Is shown reflected bright; moments which seem
To throw o'er life a wide profusion of sweet flowers;
And love, the brightest of them all, appears
In all its youthful joyousness. The heart
Dreams not of woe, of sadness, or of tears,
Save those which love and joy alone can start;
And thou, amidst those thoughts which live
In rapture, all unknown to care or strife,
Seem'st, like a radiant angel, there to give
The joy, the balm, the hope, the bliss of life.

That dream is past; the dark sad present shows
How soon the hopes of youth are overturn'd and dead;
How soon the tide of youthful bliss, which flows
So swiftly on, is wither'd, past, and fled.

C. J. COLLINS.

CHARADE.

My first is my second;
And both may be found
Upon Neptune's domain,
And upon the dry ground:

To seek for my whole
You must go very far:
A savage in peace,
And a savage in war.

A MILITARY REMINISCENCE.

"Campaigning brings folk acquainted with strange bed-fellows."

"A cold morning, Mackenzie."

"Vara could indeed, Sir; it minds me of the time when we made the retreat."

But I cannot give the words of the old soldier; so I must tell his story in my own way:—

Mackenzie was serjeant in the 79th regiment of foot, or Cameron's Highlanders, when the retreat upon Corunna was made under Sir John Moore. The weather was intensely cold, and the troops suffered great privations. It was late one evening when they reached a village near Benevento; the spot looked inviting, and favourable for repose, and the word was given to "halt." There was no order observed among the poor fellows, after the word was given, on these occasions. They entered the village pell-mell; every one caring for his individual comfort, and knowing that, with the inhabitants, it would be "first come first serve," without distinction of person or rank. So there they ran, helter-skelter, among the dwellings, quartering themselves, without billet, on the surprised inhabitants.

Mackenzie, with a few others, had early gained possession of a snug warm room, and he was congratulating himself on his good luck in procuring such comfortable quarters, when he heard the voice of his captain, outside the house, shouting, "Mackenzie!"

The serjeant was too good a soldier to be inattentive to the call of a superior officer, and instantly obeyed the summons, though with horrible reluctance. However, he hoped to return shortly to the warm berth he thought he had secured; but he might well be said to have "reckoned without his host." There was no preserving of places; one soldier was the same as another to the master of the house; and poor Mackenzie having been detained some time by the captain's detail of orders for the morning, was cruelly chagrined to find, on his return to the quarters he had chosen, that not only the room where he had ensconced himself; but the whole of the house was completely filled with part of a detachment which had entered the village after his own regiment had been dispersed, and housed for the night. This was a chilling disappointment to the honest serjeant; but he was not the only one without shelter: his half-starved and tired comrades were, many of them, lying under the walls of the house, or crouching on the snow, against the fences which surrounded the homestead, with no convenience for a night's rest, but the knapsack for a pillow.

Mackenzie had bivouacked too often to be easily satisfied with the prospect of a night passed in so comfortless a manner: he therefore carefully surveyed the premises; for the moon fortunately enabled him so to do. Every outbuilding, however, had its occupants, and the wearied soldier was beginning to lament his hard, cold fortune, when he stumbled on what he justly conceived to be the pig-stye. The entrance to this tenement was secured by a padlock, or probably it would have been invaded before; but Mack was desperate, and hesitated not a moment to wrench off the bar to his hopes of a warm lodging. The pigs he meant to eject; but here again he reckoned without his host, or rather hosts, for the sty was tenanted by two enormous hogs. He used every effort, gentle and ungentle; but the swine would not be dislodged: they would not even rise from their recumbent posture. What was to be done? The

place was only just big enough to accommodate the pigs comfortably.

The serjeant paused; but it was only for a minute: he was painfully weary, and miserably cold; he looked enviously at the stubborn porkers, which were lying back to back, and threw himself down upon them in a transport of anger, revenge, and despair. Even this intrusion did not rouse them entirely from their deep slumber: they were sensible of an additional companion, and grunted pretty loudly in evidence thereof; but they were hospitable, good-tempered swine, and, by degrees, edged away so as to let their military guest sink gently down between them; and there the unfastidious Highlander fell fast asleep, and, to use his own words, got into a beautiful perspiration, and woke in the morning thoroughly refreshed, and as lively as a lark.

It is to be feared, however, that the pigs made an earlier exit from the world than was intended, through their strange bed-fellow: for Mackenzie could not help relating his sleeping adventure to his captain, who reported the whereabouts of the fat hogs to the commissariat; and, provision for the army being scarce, it may be surmised that they were taken to comfort the inner man of many a poor fellow, after they had externally contributed to the rest and refreshment of Mackenzie.

The honest serjeant is now a messenger at the ——— office, and related the above adventure to one of the gentlemen: the reminiscence being called forth by the severity of the present season.

I should like to have heard him tell the story in his broad Scotch dialect, myself; but I was sufficiently entertained by its repetition to exclaim, "And, please the pigs, I'll send that story to the *World*; for our worthy Editress likes variety, and will not object to admit the Spanish porkers among the heroes and heroines who figure in her pages."

So, here it is; and, in concluding, I can only lament that I am incapable of rendering it full justice.

C.

STANZAS.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."—SHELLEY.

Why do we sigh o'er Pleasure's path,
Yet prize not those we have?
We know that pleasures never last
Long on this side the grave.

Then why not pluck the flow'rs we see,
While yet they charm the eye,
Instead of pining uselessly
O'er those that are gone by?

EPIGRAM.

A toper, who carried more water than ever
He mingled with wine in his life,
Called in a physician, both cunning and clever,
Who talked about tapping. His wife
Replied, while a smile mantled over her cheek,
"Nothing tapped in our house, Sir, lasts more than a week!"

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE WELLINGTON PEERAGE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping;
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole ages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON'S NAME.
Moore's Irish Melodies.

The illustrious ARTHUR WELLESLEY, first Duke of WELLINGTON, is descended from a gentleman of an ancient Anglo-Saxon family, who, in 1172, was standard-bearer to HENRY II. In 1172 this DE WELLESLEY obtained for his military services large grants of land in the counties of Meath and Kildare, in Ireland, a considerable portion of which his descendants still enjoy.

In 1339 WILLIAM DE WELLESLEY, a descendant of the above-named successful soldier, was summoned to Parliament as a baron of the realm, by the title of the Baron of NORAGH, and was granted, by EDWARD II., the custody of Kildare Castle, for life. This produced a yearly fee of £20, an annuity which, according to the then value of money, was by no means too inconsiderable for the acceptance even of a nobleman. From this, however, Lord NORAGH was transferred to the custody of the manor of Demor, which produced twenty marks a year.

He was succeeded by his son Sir RICHARD DE WELLESLEY, who was sheriff of Kildare, in 1418. It has never been discovered why this descendant did not inherit the barony of his father. This loss was, however, balanced by his marriage with JOAN, daughter and heiress of Sir NICHOLAS DE CASTLEMAIN, by which alliance Sir RICHARD obtained the lordships of DANGAN, MORNINGTON, CLONEBRENY, and several other manors, and was succeeded by his son,

GERALD DE WELLESLEY, from whom severally descended WILLIAM WELLESLEY, Esq., and afterwards

VALERAIN WELLESLEY, Esq., of Dangan Castle, who was father of

GARRET WELLESLEY, Esq., who married ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of DUDLEY COLLEY, Esq., of Castle Carberry. The two sons of this gentleman dying without issue, the estates devolved upon their cousin,

RICHARD COLLEY, Esq., upon that gentleman assuming, in the year 1728, the surname and arms of WELLESLEY. Having been nominated second chamberlain of the Irish Court of Exchequer, and sat in Parliament for the borough of Trim, Mr. COLLEY WELLESLEY was, on the 9th of July 1746, created a peer by the title of Baron of MORNINGTON. His only son

GARRET succeeded him in 1758, and, on the 2d of October, 1760, was advanced to the dignities of Viscount WELLESLEY, of Dangan Castle, and Earl of MORNINGTON, in the county of

Meath.* His lordship married on the 6th of February, 1759, ANNE, eldest daughter of ARTHUR HILL, first Viscount DUNGANNON, by whom he had issue: besides Dr. WELLESLEY, RICHARD, the present Marquess WELLESLEY, and

ARTHUR, Marquess of DOURO, Marquess of WELLINGTON, Earl of WELLINGTON, of Wellington, in the county of Somerset; Viscount WELLINGTON, of Wellington and of Talavera, and Baron DOURO, of Wellesley, in the county of Somerset; born at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, on the 1st of May, 1769; married 10th of April, 1806, CATHERINE, third daughter of EDWARD MICHAEL, second Lord LONGFORD, by whom he has issue,

ARTHUR, Marquess of DOURO, born 3d February, 1807, M. P.

CHARLES, born 16th Jan. 1808, cornet royal horse-guards.

To attempt even the most abridged epitome of the glorious achievements of this pre-eminent military commander, would far, very far indeed, exceed our limits, and would, in the present day, at least, be a work of supererogation. We shall, therefore, merely confine ourselves to stating, that His Grace, who is the third son of GARRETT, first Earl of MORNINGTON, and brother of the present Marquess WELLESLEY, commenced his military career upon active service in 1794, when he commanded a brigade, under his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK, in the unsuccessful expedition to Holland; that he was, subsequently, engaged in India, where he exhibited traits of that transcendent military genius, which, at no distant period, was destined to elevate him to the enviable rank of one of the first and greatest captains of the age; that, in 1808, he entered upon the field, where the full harvest of his renown was to be reaped; and that his good sword has, since that period, opened to him the very highest honours of the state—honours conferred with the most enthusiastic approbation of the people, and accompanied by the most popular and liberal grants from the national purse. His Grace was created Baron DOURO, of Wellesley, in the county of Somerset, and Viscount WELLINGTON, of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the same county, on the 4th of September, 1809; Earl of WELLINGTON, on the 28th of February, 1812; Marquess of WELLINGTON, on the 18th of August, 1812; and Marquess of DOURO and Duke of WELLINGTON, on the 3d of May, 1814. His grace is also Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a grandee of the first class in Spain; Duke of VITTORIA, Marquess of TORRES VEDRAS, and Count VIMIERA, in Portugal; and Prince of WATERLOO, a principality conferred by the King of the NETHERLANDS upon His Grace, in consideration of his last, greatest, and most decisive victory over the French army, commanded by the Emperor NAPOLEON in person, on the 18th July, 1815.

The Duke of WELLINGTON is a field-marshal in the army, colonel of the royal regiment of horse-guards, and colonel-in-chief of the rifle brigade. His grace is a knight of the most noble order of the Garter, a knight grand cross of the Bath, and of all the most distinguished foreign orders.

Having thus glanced at the military exploits of the Duke of WELLINGTON, and enumerated the honours so nobly won by these immortal achievements, we turn from the field to the cabinet, and there find this master-mind engaged in the still more glorious work of internal pacification; restoring domestic

* The Earl of Mornington was a distinguished musical amateur, and lives in the recollection of all lovers of the true English school, by his charming glee of, "Here in cool groat."

concord to a distracted empire, consolidating her energies, augmenting her resources, and enlarging her freedom. Called upon to preside over His Majesty's councils, as first Minister of the Crown, this illustrious personage most fully sustained his high reputation in this new sphere of action; to do less might accomplish much—to do more, would be impossible. The Duke of WELLINGTON is a Lord of Trade and Plantations, Commissioner for the Affairs of India, Lord-Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of the Tower, Commissioner of the Royal Military College, and Military Asylum, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Hants, &c., &c.

Although His Grace deemed it expedient to give up office, he is still looked upon as the greatest politician of the age. He is appealed to by all parties in different questions of foreign policy, and is distinguished by a close and methodical attention to business. The Duke is remarkably temperate in his mode of living, and temperate in his habits: so that it is to be hoped that his already prolonged life may yet be spared to the nation for many more years. His Grace is at present in his seventy-second year.

THE RIVALS.

'Twas a calm summer evening—a summer in Russia; and the beautiful banks of the placid Neva glittered with the throng of brilliant company, which usually frequented its noble resort at this delightful season; while, from the waters came the most harmonious strains of softest music. The summer in this part of Russia, while it continues, is heavenly; and the gay crowds, pouring forth along the splendid quays and terraces, seem to know well how to appreciate its charms. There glide along the gilded shallop, laden with life, harmony, and worth; and the fairest nymphs in Europe sported their wavy tresses, gently moved by the breath of eve,

Whose laughter-loving eyes
Mock'd the blue waters,
The bright mirror of the skies.

Seated in one of these light vessels were two elegantly attired ladies, and a handsome cavalier, who discoursed gaily from time to time with either: this was the noble and gallant Count Ivanovich, who, by his high bearing and handsome exterior, had gained the heart of more than one hapless lady; and those who at this time occupied their places beside him, were rivals in affection, and both closely allied to the noblest families the empire could boast.

"Count," said the fairest lady of the two (Julia di ———), after a sudden pause in the conversation, as the bark approached the palace where she resided; "Count, do you continue on the water long?"

"I purpose, madam, to continue for another hour; that is, if the proposition be acceptable to this lady:" turning to the other, who sat on his right, with a winning smile.

"Oh!" answered the lady; "another hour, and that hour spent with Count Ivanovich, can but prove agreeable to one who never wished to shun his society."

"Then, Count," rejoined the jealous rival (her lovely eyes glowing with the fervour of her excited feelings), "I must beg to land."

"Be it so, madam;" and the Count commanded the rowers to pull for the shore. While something like a smile of triumph played about the lovely mouth of the successful rival.

The boat now neared the land; and, during the brief interval which elapsed, the two ladies exchanged glances of mutual dislike, while the Count, seemingly amused at this silent but expressive mode of testifying their feelings, played with his sword-hilt until they reached the steps.

The lady Julia rose; and, as the Count silently assisted her to leave the vessel, she suddenly turned, and, quick as thought, plunged a poignard into the breast of her unhappy rival. "There!" said she; "there! Now, Count, my insulted love is pacified!" and, standing perfectly still, she suffered herself to be seized by the horror-stricken spectators, who lined the steps of her own palace.

The wretched victim of her hate expired in the arms of the distracted Count, who, at first, stood like one bewildered, gazing on the dying creature with fixed eyes, and seeming paralysed in every nerve. At last, after contemplating the murdered object before him for a long time, he suffered himself to be led from the piteous scene, thence to his palace; and though he lived some years after this affecting tragedy, he was never seen to smile, or ever known perfectly to regain his reason.

The wretched author of so much misery was condemned to labour in the mines of Siberia, with other malefactors, for the remaining part of her existence; but the governor, pitying her, and, at the same time, much impressed with the gentleness and sweetness of disposition she displayed, made her an inspectress, and, finally, obtained her pardon, from his representation to the Emperor: on learning which she resorted to her chamber, where she was discovered, a few hours after the communication was made, quite inanimate; having succeeded in opening a vein in her arm, by which she bled to death. On the table was discovered a card, whereon was written, "Human justice may pardon me, but divine never can."

Chelsea.

GEO. BURCH.

EPIGRAM.—A QUESTION.

"What shall I offer thee, my dearest?
That which thou neither scorn'st nor fearest!
Gem, enshrin'd in gold, or glove
Embroider'd by the skill of love;
Kerchief laced, or jewell'd band,
To grace that ivory arm and hand;
Cashmere from India, rich and rare,
As thou art beautiful and fair,
Wrought with the artist's proudest art?"
"No, no," she cried, "Give me your heart,
'Tis all I will receive from man;
So, speak, or end as you began,
By leaving, with a downcast eye,
She you would teach to weep and sigh!"

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

If I could think that in my eye,
Louisa could her riddle spy,
Or fancy that within my mind
A gem of brightness she might find,
I'd fish a *Brill* up from the sea,
And, second, *I* myself would be;
To these I'd join th' industrious *ant*,
Whose patient labour chases want;
And thus, Miss Hunter, will be seen
The *Brilliant* that may deck a queen

ISABEL.

FOR SCRAP SHEET.

"Can you read the directions for the night draughts?" said a lady to the nurse who was to sit up with an invalid. "Oh, dear, yes, ma'am; I'm considered *pure* and *clever* in the larning." "Well, let me hear, that there may be no mistake." Nurse, reading the label conceitedly: "A draught to be mixed with one of the powders, and taken in a state of *officiousness* (effervescence)." So much for the march of intellect!

A SHREWD GUESS.—A lady, anxious to break one of those awful silences which sometimes occur in a large party, hazarded the following random question:—"I wonder who is the happiest in the room?" "I should think, uncle George, mamma," said a little boy, aged seven; "for I saw him give Miss Dawson a good smacking kiss, just before you all came in!"

CONUNDRUM.—Why is Mehemet Ali like a spendthrift who has run through the whole of his estate? Because he has not an *Acre* now to call his own.

THE IDLER IN LONDON.

Of a truth *Idlers* are hard-working people, if we may judge others by ourselves, we can make an affirmation to the fact, we are obliged to hear and to collect news from "our gossips," that others may gossip with us and about us, and as we did hear a few on *dits* from our amiable contributor and friend Miss Diana Quickclackit, we will retail a little of what we heard from her in the *WORLD*, and to the *world*.

In the first place, then, that Lucifer of the card-clubs, *Crockford*, has given up sinning against the pockets, and retires to grow good, with *half a million* of his willing dupes' money at his command.

Then Louis Philippe has had another fright. That poor man will certainly be "frightened to death" at last. People seem to delight in tormenting him, and now a poor omnibus driver writes a letter, and then hangs himself on purpose that it may be found in his pocket at a *post mortem* examination, and the police are again active about nothing particular.

Queen Christina is still on her travels; some people say she is coming here with her "three carriages and a van." "Well," said Miss Di, this is travelling something in the style of Boz's waxwork exhibiting woman." We forget to mention that Miss Di has but lately returned from Paris, whither she went for the purpose of seeing the funeral ceremonies of Napoleon, but, unfortunately for our columns, which she had promised to fill with "unknown news," there was a cracked pane of glass in the *Diligence*, and the cold air that penetrated through the aperture chilled her nose, and brought on such a chilblain that she was "*Ah lyd y nos*," during her stay there, and saw nothing but the interior of her chamber, and a small quantity of snow. *N'importe*, let poor Napoleon rest; he has been long belauded and belied, and can do without Miss Di's diary of his last removal.

At home, the weather has frozen our fingers and the ink in the stand-dish, but it has not kept us from having an Argus-eye on the amusements of the month.—At the ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, the *Promenade Musicale* have taken a new feature by the introduction of vocal performances. Mlle. PAULINE SANTA and Mr. FRASER take the lead, and have assisted to bring very fair audiences to this theatre, considering that the pantomimes are now in the ascendant.

The *Islington Amateurs* have given a third concert, at which the vocalists were Misses BIRCH, READ, and Mr. WILLIAMS, Messrs. NOVELLO, HOBBS, and FREAME. *The Messiah* was selected for this occasion, and was very respectably executed in every department.

Poor old Drury still continues in the agonies of *catgut*. The *brass band* does its best to stifle its sighs, but, alas! the groans of the legitimate drama are not to be silenced so easily. Vocal and instrumental music are now to be combined at this house; a chorus of 80 performers are engaged. Monsieur JULLIEN, who was a favourite of the public during the *Concerts d'Été* last summer, has re-appeared this season.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE has closed. It is to open again with German operas.

LISZT and his party have been performing at concerts given by the Anacreontic Society, Dublin. LISZT gave concerts at Belfast, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Arrangements were in progress, so that LISZT, RICHARDSON, LAVENU, Miss STEELE, Miss BASSANO, and JOHN PARRY, might meet BLAGROVE, LINDLEY, HOBBS, Miss BIRCH, and Miss DOLBY, at York.

The "*Messiah*" seems to be the pet of the present season. *The Sacred Harmonic Society* have repeated it, and with Madame CARADORI ALLAN's first appearance, excited considerable interest—at least, we understand some few of the tickets were at a premium for that night's performance.

The Choral Harmonic Society have also given a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was rather mediocre. DANDO, STRETTON, and Miss DOLBY, were the only *artistes* that deserved praise.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE has been filled to overflowing. The pantomime of the *Castle of Otranto* has been a perfect hit. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* have lost nothing of their attraction. The receipts at this theatre per week, exceeded £2,400, being an average of more than £400 per night.

THE HAYMARKET has re-opened, and *Money* makes money very fast, if we may judge of the profits by counting the number of heads. The new farce, *The Widow Barnaby* has succeeded better than we think it deserved.

THE ADELPHI.—The principal novelty at this house is a farce, called *Deeds of Dreadful Note*. It is another hit among the successes of a fortunate manager, and will unfurrow the brow of care and excite the joyous. A burletta, named *Agnes St. Aubin* has also been successful.

MADAME DULCKEN and Mr. BENEDICT gave a grand evening concert, on the 27th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms. F. LABLACHE, BRIZZI, H. PHILLIPS, J. BENNET, STRETTON, Madame CARADORI ALLAN, and Mrs. F. LABLACHE, were the principal vocalists. The chorus consisted of sixty voices. It was fully attended, and certainly an excellent concert.

THE *Tableaux Vivants Indiennes*, at the Egyptian Hall, are as attractive as ever. Twenty persons appear in costume every day in these *tableaux*, and draw crowded audiences.

At Madame TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION the lunatic Oxford has made his *début* in wax, and is most admirably executed. Madame is a skilful artist, and seldom fails in her likenesses. Mehemet Ali and Lord Palmerston have also been added to this collection.

A DIORAMA, representing the funeral of Napoleon, has been opened at the St. James's Bazaar. It is from the pencils of the artists who were employed by the French Government to execute all that pertained to their department in the late funeral. It is well worth visiting.

COURT MOVEMENTS: FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert have returned to Buckingham Palace. We saw Her Majesty arrive, and never saw her look better. The infant Princess enjoys excellent health. The christening of the Princess it is thought will take place on the 10th of February. The care bestowed upon the infant Princess by its nurse and various attendants are only to be equalled by the anxiety manifested by its parents for its health and welfare. Immediately Her Majesty has risen and entered the breakfast-room, intelligence of the health of the Princess is communicated to the Queen by the Baroness Lehzen; and as soon as breakfast is concluded, Her Majesty (generally accompanied by Prince Albert) proceeds to the nursery, and there remains for about half an hour. In consequence of the severity of the weather since the arrival of the Court at Windsor, the infant (who is in most excellent health) has not been taken beyond the nursery and the rooms connected with that department of the household appropriated to the use of Her Royal Highness and her attendants. It is the custom of Her Majesty, upon leaving the drawing-room at night, and previously to retiring to rest, to visit the nursery for the purpose of ascertaining the state of health, and taking leave of the infant Princess.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Ice Song. Poetry by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. Music by Grattan Cooke. Jefferys and Nelson, Soho Square.—This song is one of the most elegantly got up of all those that have of late come before us. The title page is well illustrated, and the words and the music deserve high commendation. The former we subjoin, that our readers may judge for themselves, whether we are just in saying it ought to be extremely popular:—

“O’er the frost-chained, crystal water
See the graceful skater move,
Guiding England’s regal Daughter
With the tender care of love.

Like the Queen of Beauty, gliding
In her bark down Cydnus’ tide;
Princely hands the sledge are guiding
O’er the chill’d lake’s surface wide.

Thus, together onward wending
Down Life’s stream, unruffled, fair,
Joy and Hope their steps attending,
May Heaven bless the Royal Pair!

And when Age, its frost bestowing,
Sheds its snow Life’s path around,
May their hearts, still fond and glowing,
As in Love’s first hours be found!

We’ll have Merry Songs in the Wintry Hours. Words by J. Bruton, Esq. Music by A. Fry. Tolken, King William Street.—A very pleasing little ballad, with too much repetition entirely to suit our taste. It is, to our ideas, as tiresome to hear the same burthen over and over again, as to be bored with a child’s patter, that has not half learned a given lesson.

Wanted a Sweetheart. Words by J. Bruton. Music by J. Blewitt. Ibid.—We think the composer, from the seven-

teen G’s he begins with, was thinking of the cackling of so many geese when he arranged this delectable melody. Popular songs are frequently parodied; but then the music is generally good. We cannot say one word in praise of this last gasp of Mr. Blewitt.

Merrily goes the Mill. Words by G. Colman. Music by S. Nelson. Jefferys and Nelson. Soho Square.—A very pleasing ballad, sung with great effect at the concerts of the English Opera House, by Mr. Frazer, and nightly encored.

Look, Mother Dear! Ballad by Florence Wilson. Jefferys and Nelson, Soho Square.—A very sweet and graceful ballad, by a new aspirant for lyric honours. The young composer bids fair to win some of the laurels already achieved by her mother, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, to whom the Ballad is dedicated.

PROGRESS OF MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.—At Bath, on Christmas Eve, a selection from the *Messiah* and Mendelssohn’s *Paul* was given at the Assembly Rooms, which was supported by Miss Woodyatt, Miss Masson, Mr. H. Phillips, Bianchi Taylor, &c. The celebrity of these *artistes* is such, that no encomium is required. We cannot, however, but applaud the effective manner in which Miss Woodyatt gave “I know that my Redeemer liveth;” which was received with the loudest acclamations.

The Dublin Anacreontic Society gave its centenary concert in the Rotunda, Dublin, which was attended by the Lord Lieutenant, and fashionables to the number of twelve hundred. A numerous and efficient band was led by Messrs. Rudersdorff and Barton. Several overtures were given with great spirit. Mr. Liszt made his *debut* in Ireland, and was most enthusiastically received. Mr. John Parry met with a flattering reception; his buffo trio was encored, and the same compliment was paid to his *Wanted a Governess*. Richardson’s performance on the flute elicited the plaudits of the assembly; and the singing of Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, and Mr. Knight, was eminently successful. A concertante duet for violin and violoncello was extremely well played by Rudersdorff and Pigott; and a selection from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with solos for corneopane and violoncello, by M. Messemmer and Pigott, was loudly applauded. Liszt played Weber’s “*Concert Stück*,” and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, with immense success. Mr. Wilkinson conducted the concert, which was one of the most brilliant ones ever given in the city of Dublin.

Liszt has been giving Concerts at Liverpool, Preston, Rochdale, and Manchester, which have been well attended. Lavenue, John Parry, with Misses Bassano and Steele, have been with him.

The first Philharmonic Concert at Cambridge came off with great *eclat* last Monday. Miss Bruce sang *Sweet Bird* very finely, and the violin accompaniment to it was well played by Mr. Venua. The glees and overtures were well performed.

ISLINGTON CONCERTS.—A third Concert, under the direction of Mr. Reed, was given by this band of amateurs. *The Messiah*, with Mozart’s additional accompaniments, was very creditably performed. The assistance the amateurs afforded was confined to filling up the subordinate parts, the principal vocalists and instrumentalists being professionals. The choruses were well executed. The vocal solos were given to the Misses Birch, M. Williams, and Reed: Messrs. Hobbs, A. Novello, and Fream. Miss Birch’s singing was characterized by good taste. She gave the air, *How beautiful are the feet, and I know that my Redeemer liveth*, with propriety and expression, and received an encore.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE;
OR, PEEPS AT BOOKS.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE. By J. Fennimore Cooper.—Mr. Cooper is so well known by his works, that, whenever we see his name appended to a novel, we always feel assured that he has provided a store of amusement for our leisure hours. It is the old story of Columbus, very pleasingly told; but we must acknowledge that we do not rank it as the very best of this popular author's writings.

THE MOREA, WITH MEDITATIONS OF OTHER DAYS. By A. B. Cochrane.—This really is, as times go, a very delightful volume of poesy. Mr. Cochrane has the germ of poetry in him, and, with our praise, we will bid him "go on, and prosper."

THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF COMMODORE NAPIER.—At the present time this little work possesses great interest for the general reader. It is very well got up, and very cheap. The title, to be sure, is rather pompous, and savours of the "big book;" but the contents will be found valuable for future reference.

JOSEPH; A POEM. By Sir J. D. Paul, Bart., D.C.L.—If the writing mania progresses as rapidly as it has done of late years, *readers* will be at a premium. The subject of the poem under our notice we do not like. Sacred subjects always are badly dressed up by modern poets, whom, common sense might teach, must be wholly spoiled by their *improved* versification. If Sir J. D. Paul will write, let him draw upon his own imagination, and not spoil the beautiful poetry of Scripture, as churchwardens frequently do a church, which they pompously tell the world they have *beautified and repaired*. The poem is sadly deficient in anything like interest. All that we can say in its favour is, that it might, perhaps, have stood the writer in good stead for Christmas-boxes.

POPULAR TRADITIONS OF ENGLAND—LANCASHIRE.—Mr. Roby has sent forth three very pleasing volumes under this title. Every tale is full of stirring incident; but we are inclined to give our verdict in favour of that entitled the "Dead Man's Hand." It is illustrated with some excellent and spirited wood-cuts.

LONGBEARD, LORD OF LONDON.—That Mr. Mackay is a talented man no person who reads this romance will venture to gainsay; but the worst of it is, one author will tread so closely in the steps of another, that we frequently look in vain for anything like novelty. We have always a dread of taking up these Dromio-like publications; though, we must add, it is a misfortune that occurs to us weekly, when the dog-days of publishing are rife.

IMAGINATION; A POEM. By Louisa Francis Poulter.—We have been much gratified with this lady's *Imagination*, which is dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and does no discredit to the talents of the writer, or the judgment of the patron.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF EDRISI. By Monsieur Jaubert.—This work is one of the most curious that ever fell under our notice. Edrisi was descended from the African Princes, of an illustrious line, and cotemporary with our William Rufus. He was born in Spain; but settled in Sicily, where he became the friend and *littérateur* of King Roger. Travellers tell strange tales; and, it would appear, they mystified Edrisi unmercifully. He thus describes the English Channel:—

"The waters of this sea are thick, and of a dark colour; the billows rise in it to a fearful height; its depth is immense; darkness reigns there for ever; the navigation is difficult; the

winds violent, and towards the west the limits are unknown. There exist in this sea many inhabited islands. Few navigators dare to venture into it; and those who do so, although they have the requisite knowledge, as well as boldness, navigate only from coast to coast, and without quitting the shore; besides, the favourable time for these voyages is limited to the months of August and September. The chief navigators of those seas are known by the name of Ingilsin (English), or inhabitants of Ingilterra, a large island, containing many cities, inhabited places, fertile fields, and rivers. Notwithstanding the formidable character of that sea, and the magnitude of its waves, it contains plenty of excellent fish, and fisheries are carried on at certain places. There are also marine animals of so enormous a size that the inhabitants of the remoter islands employ their bones instead of wood in the construction of their houses. They also make of them clubs, javelins, daggers, stools, ladders, and in general, whatever is elsewhere made of wood."

This really was a pretty well larded description for Edrisi's ear; and, if he had not believed it, we do not suppose he would have written it. England itself, according to him, must have been a very odd sort of an island in those days. He calls it—

"A considerable island, having the shape of an ostrich's head, and containing flourishing cities, high mountains, great rivers and plains. The country is fertile; the people are brave, active, and enterprising; but perpetual winter reigns there. The town which is nearest to the Continent (namely, to the land of France) is Wadi Sant, and the width of the strait is twelve miles."

The work itself, as a curiosity, deserves attention.

THE IDLER IN ITALY. By Lady Blessington.—We have the third, and concluding volume of this highly interesting diary before us. It is exceedingly spirited and amusing, and we shall be delighted to companion her ladyship through the details of another tour.

PETER PRIGGINS, THE COLLEGE SCOUT. Edited by Theodore Hook.—This is an amusing work, and is somewhat severe on our misconducted universities, which frequently do young men more harm than good, as hundreds who are now suffering from the effects of "original sin," committed within their precincts, can testify to their sorrow.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.—The intention of this work deserves the highest praise. The first part is before us, and contains twelve very good engravings. They are not equal to those of Martin; but we think they ought to be generally patronized.

THE THIRST FOR GOLD. By Hannah D. Burdon. 3 vols.—We have been exceedingly pleased with this highly interesting novel. The characters are well drawn, and the bright and dark shades of human nature are strongly and prominently brought forward on the canvas. The character of Justine, the gentle, loving Swiss maiden, is excellently told; nor is that of her lover, Walther Stanz, less deserving of praise; while that of Herr Michael Graaf stands in bold outline, as one who would barter body, soul, and reputation to obtain gold. The novel is full of stirring incident, and one of the most interesting works we have seen during the present season.

THE KENTISH CORONAL. Edited by H. G. Adams.—This is a little miscellany; that deserves to be better known than it has hitherto been. It is, strictly speaking, a Kentish publication; but it will be read with pleasure in every county in England, by those who know how to appreciate talents that do not pretend to enjoy the bright sunshine of public patronage. It is an interesting little volume.



*Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James
Fashionable Head Dresses 1721*



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Evening Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Evening Dresses

(3)



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Morning Dresses.



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Evening Dresses

(15)



(6)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Evening & Morning Dresses

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESSES.

FRENCH COURT BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—White *tulle* robe, over white satin; the *corsage* low, draped *à la Sevigné*, and very deeply pointed, is ornamented with *chefs d'or*; and the short sleeve, terminated by a triple *rûche*, is trimmed to correspond; there are two *tulle* skirts,—the one forms a tunic, and is bordered by an embroidery in gold thread and green silk; a deeper border encircles the other robe. Head-dress of hair, decorated with feathers and gold ornaments.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White crape robe, over white satin; a low and draped *corsage*, and very short sleeve, terminated by full *biais*; the drapery is retained by a *bouquet* of roses, a single one ornaments each sleeve; *bouquets* of roses are disposed *en tablier* at regular distances down the front of the skirt; a wreath of roses encircles the summit of the head, and the ends are brought round upon the ringlets at the sides.

FRENCH COURT DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Azure blue velvet robe, low *corsage*, forming a little the *V*, and very full draped. *Manche à la Dubarry*, terminated by a *manchette* of Brussels lace; the front of the skirt is ornamented *en échelle* with rows of Brussels lace; they are terminated, at each end, by a knot of ribbon, from which a cluster of silver *epis* descend: the hair banded in front, and disposed in plaited loops behind, is ornamented with white feathers, a silver *bandeau*, and a *bouquet* of *epis*.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pink *velours épinglé* robe; a low *corsage*, trimmed with a falling tucker of English point lace; very short sleeve, with a round lace ruffle, looped by a white *tête de plume*; the skirt is trimmed with two lace flounces; they are raised high at the sides in drapery, the ends of the lace being looped by *bouquets* of short white feathers. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with gold net and pale pink feathers.

EVENING PELISSE AND COIFFURE.

FIG. 2.—The first is composed of emerald green velvet, and lined with white satin; it is made with a tight *corsage*, and short tight sleeve, terminating in a demi-Venetian one; a rich fancy silk trimming borders the whole; the *coiffure* is a *fichu* of white crape, bound with gold *galon*, and finished at the points by gold tassels; it is disposed on the hair *en bonnet*.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Violet satin robe, the *corsage* low and round, is made tight to the shape, and laced up the centre with black silk cord. Long tight sleeve, the border part trimmed with gold tags; the border is ornamented with satin *rouleaux*, forming lozenges of a large size. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a *bandeau* of jet.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—*Foulard* robe; bottle green *reps* cloak; it is made rather shorter than usual, lined with blue satin, and has a hood of a perfectly novel form; the trimming consists of a blue satin *rouleau*, placed at some distance from the edge. *Capote* of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*, lined with white satin; a square brim; the interior trimmed in a light style with flowers; the crown of a novel form, is trimmed quite low at the sides with flowers, from which knots of ribbon descend.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Redingote* of blue satin, *glacé de blanc*; the *corsage* quite high behind, but descending a little in front, is ornamented at the sides with folds, which are continued down the skirt; tight sleeve, the upper part trimmed with folds; the *capote* presents a back view of the one just described.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Green *pou de soie* robe, the border trimmed with a single deep flounce. Grey cashmere cloak, lined with rose-coloured satin; it is made very close up to the neck, with rather a full hood; it is bordered by a flat band of rose satin, surmounted by a fancy silk trimming of the same colour. Black velvet *chapeau*, a round open brim; the interior trimmed with *tulle* and roses; the exterior with shaded *marabouts*. Sable muff.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—*Organdy* robe, over white satin; it is made with a double skirt, the upper one much shorter than the other, and both bordered with broad hems, through which *oiseau* ribbon is run. Low *corsage*, covered by a *pelerine* of *oiseau* satin; pointed before and behind, and ornamented with fancy silk trimming, gold buttons, and tassels to correspond. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a wreath of flowers.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Spotted *tulle* robe and tunic of the same over white satin; the border of the robe is trimmed with *bouillonné*; a

low pointed *corsage*; the top of which and the short sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and both ornamented with roses; the tunic opens in front, in the *tablier* style, and is decorated with *bouquets* of roses, placed at regular distances. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with *chaperons* of roses.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Blue velvet robe, the border is trimmed with two white *tulle* flounces. *Corsage* opening *en cœur*, and trimmed in the *pelerine* style, with a triple fall of lace. Short tight sleeve, finished by three falls *en suite*. *Bonnet à demi-barbes* of blonde lace, ornamented with a wreath of red roses without foliage.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Tulle* robe, over white satin; a double skirt, each looped over the satin one by a rose at opposite sides. *Corsage* low and draped, and short full sleeve, both ornamented with roses. Head-dress of hair, decorated with flowers and diamonds.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Slate-coloured satin robe; *corsage à la Vierge*, trimmed *en pelerine* with twisted *rouleaux*. Tight sleeve, with a *mancheron* of two falls, open in the centre, ornamented with *rouleaux*; the skirt is finished by three rows of similar trimming of a larger size. Dark green velvet *capote*, ornamented with a wreath of shaded *marabouts*.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of shaded white and rose-coloured satin; *corsage à trois pieces*, and short tight sleeve; both trimmed with *marabouts*; *bouquets* of which are placed in two irregular rows round the border. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with *gerbes* of flowers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1841.

Never was there a more gorgeous display of elegant toilettes than we this month present to our fair readers. The season has now fairly commenced, and everything conspires to render it a brilliant one, but in paying due attention to full dress, we have not lost sight of the other departments of the toilette; let us see what there is most novel in

MORNING AND HALF-DRESS BONNETS.—The materials for both are those that we have described in the beginning of the season; those of a close shape are the only ones in favour in the early part of the morning; the brim descends very low at the sides, and closes round the face, so as to shade without concealing it. We observe that *demi-voiles*, which were so fashionable last year, are now very seldom adopted. A good many velvet bonnets are trimmed with flowers of a darker or lighter shade of the same colour, this has a plain but gentle-

womanly appearance. We must observe, that since the weather has been so severe, the brims both of morning and half-dress bonnets have increased a little in size. Some of the most elegant of the latter, are composed of either black or garnet velvet, and trimmed with feathers, knotted with *grèbes*. Black feathers, shaded with cherry colour are much in request for black satin bonnets; a style of trimming that has just appeared, and that may be termed perfectly novel, consists of three small buttons, which retain a knot of ribbon on one side; simple as this style of trimming is, it has, from the manner in which the knot is formed, an extremely elegant effect. We may cite also, as remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their effect, some bonnets of maise-coloured *marabout*; the *bavolet* consists of a single piece made without any fullness, and standing out from the neck; there is much originality as well as taste in the style of these bonnets. We must not forget those of marsh mallows, and Victoria blue velvet, or *relours épinglé*, trimmed with white feathers *panachée* at the tops in the colour of the bonnet, and trimmed in the interior of the brim with flowers as delicate as if they were the work of fairy hands.

CLOAKS have not altered in their forms, that is to say, not materially, but it will be perceived by our plates that some are arranged in a novel manner on the bust. We refer particularly to the first Figure in our fourth plate; the only alteration in trimmings consists in the increased number of furs, principally sable; we have seen some on which the fur was disposed on the front of the cloak in the form of a broken cone; generally speaking, however, the trimming consists of a plain broad band.

FORMS OF ROBES IN HALF AND EVENING DRESS.—A fair correspondent complains of the little change that has taken place in the forms of dresses, and has written to us to know whether some farther alterations are not contemplated. We must observe, that with regard to the first part of our correspondent's letter, there certainly is no great alteration in forms, but still there is as much as, perhaps, could be fairly expected from one season to another; the *corsages* in half-dress, that are made *en V*, are not so open on the bosom, and those in evening costume, instead of descending on the bosom in the *cœur* or *demi-cœur* style, are now all, or almost all, made round at the top; we wish, indeed, they were cut a little higher, for in the other form the bosom was shaded by the *guimpe* quite as much as it is at present by the *corsage*, and the back and shoulders were much less exposed. Skirts had began to diminish a little in width toward the end of the summer, but they have returned to their former extravagant dimensions; they continue also to be made long. The grand question of sleeves remains *in statu quo*; tight ones certainly predominate in half-dress, but still they are not considered as a fixed fashion, and certainly will not become a general one, at least, for some considerable time to come; long sleeves are not admitted in evening dress, and it will be seen, by our plates, that short ones preserve the *juste milieu*, for without being absolutely full, they are rendered partially so by the various manners in which they are trimmed, certainly nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the ornaments employed for them; thus we may say with truth that the change in forms is quite as much as could be expected, and, certainly, it is very much for the better; but we have to notice a decided alteration which has been introduced, but which we cannot yet announce as fashionable; it consists of a new method of setting on the skirt, by guaging it round the top as far as the points of the hips; by this means that excessive fullness which would be otherwise disposed in gathers or plaits, is formed exactly to the shape,

but on the other hand, this method lengthens the waist excessively, and gives an air of stiffness to the figure, so that what is gained in one way, is, perhaps, lost in another.

BALL ROBES.—They are generally composed of light materials only, *tulle*, *crape*, *gaze de Turin*, and *organdy*, always worn over satin. We see also some, but not a great many, robes of satin, and some of *velours épinglé*; a pretty style for *organdy* robes consists of a deep flounce, or a simple *bouillon* of the same materials, surmounted by an embroidery in silk and *chenille*; a novel style of trimming for *tulle* robes, but which, however, we do not admire, consists of large rosettes of *tulle*; others, particularly those of coloured *tulle*, are trimmed with *râches* of the same material, pinked at the edge. Some of the most elegant *tulle* robes have the border finished with a deep hem, surmounted by a splendid embroidery, in a running pattern of white roses in relief, with gold or silver stalks; these dresses are always made with *corsages à trois pièces*; the seams are covered with gold or silver cord to correspond with the flowers. White *crape* and *tulle* dresses, worn over coloured satin ones, are adopted in ball dress by some very elegant women. The most *distingué* of these have the under-dress of rose-coloured satin; a pointed *corsage*; the point long and sharp, with an *échelle* and ends of rose and white ribbons, which terminates the point; *bouquets* of rose and white *marabouts*, intermingled, were disposed *en tablier* on the front of the skirts.

BALL HEAD-DRESSES may be classed as simple and magnificent. We shall cite among the first, those small wreaths called *chaperons* of ivy; there are generally two employed, one crowning the summit of the head, and the other enveloping the knot of hair behind. A wreath of roses, placed on the forehead à l'*Iphigénie* is a favourite ornament: another, more dressy, without being splendid, can only be adopted with the hair dressed in full bands; it is a sprig of *roses églantines*, placed in the hollow of the *bandeau*, and descending almost on the throat; the hind hair forms an Apollo knot, attached by two gold pins: those of a magnificent kind are composed, in general, of jewellery, intermingled with flowers or feathers. We have given some elegant models of them in our plates: we shall cite also those of white roses, intermingled with gold grapes, disposed in a wreath, turning twice round the hair, a diadem of roses, with a foliage of emeralds; *torsades*, formed of gold beads, twined round the hair, with *marabouts* placed at the sides; and sprigs of diamonds or coloured gems, placed at the base of a plume of feathers, or surmounting a *gerbe* of flowers; à *propos* of these last, they claim a separate paragraph.

FLOWERS have never been so decidedly in vogue as this winter, and certainly their beauty has never been so great. We cannot say what flowers are most fashionable, so generally are all those of moderate size in request; those styled *fleurs diamantées*, that seem to have the dew-drops fresh upon them, are excessively beautiful; others appear to be partially sprinkled with snow, or white frost. The most novel ornament of flowers is a *bouquet*, styled *bouquet Venitien*; it consists of the most delicate flowers, with a foliage of various shades of green.

GLOVES.—The trimmings for the tops of gloves have reached the highest degree, not only of elegance but splendour; we have seen some lately laced by gold, pearl, or coral cords, with tassels to correspond; we may cite as the most decidedly elegant that have appeared, those trimmed with a *cordillère* of pearls and torques, which turning round the arm, formed a singularly pretty bracelet.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS remain the same as last month, but black intermingled with other hues is more decidedly in vogue.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The fashionable season is now at its height with us; balls and evening parties have commenced, and the presentation at court at least on New Year's day, as well as the drawing-rooms held since have been equally numerous and brilliant. We have re-produced two of the most striking court dresses in our plates; we allude to numbers one and three in our second plate. We need hardly say that we have made a selection of all the most elegant novelties of the month for our plates. Before, however, we enter upon the splendours of evening dress, let us see what we have got to say respecting out-door dress since the cold has been so severe.

ROBES DE DRAP.—We mentioned their introduction some time ago, but then they did not seem likely to become very fashionable; now, however, their vogue is decidedly great, and will probably continue so during the whole of the winter. The cloth employed for these dresses, is of an exceedingly fine and rather thin kind. Some are also made of *casimir*, but whichever of the two materials are used, the style is always very simple, though not without a certain degree of *recherché* in some instances; these latter have always the *corsage busqué*, a very full skirt, and both body and sleeves are trimmed with coral, agate, or opal buttons; the colours most in request for these robes are black, grey, *Jaabelle*, and a full shade of fawn colour.

MANTLES afford no novelty in forms, but we observe that the *bournousses* are now generally worn only by young ladies. Since the cold weather has set in, furs have come into general use for trimmings; and though Siberian sable and ermine are the only ones worn by our fair fashionables of high rank or great fortune, yet second-rate furs are extensively seen upon very stylish *belles*. Kolinski—a fur that is, generally speaking, exceedingly becoming, from its rich tint and beautiful softness, is in high request; so, also, is chinchilla, decidedly the most ladylike of second-rate furs. Sable, we mean the various inferior kinds, complete our list; for, although imitations of this last fur are used, they are not adopted by any lady having pretensions to fashion. While speaking of furs, we must observe, that muffs and boas are perfectly indispensable; indeed, we never remember to have seen the former so generally adopted.

CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES.—The materials for both continue the same. Black ones have increased in favour, particularly *capotes à coulisses* (drawn bonnets); they are made for the most part with three narrow close casings, near the edge, the remainder of the brim being fluted; they are usually of satin, and lined either with coloured velvet, or *rep* velvet, rose colour, *groseille*, and *ponceau* are the favourite hues; but other colours, as various shades of yellow, blue, and green, are adopted, though not so generally. These bonnets are always trimmed with flowers, mingled, in some instances, with black lace. Feathers are generally employed for trimming *chapeaux*; a few, but they are certainly very few, are ornamented with flowers placed *en gerbe* at the side.

EVENING ROBES.—Although the superb figured, flowered, and embroidered materials that we have recently quoted maintain their

ground in evening dress, they do, nevertheless, divide the vogue with rich plain materials. We may cite among the most elegant robes that have recently appeared, those of *poult de soie*, the favourite hues for these dresses are white, *bleu Joinville*, *rose de Corinthe*, and *Jaune de Perse*; the *corsages* are always low, but some are draped, and others made plain; in the former case, the sleeves, which we must observe, are always short, are finished below the shoulder with a double *biais*, cut in broad shallow *dents*, and edged with an *éffile* of moderate breadth of the colour of the silk; the same style of trimming is re-produced at the bottom of the skirt, but the two *biais* are considerably deeper, and are not placed so close together. If the *corsage* is made plain, it is always decorated with a full fall of lace, disposed *à l'enfant*; the trimming of the sleeves varies, some being ornamented with a *manchette à la Pompadour*; while others have the ruffle set on round, and not passing the elbow: we may cite, also, some robes of that rich plain satin, called *satin-royal*, made with the *corsages* tight to the shape, and very deeply pointed; a small velvet lappel of the colour of the robe, cut in sharp *dents*, and bordered with a narrow *guimpe*, wrought in alternate dead and bright gold, is disposed *en Berthe* on the *corsage*. Very short sleeve, slashed in the centre, and dented to correspond with the lappel; white satin puffs protrude from the slashes: the trimming of the skirt consists of a very deep satin *bouillon*: the puffs formed by narrow bands of velvet, edged with gold *guimpe*, placed in a bias direction; there is considerable novelty, as well as great taste, in these elegant robes. Black lace is, at present, in the highest vogue in evening dress; indeed, what may be termed fancy mourning is quite *à la mode*. We may cite as very elegant in that peculiar style, some robes that have recently appeared of grey *velours épinglé*, trimmed with two very deep flounces of black lace; each flounce looped on one side by a half wreath of flowers in vivid hues. Some others, that have been much admired, are composed of *moire Egyptienne*, worn under a black lace tunic, that have tufts of Arabian jasmine raised on one side.

EVENING COIFFURES.—We may cite among the most original of those that have recently appeared, a *petit bord* of violet velvet, which encircled the face in the *aureole* style, and descended on the cheeks in a form somewhat similar to small outspread wings; the foundation of this head-dress is a lappel of English point lace, which covers the knot of hair behind, the ends passing under the *petit bord* a little below the temples, are retained on each side by a gold or jewelled pin; these ends, enlarging as they fall under the velvet wings (we cannot find another word that will express their shape) produce an excessive novel, and, to some faces, a very becoming effect. We should observe, that the hair must be disposed in plain bands, raised very high, and retained by a *ferrière*, corresponding with the pins. Another very original style of *coiffure* is called *carolita*; it is composed of velvet, plaided in black and red, twisted in *torsades* round a flat foundation; two *marabouts* are laid in the velvet *bouillonnée* on one side; the material on the other is disposed in an end, which falls behind. While we are on this subject, we must not forget dress hats, they are at this moment in great request. We may cite as the most *distingué*, those of *velours épinglé*, of a shade rather deeper than the colour of Indian corn; the *chapeau* is ornamented with a long white ostrich feather; the centre of which is filled with a *marabout* of the colour of the *chapeau*; a *bavolet*, composed of rich ribbons *broché*, tastefully mingled, completes the trimming; we shall cite, and though last not least, for though a simple, they are a decidedly elegant style of *coiffure*, the *fanchonettes*

of white or black lace, placed on the knot of hair behind, with the points falling close to the cheeks, and mingling with the ringlets of the front hair, and the light sprigs of flowers that decorate them.

COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX.—Some that struck us as very tasteful, had the hind hair negligently turned up in a small *chignon*; the front hair is arranged in light ringlets; a repentir—that is, a long full cork-screw ringlet, descends on each side from the others; a delicate wreath of *roses églantines*, composed of *capuchine* velvet, mingles its light sprigs with the ringlets. Another *coiffure*, which has attracted our attention, had the hair disposed in plain bands before, and in plaited open loops, which were entwined *en serpente* at the back; a *chapon*, of roses without leaves, was placed obliquely on the right side of the head, descending very low on the left; the roses that compose this crown are small at the ends, but increase in size as they approach the centre.

EVENING DRESS AT THE ENGLISH AND AUSTRIAN AMBASSADORS.—We have given some of the most elegant of these toilettes in our plates; we may cite, particularly, Figure 1, in our third plate, and Figure 1, in our sixth plate; we have, therefore, nothing new to say in regard to robes, but we shall make a few general observations on *coiffures*; those of hair are decidedly higher than last year, and the hair is arranged much fuller on the head; tresses are become too common, and they are replaced by soft bows and *coques*. Curls, lightly frizzed, predominate; they are worn of a moderate length. Feathers are decidedly adopted for this season, particularly by youthful matrons. Flowers, both in wreaths and *bouquets*, or single flowers, are also in vogue, but wreaths are decidedly preferred. It is still a question, how far ornaments of gold or jewellery will be adopted; there is no doubt that they will be fashionable, but whether they will be worn in profusion, as they were last season, or in a more light and simple style, is not yet decided.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE B.—The Translation from the German is accepted.

E. E.—One of the Poems shall appear.

H. J. B.—The Tale will appear. The Verses are declined.

ROSINA.—The Stanzas are declined. The Poetical department of this Work will in future be of a higher order than heretofore; and communications sent for insertion will be submitted to a more severe test of criticism, ere they can appear in our pages.

JAMES W.—The *Blank Verse* is declined.

MARY.—Accepted.

C. F. F. (Stroud), will see that the contributions of his Friend are not neglected.

THE EDITRESS OF THE "WORLD OF FASHION" begs, with all due respect for rising merit, to hint to the many Correspondents who send articles with the recommendation that "they are written by a young lady of fifteen," or "the composition of a young gentleman only ten," *all warranted original*, that she does not keep a nursery for "teaching the young idea how to shoot," and that all such articles must be declined.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND AMUSEMENTS cannot be noticed unless the Works or Free Admissions are sent, addressed to the Editress of the "World of Fashion," for that purpose.

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THE SISTER OF ST. AGATHA.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

By Miss Anna Maria Sargeant.

"Since God or man must alter ere they meet,
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo, which must change."—*Young.*

It was in the year 1517, the commencement of that century so pregnant with events of the highest moment, that a Dominican monk of the name of Tesel, notorious for his traffic in *indulgences* or absolutions for crimes, took up his abode at Juterbock, near Wittenberg, where he carried on his infamous trade with great success. Many of the inhabitants of the latter town became his customers, though Martin Luther was at that time a resident at the university there. This pious man was resolute in his protestations against them; and his declaration, that he considered them of no effect, regarding sincere repentance and amendment of life, as the only road to the Divine favour; but so prone is the mind of man to catch at any other means of salvation than that in wisdom appointed, thousands of deluded creatures paid their last ducat for these absolutions, and departed in the false security of having made themselves meet for Heaven. Among the higher order of persons who visited this shameless dealer in deception (for high and low alike repaired to him) was the Baron von Steinburg, a nobleman of decayed fortune, who had been guilty of an action his own conscience, seared as it was, could not but acknowledge to be tinged with guilt. The family pride of this noble had induced him to sacrifice at its shrine the happiness of his children. The only son, a youth of nineteen, seeing the fallen fortunes of his house were insufficient to provide for his four sisters and himself, generously offered to give up his patrimony to them, and embark in some profession, or even a mercantile connexion; but the haughty spirit of the father absolutely forbade it. His son, he insisted, should support to the extent of his ability, what he deemed the honour of his ancient family, and his daughters should be placed in a convent where a small premium would provide for their wants. Thus he should be spared the humiliation of seeing them enter other noble families portionless, or obliged to accept of a plebeian offer.

In vain the generous youth represented to his parent how distant an honourable calling was from degradation; how cheerfully he should pursue it when he knew he was purchasing the happiness of his beloved sisters by so doing, and how miserable he should be in the possession of all, at the sacrifice of their happiness.

Adolpha, the elder of the Baron's daughters was two years the senior of her brother; Christine, the second, just that period his junior. The two younger were of too tender an age even for their unnatural parent to think of forcing them at present into the gloom of a cloister. He therefore pronounced it as his unalterable determination, that the two eldest should enter a convent governed by a distant relative, who but too eagerly entered into his plan of immolating the unfortunate girls. Adolpha was the only one who dared to offer the least resistance to this cruel plan; and the state of her feelings gave her power to plead with all the eloquence of which she was mistress. She had long loved a young soldier, whose parents had been her father's friend, but whom the jealous spirit of the Baron had estranged by resenting a supposed affront. Eugene Frankhausen and Lewis von Steinberg were constant associates, though the former was some years the senior of the latter. There was an union of tastes, sentiments, and feelings in their characters, which bound them in the strongest bonds of friendship. Thus the young man entertained hopes of one day possessing the object of his affection, despite of the coolness which subsisted between their families, until the cruel mandate became known to him, which must sever them for ever.

Almost maddened at the thought, Eugene ventured into the presence of the haughty Von Steinberg, and immediately made an offer of his hand for Adolpha, which was repulsed with disdain. The Baron declared he would never see his daughter enter a family who had insulted him, whatever their possessions might be, and however eligible in other respects it might prove. He was too proud, he said, to stoop to such meanness; and he sternly repeated his resolve, that she should accompany her sister to the convent, deeming that the most proper course for her to adopt.

The result of this harsh treatment was a plan concerted by the two young men, and approved of by Adolpha herself, that she should elope ere the day arrived, which was to bear her to seclusion; but the vigilance of the Baron prevented this step. He kept her watched and guarded so closely, such a line of proceeding was absolutely impracticable.

Christine, timid and yielding, never thought of opposing her father's commands, although she had no predilection for the course of life he had destined for her; she had not the same dislike for it Adolpha evinced, since her young heart had never learned to love any beyond her sisters and mother, who were her world. She wept at the thought of parting with them, but consoled herself that Adolpha would be still her companion; yet, when she saw the violent grief of her elder sister, and heard

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her frequently repeated declarations of abhorrence for the monastic life, even this consolation was denied her. Terrified as was Christine at the frown of her stern parent, she resolved, for her sister's sake, to plead with him in her behalf. She would, she said, cheerfully bow to his wishes herself, if he would cease to enforce them upon Adolpha; but this generous conduct of his children only exasperated the Baron, whose breast was incapable of any other than selfish desires, and tended to hasten the day of their departure.

It was not till his blooming daughters, in the flower of their youth and beauty, were torn from the home of their childhood; that home where they had but two years ago been blest with the instructions and affection of a tender mother now no more—and dragged, unwilling victims, to seclusion, from a world they were fitted to adorn, to be placed under the guardianship of a woman, in whom all the milder virtues were extinct. It was not till he missed them in the family circle—the modest dignity of Adolpha, and the tenderness and gentleness of Christine; till he witnessed the tearful eyes of his younger children, and the altered aspect of Lewis—it was not till then that he saw, in its heinousness, his offence.

His was not, however, that consciousness of wrong which leads to reformation. His pride was too much gratified by the action for him to wish its recall. Thus he suffered his conscience to be appeased by the payment of a portion of his property to obtain a pardon.

The sisters were received by their stern relative with every mark of displeasure. This lady dwelt long and eloquently upon the wickedness of preferring a life spent in the world, where she considered they would be constantly surrounded by evils to which her sanctuary was a stranger. Christine listened in silence, but Adolpha ventured ever and anon to plead her own cause, and aver that for society and the pleasures of reciprocal affection mankind were born. The Abbess dismissed her as refractory with a reproof; whilst on Christine only she deigned to smile, reading in her timid disposition a more ready acquiescence to her will.

The sisterhood of St. Agatha were mostly composed of females of rank, who, from the policy of their parents or their own choice, had become its inhabitants. Few were there of the latter class. Indeed the well-known severity of the Abbess was of itself a sufficient reason why few, from inclination, should enter its walls.

The daughters of the Baron von Steinberg immediately put on the garb worn by the novices, and the superior was strenuous in her efforts to prepare them for the solemn vows which they were so soon to take upon them.

The lady Abbess was a sincere Catholic, and possessed some estimable qualities; though she deemed it her duty to subdue the more gentle feelings of the woman. She thought she was doing service to her religion and her God, by either inducing or compelling the young, who were so especially beset with temptations in the world, to embrace a religious life. She looked down upon those who fulfil the useful relations of wife and mother as beings to be pitied; and thought, by fasting and the infliction of self-torture, she should become a far more worthy candidate for heaven. She used her eloquence not in vain with Christine, who, by degrees, became inured to her rigidity of manners, and listened with increased interest. As she saw it was her fate to embrace the vows, she thought it wisest to submit un murmuringly, and by these means she gained the confidence and affection of her relative.

Not so Adolpha; her dislike of a conventual life was not

abated by the specimens she found within the walls of St. Agatha. There were the same passions indulged; the same jealousies and envyings, the same bickerings and quarrels as in the world she had quitted. Religion (or the garb of religion) had not changed the tenor of the mind; the high-born looked down on her, the lowly sister; the beautiful was vain of her charms, though there were none of the other sex to admire her; the homely-featured envied the more gifted; and each were jealous if the Abbess showed favour. The peaceful pleasures of her home, as it was conducted by her beloved departed mother, rose in her view, and, more than all, the form of Eugene, whom she had loved so long and so fondly. She hoped each day that he would be able to form some plan of rescue ere the twelve months of her noviciate had elapsed; but her hopes were delusive. The time stole on, or rather dragged with leaden wings, and no tidings reached her of him until the dreaded day arrived.

Christine was by this time quite reconciled to her fate. She resolved to bear with patience and resignation what was inevitable; and she strove to persuade her sister to a similar line of conduct—but in vain.

The solemn ceremony was performed. After it was over the Abbess called her young relatives into her chamber, to give them an exhortation in private upon the sacred duties to which they had devoted themselves. Adolpha, who looked upon it as the sealing of her misery, wept in uncontrolled despair. In vain did the Abbess assure her such conduct was highly offensive to God, who required the cheerful surrender of the heart; in vain did her sister implore her, for her sake, to be calm; her grief was not to be subdued.

Whilst these scenes were enacting within the walls of St. Agatha, a glorious era was beginning in the world; and the spot the sisters had left was the principal scene of action. The decided opposition which the Monk Luther had raised to the sale of indulgences, which he published in a sermon on the subject, so incensed Tezel, that he vented his rage in the most violent abuse and menaces. This tended to make the matter more public; for the intrepid Reformer, unawed and unintimidated, posted upon the church door of Wittenberg ninety-five theses in defence of his own doctrines, and in condemnation of those of his opponent. This proceeding is considered to have been the first step towards the Reformation.

The Dominicans, taking the side of their colleague, did all in their power to incense the Pope (Leo X) against Luther, and he was cited to appear at Rome to answer for the doctrines he had promulgated. Here he was commanded to recant all he had preached, written, and taught on the subject of indulgences, but to no purpose: he remained firm and undaunted in the cause he had espoused. The consequence was, the Pope issued a Bull, condemning his works as heretical, prohibiting the reading of them, and ordering them to be burned. This Bull the Reformer, in defiance, committed to the flames before the gates of Wittenberg, amidst a concourse of students and other inhabitants.

A powerful support to the new doctrines was the protection of the Elector of Saxony, Frederick, surnamed the Wise. It was in the army of this excellent Prince, Eugene Frankhausen served, and hearing as he constantly did in the court of his master, though that master was a Catholic, the praises of the intrepid and pious Luther, he listened with a deep interest to the tenets he enforced, until he became a full convert to them. This change in his sentiments made him feel still more horror and indignation at the compulsion which had been used towards

Adolpha; and as his professional duties had called him away at the time, he had been unable to make one effort to save her from the tyranny of her father. He heard from her brother that she had actually performed the vows which, according to her religion, shut her out from the world, and he now looked upon her as lost to him for ever; but as the Reformation proceeded, and new lights were daily thrown upon the Romish doctrines, he saw monks relinquishing their vows of celibacy, and entering into the connubial state; and the great Reformer himself giving countenance to it, by a marriage with Catherine von Bora.

Hope lit up the bosom of the young soldier, that he might yet have it in his power to convert Adolpha to his faith, and then to make her his own. In an extasy of delight at the idea, he embraced the first opportunity afforded for permission to quit the regiment for a season, and hastened towards the convent, which held her who was still so beloved. Stratagem he knew would alone serve him in his enterprise; for it was impossible for him to gain an interview with the sanction of the Abbess.

It was the practice of the nuns to dispense to the poor the articles of apparel they had been engaged in making during the week on the eve of the Saturday; and the idea immediately occurred to Eugene that he might bribe or interest one of the women who were candidates for these gifts to deliver a letter to Adolpha. It being usual for those persons who enter upon the course of a religious life to change their Christian name, there was difficulty in the accomplishment, lest his packet should be put into the hands of the wrong individual. Adolpha's person was however so dissimilar to the generality of females, even of high rank, that she was easily distinguished. There was a lofty, queen-like dignity in her tall and graceful form; a broad expanse of brow, bespeaking superior intellect, and a language in her dark eye, which spoke at once to the heart. Her cheek was wont to be far paler than either of her sisters, and he now doubted not it was blanched by grief. Her complexion was that clear, transparent olive, through which the eloquent blood is seen to flow; and her hair might rival the raven's wing in its hues. This was the description given by the lover to a young matron, who eagerly became his messenger; and she instantly returned, that the lady was well known to her by the name of sister Ernestine.

Eugene had spent several days in penning the epistle which he now committed to the hands of Suzette Gortz. It contained a brief summary of the leading doctrines of Luther, and was accompanied by a small Testament, marked in those places where he deemed they were fully established. The handsome person and golden bribe of the young soldier had so won the favour of his messenger, that she cared not for the nature of the errand, and she engaged to bring him an answer the next visit she paid to the convent.

As Suzette stood, with her young infant in her arms, before the grate which separated the group of pensioners from the sisterhood, her eye caught that of Adolpha's, and she contrived to draw her apart. All wonder, she took the proffered packet in silence, but with a palpitating heart. The hand-writing of the direction was well known to her, and it caused the blood to rush into her before pale cheeks. "I will see you again, sister, this day week," Suzette whispered, and glided away lest their conference might be overheard.

Christine was the only person who had witnessed the scene; and, observing her sister retire immediately to her cell, she left her gifts in the hands of another nun, and followed. She en-

tered just as her trembling fingers were breaking the seal, and, flying towards her, sunk on her knees, entreating her to desist from the commission of such a crime. "That packet," she cried, is doubtless from Eugene Frankhausen. Your vows have rendered you dead to him; and surely you put yourself in the way of temptation, if you do not commit an absolute sin, by suffering your eyes to rest on anything which may recall your affections to the world."

"No, Christine," returned Adolpha, recovering her firmness, "There can be no guilt in ought which proceeds from one so pure as Eugene Frankhausen. It is true I have been forced into vows which my heart abhorred; but my affection for him is unabated. Do you think, sister, because I wear this hateful garb, I can crush all the warmer feelings of my heart?"

Christine looked aghast.

"Tell me," she pursued, "have you, because immured within these walls, ceased to love our youthful sisters or our noble brother?"

"God forbid," returned Christine with energy.

"Then can you expect I should be able to withdraw my affection from Eugene, an object equally worthy of regard, and who inspired a love as pure and deep? No, Christine, it is impossible." As Adolpha spoke she drew forth the epistle, and Christine, leaving her to peruse it uninterrupted, retired in silence to her own cell.

For several hours did Adolpha bend with rivetted attention over the pages traced by a hand so dear. She heard not the bell for vespers till her sister came to bear her company to the chapel. Locking up her treasure she reluctantly left it; but no sooner was again at liberty than she resumed its perusal. The night wore away, and the dawn of another day peeped through her lattice; yet was she still absorbed in her all-engrossing task. The matin bell was unheeded; but Christine's call again interrupted her from her delightful employment, and she attended her almost in silence.

The letter perused, Adolpha proceeded to examine the sacred book which accompanied it: first, those passages which were marked, and then she commenced a deliberate reading of the whole. As she did so she felt her mind expand, and her reason assented to the sacred truths it contained. This volume had been heretofore a "sealed book;" one she had hitherto never dared to open, believing it only intended for the guidance of the priest or the pontiff; but when she saw how admirably it was adapted to be the rule and guide of the most simple; when she carefully examined its precepts, so beautiful, so consistent, and so pure; when she prayed for Divine illumination to understand it aright, she felt she was no longer a Roman Catholic; and the life of useless inactivity, made up of forms and penances, she led was more and more abhorrent to her.

With the true spirit of Christianity, jealous of her own motives, she asked herself again and again, was she instigated to this ready belief in doctrines at variance with those she had been reared to venerate by earthly love. She probed her heart, and, as the exercise of self-examination was not new to her, therefore was it not a difficult task; but her conscience acquitted her of all meaner motives than the glorious pursuit of truth, and the desire to follow its dictates.

Christine observed with surprise and concern the change in her sister. She was shocked that Eugene should have embraced the heretical doctrines, and overwhelmed with grief that her beloved sister should, through his instrumentality, become also a convert to them. In vain did Adolpha endeavour to win her

also to the faith she had adopted; and many were the tears shed by each sister, from an affectionate desire to bring the other to a sense of what she deemed her duty.

Adolpha was not tardy in penning a reply to her lover; and no language can describe his feelings upon receiving this delightful confirmation of his dearest hopes. But all was not yet accomplished: although she had assented cheerfully to the new doctrines, she had not intimated that her belief in them would carry her so far as to sanction her abjuring her vows. This was indeed a more difficult task: for Adolpha, still trembling lest she should not possess that singleness of purpose so requisite to sincere religion, was afraid to persuade herself that the oath she had taken was at variance with her present views.

It was some weeks after the receipt of Eugene's first letter, that Adolpha one evening entered her sister's cell after the vesper service, saying she had something momentous to communicate. Christine looked at her in terror. "What new opinion have you embraced?" she enquired. "Alas! my heart forebodes some dreadful intelligence."

Adolpha seemed almost incapable of reply. "I know you will condemn me, my sister," she at length said. "I know you will deem I am bringing down the curse of Heaven upon my head; but I am convinced of the purity of my motives, and the approval of that Almighty Being to whom all hearts are open."

"Heavens! what do you mean?" gasped forth the still more alarmed Christine.

"It is my intention," returned Adolpha, summoning all her firmness with a violent effort, "to quit these walls, where I have been imprisoned against my will, and forced into vows from which my reason and inclination recoiled, and abjure those vows for ever."

Christine, horror-struck, clasped her hands together in bitter agony. "Holy Virgin!" she ejaculated; "that I should have lived to see this day; to see the sister, who is the dearest object on earth, forsake not only me, but her religion and her duty; forsake it too for a heretic!" here she flung herself on Adolpha's bosom and wept.

"Be calm, my beloved Christine," Adolpha interposed, "and view not my conduct in so heinous a light. Believe me, I do not forsake you or the faith of my fathers for Eugene only, but for the sake of truth and my conscience."

"You deceive yourself," Christine answered; "Satan has lured you to your destruction by a false representation of your duty. Oh, be persuaded, my sister, to retract, before it is too late; by the bolt of God's vengeance overtakes you!"

Adolpha remained unshaken in her resolve.

"For my sake," pursued the agitated girl; for the love we have ever borne each other; for our dear departed mother's sake; for the sake of your character, hitherto so unblemished; and, lastly, by the blessed Virgin, hear me and retract!" She knelt before her sister as she spoke, whilst the burning tears flowed fast from her eyes.

Adolpha, though almost heart-broken at beholding her anguish, still refused to yield to her entreaties.

"Then my duty to my God shall overcome my affection for you," Christine exclaimed, rising wildly from her kneeling position, and moving towards the door: "I will acquaint the Abbess with your intention!"

Adolpha attempted not to detain her. "Go, Christine," she said, in a tone of assumed composure, "and doom your sister to a life of captivity, or a death of torture!"

Christine turned, and threw herself into her embrace. For

several hours did the maidens sit locked in each other's arms. They feared their parting was final in this world, and Christine deemed it was eternal. At length Adolpha tore herself away. The struggle was a hard one; but she accomplished it, and a few minutes subsequent was in the embrace of Frankhausen.

Christine was found the next morning in a state of insensibility in her cell; and, on the restoration of her faculties, only awoke to fresh trials. The flight of Adolpha had been by this time discovered, and she was supposed to have been an accomplice in her escape. A long and dangerous illness, the effect of the powerful excitement of her nerves, alone prevented her suffering the punishment for so heinous an offence.

The thunders of the Pontiff pursued the fugitive nun and her husband, and they were obliged to fly to seclusion for a season to escape the punishment which would have otherwise followed the supposed crime. But Eugene had a powerful friend in the Elector, who was not only favourable to the Reformer, but attached to the person of the young soldier; and, at his court, he was received, with his bride, with every mark of respect.

Lewis von Steinburg shortly afterwards became a convert to the new doctrines; and, the death of his father giving him the power, he wrote an affectionate epistle to Adolpha, requesting she would once again visit her younger sisters and her early home.

With a heart glowing with tenderness she flew to their embrace; and the presence of Christine was alone wanting to complete her happiness.

It was many years after the flight of sister Ernestine from the walls of St. Agatha, and the Reformation had progressed so far that whole communities with one accord forsook their retirement and mingled once more in the world, that a middle-aged female of mild and gentle aspect, attired in the garb of a nun, entered into the presence of the Baron von Steinburg, and flung herself into his embrace. It was his sister Christine; that sister he had so long considered dead to him and to her family; but the light of truth had at length shone upon her mind, and with it came the earnest desire to reunite herself to those she so fondly loved.

She spent the residue of her days beneath the roof of her brother, not less usefully, perhaps, though more retired than her sister Adolpha, and never regretting the hour when she left the gloomy walls of a convent for the sweet and endearing ties of domestic life.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE RECENT REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S
REMAINS TO FRANCE.

"Not till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks to that lesson; it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before."—*Lord Byron.*

Why have they brought thee here? why borne
Thee far across the wave
In pomp and pride, away from thine
Own solitary grave?

They say they've brought thine ashes home ;
 And call upon the crowd to come
 And gaze upon thy bier.
 Alas ! but this is worse than vain !
 Oh, why not let thee there remain ?
 Why have they brought thee here ?

Had'st thou but died when at the height
 Of thy most mighty power,
 Thou "man of thousand thrones !" had fate
 But claim'd thee in that hour !
 Oh, then, had thy last honours made
 All former pageantry a shade,
 An empty sound, appear !
 A prostrate nation's grief had shown
 The love that made it all thine own ;
 But *now*—why bring thee here ?

Could they then dream thy soldiers would
 Aside their weapons fling,
 And bend in lowly grief beside
 Their worship'd Warrior King ;
 Their chosen chief, who thus returns ?
 No ! indignation wildly burns,
 And dries the gath'ring tear,
 To think that "he who kingdoms gave"
 Was long compell'd "to live a slave,"
 Though now they bring him here !

Brave "Hero of a hundred fields !"
 Alas, what art thou now !
 Once mighty Emperor, at whose
 Dread word did nations bow,
 Why did they seek thy sea-girt isle,
 Where thou hast slept a lengthen'd while ;
 Felt they no shade of fear ?
 Nor dream'd they it might not be best,
 Thus rudely to disturb thy rest,
 That they might bring thee here ?

Proud Conqueror ! it thrills the soul
 To ponder o'er thy fate ;
 To mark thy lonely death, who once
 Stood greatest 'mid the great !
 Thy simple grave, within that isle,
 More touching spoke than loftiest pile
 That man to thee may rear !
 Why not have let the willow wave
 Still o'er thine isolated grave ?
 Why did they bring thee here ?

MARY.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Oft in my childhood's hour
 Did I gaze on thy distant brightness,
 And call'd thee Heaven's flower,
 And wonder'd at thy silver whiteness ;
 For then, did I not mark,
 When all Earth's gay buds were closing,
 Thou would'st illumine the dark,
 And glitter, when all things were reposing.

And as my infant eye,
 Delighted, gaz'd upon thy mark'd course
 Across the pathless sky,
 Often I ask'd, "From whence thy source ?"
 How then, amaz'd, I heard
 Of thine, and thy sister star's creation ;
 That it was but a word
 That hung thee in thy destination.

Oh, those were years (long past)
 Across whose brightness, like a sunbeam,
 Thou would'st flash, in each blast
 Of sorrow ; glancing, like joy, between !
 Scarcely it seems that years
 Have fled so brief. Am I not dreaming ?
 It but a day appears
 Since my childhood's eye saw thee beaming.

Alas ! no dream ; for grey
 My hairs have grown, and life's love colder.
 Each night that lights thy ray
 Leads me to the grave, some hours older.
 Dark storms have long swept by,
 And cut off the lov'd ones that were round me.
 Still thou art in the sky ;
 Earth's desolation no grave hath found thee.

There thou art yet ! thy track
 Is still across those fields of glory !
 I look on thee, and call back
 Each change that time has cheated o'er me.
 Where is now that loved one,
 Who told me of all thy Maker's power ?
 Swift as thy course his was run ;
 Thine longer, his a shorter hour.

'Tis dear to fancy him
 Still to his child thy light pourtraying,
 When he bid me not dim
 My soul ; but, ever brightness displaying,
 Follow thy starry beams
 Unto that radiant and joyous sphere,
 Of which man often dreams,
 Though seldom his footsteps track it near.

Thou herald of a land
 Brighter than this, with sorrow swelling,
 I know my Maker's hand
 Fram'd thee to light me to his dwelling ;
 And *He* who gave thee power
 To skim thy course across the azure skies
 Will not forget me in the hour
 When he shall bid me wake, and, like thee, rise.

Shine Vesper Star, yet bright,
 Till that hour when Earth's mass is breaking,
 Then yield up thy light ;
 For eyes now dim will then be waking.
 The righteous shall arise ;
 Far brighter then than e'en thy beams can be.
 Fall from the shrinking skies !
 Life is for them—and death alone for thee !

Thy course will then be o'er—
 Earth opens—and thy rays to guide us
 Then we shall want no more;
 For angels will walk beside us:
 Therefore thy puny light
 Wouldst be in vain midst brighter glory.
 Even the sun like night
 Shall grow, when Heaven rises o'er me.

S. G. H.

SKETCHES OF HIGH LIFE,

By Caroline Hill.

No. III.

Could we but dive into the secret feelings of every heart in a gay and crowded ball-room. Many a one is wrung with agony, and steeped in the gall of bitterness, whose owner wears a mask of smiles. The gaudy trappings of festivity are often as the pall above the dead, hiding from the curious and prying eye the canker worm that dwells beneath. Many a fairy Yoot tripped lightly over the various devices of the motley floor."

"Bless me, ma!" exclaimed Miss Triphena Worthy, a sort of nonentity, absolutely smothered with flowers and ribbons like a prize lamb, "What a crush to be sure; there I have torn my lace by that miserable little old gentleman's button! How do, Lady Louisa, how do? You are looking quite divine to-night! Any news? You've heard, of course, Sir Wildly Welbourne is jealous of his lady? Addio we shall meet at supper!"

"Hum!" ejaculated the tearer of Miss Triphena's lace, "I wish I was at home; all good angels who preside over the lives of old men, I hope have taken care to ensure my safety. What a mob! English comfort this! What was that young person supposed to say about somebody being jealous? Nobody can be jealous here, I should say." The yellow face of the little nabob was puckered up into a ridiculous expression of agony, as two merry waltzers literally turned a *pirouette* upon his gouty foot, exclaiming, with all the violence of offended dignity, "Confound English liberty! they daren't do that in India."

On whirled the giddy dancers—the gay, the thoughtless, and the vain. Our first mentioned friend, Miss Triphena Worthy, had how-do-you-dooed and done the agreeable to very little purpose, still partners for the dance were wanting. Poor Mrs. Worthy, in an overwhelming heat, was compelled to promenade her tall, unsightly daughter, neglected and unnoticed through the crowded rooms.

"Those Hamilton's girls are very plain, and miserably thin," observed, in mincing accents, the paltry Sir Harry Flatter, a beau of some caste, and invariably dressed to death according to the latest fashion."

"Ah, me!" replied De Morville, a French count perfumed and poor as Job, "Vat you say then, that is one can easily see through them, they want husbands with the money, and have 'N'oubliez pas' engraved on an armlet vat they wear, to put one in mind they are to let."

Lady Florence Mowbray leant thoughtfully against a vase, loaded with exotics. She had not danced that evening, and paler than the Parian marble was her chiselled, faultless face; she gazed with restless and anxious eyes upon the moving mass of beings, and scarcely could the rich folds of her costly dress conceal the irregular beatings of her fluttering heart. Married at an early age to Sir Edgar, without experience, without a

friend to guide her then unskilful mind, she but obeyed her father's will, listening not to the dictates of her own warning conscience, that told too plainly, but too late, love was wanting to secure the marriage; her heart—her very soul—was madly devoted to another; that one was Henry Mowbray, Sir Edgar's cousin; the attachment had commenced in childhood, and riper years but warmed it into a united passion. Henry was compelled to go with his family to India. Florence was closely watched, and the young lovers met no more.

Sir Edgar in vain poured forth his affection, he felt it was but coldly shared by Lady Florence; a guilty love was in her heart, and she shrank from the quiet searching of her husband's eye. Let none boast of lofty virtue or superior strength, unless they have soared above temptation,—if, as the metal from the fire, they come forth pure and unsullied, then is it good for Christian charity, they pass lightly over the failings of their fallen fellow-creatures. In the solitude of her own chamber, when none were by to ask her why she wept, Florence Mowbray shed tears of bitterness. In solitude she prayed heaven to avert the storm of sorrow, and close for ever in her rebellious heart all recollection of the past. Rigid in her duty, grateful for the love she could not return, two years of her wedded life passed quietly away. Sir Edgar died, leaving Florence, at the age of nineteen, in possession of immense wealth.

"Lady Florence Mowbray is most certainly the fashion this season," observed the before-mentioned dandy baronet, "I see nobody at all like her, but she is horrid prudish and reserved."

"Ah oui," said his everlasting companion, "tres triste, but ma foi very beautiful; she have grown pale, and vat you call their *comme la!*" shrugging up his shoulders, "she have not the health vat she has before."

"But she has the wealth, De Morville, worth netting, if she could but be lucky enough; I admire pale faces and soft eyes!"

At that moment, the beautiful Florence beheld the only being of all in that crowded room for whom she had a single thought; for five long years she had not gazed upon that well-remembered face. Harry Mowbray had left England a wild and passionate boy, obeying every impulse of his fiery nature; at first pique, that Lady Florence should have dared to marry another, outraged every other feeling, but as he grew older, thoughts of her gentle obedience to a fond though stern father—of her tender age and beauty, recalled with fresh ardour the idol of his boyish heart, and like the subduing of a raging child, he wept over the memory of his lost love.

Florence forgot not the honied words that lingered on her ear, as Harry Mowbray led her to the carriage; that night was a sufficient recompense for all past suffering. One word, to intimate that his affection was unchanged, swept, like a wizard's wand, the load of sorrow from her faithful heart, and in the gratitude of her pure soul, she blest an ever-watching Providence, that had taught patience in the trial of her youthful days.

CHARADE.

By Mrs. Leigh Cliffe.

My first is "Yes;" but breath'd as soft,
 By ruby lips, as Zephyr's sighing;
 My second I have done, and oft
 Had cause to rue my rash complying!
 My third, when midnight reigns around,
 In perfect quietude is found.

TO SPRING.

Come wreath again our leafless bowers,
And clothe once more our fields with flowers !
Spread, spread abroad thy mantle green,
And I will hail thee, young May Queen !

For Winter drear now bids adieu,
With joy we turn our thoughts to you !
Then do not tarry, gentle Spring,
But round thy fairy flow'rets fling !

I'll woo thy presence with a prayer,
To deck with gems the lov'd parterre ;
I'll woo thee, as a gentle maid,
To spread abroad thy leafy shade.

The feather'd tribes shall send along
To thee a heartfelt, grateful song ;
All nature will at once to thee
Direct its tuneful minstrelsy.

Then gentle Spring, ah, now retrace
Thy rosy path with smiling face ;
And to thine altars will we bring
Our heart's best, holiest, offering.

J. W. B.

TO THE MEMORY OF ———.

And thou art gone ! the brightly fair
Whose joyous smile, dispelling care,
Did ever greet our sight ;
And hearts are shrouded in despair
Which were of yore so light.

And yet it was no sudden blow
That laid thy youthful beauty low ;
Thou didst not fade away
Without a warning, in the glow
Of spirits light and gay.

No, long—oh, long before *thy hour*—
We knew that Death, with mighty pow'r,
Was hov'ring o'er thy form ;
That soon, our own beloved flow'r,
Must wither 'neath the storm.

And now that thou art gone we feel,
With mourning hearts, that Fate can deal
No harder, heavier blow ;
That never Time the wound can heal,
Nor soothe our bitter woe.

For thou wert truly lov'd ; the light
Of our glad home ; and, in the sight
Of all most fond and dear !
Thy steps were free, thy eyes were bright,
Thy voice most sweet to hear !

Thou wert the youngest of the group,
The merriest of the youthful troop
Around our mother's knee !
And yet, the soonest one to droop ;
The first from earth to flee.

Yet we have cause for joy ; we know
Thy soul was pure as driven snow,
And free from taint of sin ;
And that to Heaven thou'lt surely go ;
A place above wilt win.

And, oh, beloved Saint ! this thought,
With holy hope and mercy fraught,
Our bitter grief shall cheer !
And, by the blessed Bible taught,
Oh, may we meet thee *there* !

HENRY RAYMOND.

IMPERIAL CHRONICLES.

It has been said of Joseph II. that he took great pleasure in mingling frequently in various grades of society under an assumed disguise ; whether or not this may be termed true philosophy, I cannot here determine, but should rather attribute the pleasure derived therefrom to a love of novelty,—for when occasion demanded a sacrifice for the public good, he never proved himself a philosopher.

The Emperor went to Brussels in the year 1789, and took up his residence at the beautiful Castle of Lacken, a spot, around which nature had lavished her fairest charms, and art had contrived to exert her utmost to render this delicious retreat the fit abode for a sovereign.

One day Joseph, accompanied by a single domestic, and very plainly attired, drove out in a kind of vehicle similar to a barouche, and with the intention to pay a visit to the city, he was surprised by heavy rain almost immediately on leaving the neighbourhood of the Castle, and had not driven half a mile before he overtook an old veteran, leisurely journeying on by the road side, and who hailed him the moment the Emperor arrived within a few yards of the spot. Joseph II. pulled in his horses.

" Friend !" said the veteran, " do I presume too much upon your goodness in asking the favour of a seat by your side, as you have no one to occupy it, and it will be the means of preserving my uniform, a disabled old soldier in his Majesty's service ?"

" Let us preserve your uniform, my brave comrade," said the Emperor, " and place yourself by my side." He then proceeded to ask him from whence he came.

" Ah !" said his companion, " I have this day dined with an old comrade of my company, and never in my recollection, that's certain, did I ever regale myself so much to my satisfaction !"

" Indeed," said the other, " may I ask the names of the good things of which you partook so freely ?"

" Guess !"

" Beef—soup ?"

" Ah, well—yes—soup, better than that !"

" A Brussels cabbage fried ?"

"Better than that!"

"A sweet fillet of veal?"

"Better than that, I tell you!"

"Oh, by my honour, I can't guess," said Joseph.

"A pheasant, my worthy sir!—A pheasant taken from his Majesty's preserves," said the old comrade, tapping the Emperor familiarly on the shoulder.

"Taken from his Majesty's preserves," said the monarch with a smile, "well, no doubt, you found the bird excellent in the eating."

As they approached the city, he inquired of the soldier in which quarter he resided, as he was desirous to place him in safety, and give him the advantage of shelter from the violence of the rain, which now descended in torrents.

"Worthy, sir," replied the other, "I trespass on your kindness——"

"No—no!" said the Emperor, "your street?"

The information accorded, the veteran asked the name and quality of one from whom he had received so much kindness.

"It is now your turn," said Joseph.

"Guess!"

"You are in the army?"

"Doubtless!"

"Let's say a lieutenant?"

"Better than that!"

"Captain?"

"Better than that!"

"Colonel, perhaps?"

"Better yet, I tell you!"

"The devil!" said the comrade, drawing in his form to the smallest compass possible, and shifting his place to the other side, "Are you general—field-marshal?"

"Better than that!"

"Ah, my God—'tis the Emperor!—what say you——?"

There was not sufficient space for the astonished soldier to fall on his knees, but he stammered out a thousand tremulous excuses, and besought the Emperor to allow him to descend.

"Not so, comrade," replied the Sovereign, "after having partaken of my pheasant, if I were to concede to your wishes, you would be too happy to get rid of my company so soon; I shall set you down at your own door," and this was accordingly done.

A certain caliph had the reputation of being so cruel that historians have named him the dread of the human race; he had forbidden, under a penalty of death, the use of wine in his dominions, he, notwithstanding had an insatiable love of it. One evening, after having wandered, as was his customary wont, and on this occasion finding himself more than usually fatigued, he entered the cottage of a gardener, and proceeded to seat himself leisurely on a vacant seat, and begged for a small quantity of wine.

"You are aware," said the good man, "that the Caliph has forbidden the use of it on pain of death?"

"Ah, but the Caliph is a tyrant!"

"Let us say nothing," said the gardener, "he is the master!"

"Well, I should like a little," said the other, "and the fact is, I am one of his inferior officers, and you may depend I will not betray you!"

This, in some degree, restored the good man's confidence, and, pausing awhile, "Listen!" said he, "here is a certain cavern beneath my dwelling; the power of the Caliph predominates on the surface; he will, doubtless, never conceive the

idea of penetrating into the bowels of the earth to seek it; let us descend." The Caliph accompanied him, and receiving the welcome cup from his hands, indulged in a copious draught.

"You say," said the gardener, "you are one of his inferior officers?"

"I deceived you!" replied the incognito, "I am one of the Caliph's superior officers!" He drank again, while his companion made several profound obeisances.

"I am," continue the other, "even one of his generals!"

"You—a general?" said the astonished auditor.

The Caliph took a third draught, "Better than that; I am his vizier!"

"Vizier?" replied the host, lost in sublime wonder, while the guest caressed the cup for the fourth time.

"Better than that; I tell you I am the grand vizier of his highness!"

The other regarded him with a somewhat incredulous look, and the Caliph partook of the liquor for the fifth time, "My worthy host," said he, "I cannot conscientiously abuse your goodness any longer—your wine is excellent, and I am—the Caliph himself!"

On hearing this, the wondering man seized the cup ere the Caliph could accomplish another draught. "What means this sudden alarm?" exclaimed his highness.

"As my wine," replied the other, "hath so much virtue in it, another draught would, no doubt, metamorphose you into the prophet himself."

"Nay; I tell thee, slave, thou shalt surely lose thy head if thou dost not comply; and wilt thou then peril thy existence for the consideration of this simple boon?"

"No," said the man, "but thou shalt first swear by the prophet, that I shall sustain no harm!"

"I swear by Allah!"

"'Tis enough!" the wine was broached anew, and the jovial pair fell to drinking with renewed zest, and the Caliph, forgetting himself, sang out in mirthful mood a jovial drinking song, and the prince and the peasant, forgetting their individual cares, sank down to sleep on the same bed of rushes.

GEO. W. BURCH.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Nay droop not thus; Hope has but flown,
To seek 'mid the seraph band
For her sisters fair, whose dwelling is there,
To place them at thy command.

See, see! there's sweet Patience and Fortitude
Among the celestial train;
And Mirth, and Joy, still unsubdued—
Then, prithee, smile again!

And think not that its bloom has fled,
That fair and lovely flower,
If, for a space, its graceful head
Is bent beneath the shower.

Come, smiling sunbeams, chase all fears!
'Twill again perfume the air;
Soft zephyrs sigh away the tears
That late had gathered there.

S. C. B.

THE WISH GRATIFIED.

A Brigand Chief was being conducted to the scaffold, for the purpose of suffering an ignominious death—the just reward of a life spent in plunder, and the exercise of the worst of crimes; he had long been the terror of all that part of the country, by which his band was frequented. The prisoner marched with a firm step, and the expression of his features conveyed not the slightest indication of remorse; he eyed the surrounding crowd of persons, who eagerly pressed forward to catch a glimpse of his countenance, with a look of dignified self-possession, which never for a moment betrayed a single symptom of emotion.

"I should wish to know," cried a young man, who walked but two or three paces from the robber, "how the culprit will feel when he comes to have the cord put round his neck?"

The prisoner turned aside for a moment, and eyed the speaker with a look, in which contempt appeared mingled with an expression of mock pity, he recognised, in the young man, a companion of his earlier days, but without giving any further notice to the interruption, he continued his progress to the place of execution. Arrived there, he prepared himself for the fatal ceremony; but, suddenly checking his preparations, he exclaimed, "Stop! I have yet an important disclosure to make; I would not die with the weight of this secret on my conscience; nor do I desire to take my departure for the other world without a companion on the way—aye."

The punishment was suspended, and the robber reconducted to prison; and the judge having taken his deposition, gave immediate orders for the arrest of the young man already noticed as having passed an observation on the criminal. He was placed before the Judge, and confronted with his accuser; who, in the most convincing manner, related a number of circumstances, tending to implicate the other as having corporated with himself on several occasions in the committal of various murders and other crimes, and related each circumstance with such apparent accuracy, that all present were impressed with a belief of the guilt imputed to his charge, and the young man utterly confounded by the unexpectedness of the accusation, contradicted himself in the most confirmed manner, when questioned by the judges, and this, corresponding with the details already given, so convinced them as to his guilt, that they, without hesitation, passed the sentence of death upon the unhappy man, and he was delivered over to the executioner, to share the fate of the first condemned, but having taken but a secondary part in the crimes committed by the other, he was ordered to take precedence of his associate.

Near the place of execution, stood among the crowd, a group, consisting of an aged mother, who was supported by the kindness of the surrounding spectators and sympathising friends, all wailing, in piteous accents, the untimely fate of him about to suffer an ignominious end; nearly all there knew and loved him—the companion of their village sports—the pride of his broken-hearted and venerable parent, who leant upon him as the staff of her declining years: she knew him innocent, but all her protestations were useless,—not even her heart-rending sobs—her implorings for mercy, or the loud imprecations vented by the bystanders against the disciples of the law, had power to move them:—till last, a beautiful girl rushed forward; her hair all streaming loosely in the wind; her lovely features distorted by excessive grief, and her whole appearance bearing evident traces of the most intense and painful despair:—the crowd opened, and the exhausted girl sunk at the feet of the robber—she embraced his knees—she wept—she supplicated

mercy for her lover—she protested his innocence, and besought them to take her life, and set him at liberty, but the obdurate executioner prepared his neck for the fatal noose;—the unhappy young man regarded the beautiful girl, beseeching mercy for his sake, with a look, bordering on distraction; the cord was already adjusted—the bell was about to sound upon his ears for the last time, and the order to strike away the bolt about to be given, when—"Hold!" said the brigand, "I have yet another important disclosure to make to the Judge!" he was again conducted to his presence, and then, in an audible voice, so as to be understood by all present, he said, "this young man is entirely innocent; my accusation is but a vile falsehood! I had received a faithful promise from the gang to which I belonged, that they would make a desperate attempt to deliver me from death, and furnish me with the means to escape from prison, and when I was being first conducted to execution, I thought that they must have mistaken the time for the project, and hearing the exclamation of the young man present, who was an old companion of my earlier years, I conceived the idea, that by implicating him as a participator in my crimes, I should gain time by deferring my punishment until succour should arrive, but I now find them traitors, and by this act they have secured the only tie of friendship which existed between us!" and pulling from his pouch a strip of paper, he presented it to the Judge; the paper contained the names of all his accomplices, and their place of retreat.

The innocent young man was immediately set at liberty, and before the robber was launched into eternity, he turned towards him with a smile; "Now, young man," said he, "I am satisfied to think it has been in my power to gratify your wish! May heaven bless you, and the girl who so devotedly loves you;—go, and be happy!"

The bolt was drawn, and the culprit died without a struggle. The happy pair embraced each other with the most intense affection, amid the tears of all around, and were borne back to the village in joyous triumph by those who had assembled to witness the brigand's execution.

GEO. W. BURCH.

INDIAN GIRL'S SONG.

My fairy bark, my fairy bark,
Float swiftly o'er the sunny tide,
And warm the white man's gentle heart,
That I may be his Indian bride!

I'll wreath the lotus in my hair,
And roam along the pebbled shore;
I'll seek bright shells of many a dye
To gem my garments o'er and o'er.

Then glide along, my fairy bark,
And rest beneath the grotto's shade;
He'll know the flowers and spices are
An offering from his Indian maid.

A coral branch thy pennant bears,
The glow-worm's light illumines thy brow;
A type of the undying fire
That burns within my bosom now.

I kiss the letters of his name,
He grav'd upon the aloe tree,
And smile to think how oft he swore,
He'd love no other one than me.

Then swiftly glide, my fairy bark,
Away, away, upon the tide!
The spirit of the "lover's lamp"
Shall guide him to his Indian bride.

C. H.

SONG.
By Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

I dream'd of love, I dream'd of joy,
As softly beaming
As moonbeams gleaming
Athwart the evening's dusky sky.
But, ah! my dreams,
Like lover's themes,
Were false by day, though fair by night:
Like shades they flew,
When the midnight dew
Is sipp'd from flowers by the sunbeams bright.

I wake to woe—I wake to weep,
And bid good morrow
To sighs and sorrow;
For pleasure flies my breast with sleep.
Oh! then I pillow
On fancy's billow,
Who sheds her sweets, like flow'rs, at night,
Till daylight dawning
Gives fancy warning,
Like drowsy stars, to shun the light.

Is't Love who thus in sleep will play,
And o'er each feeling
In slumber stealing,
Give joys that mock the cares of day?
If 'tis, such pleasure
Long let me measure,
What time the stars in clusters shine;
In bliss forgetting
The woes besetting
By day this fluttering heart of mine.

THE LADY'S PETITION.

"The heart it has a weary task,
Which unrequited love must keep."—L. E. L.

The Lady of Brackwood sat silent in her chamber; her face, —that beautiful face, that seemed only made for smiles, was hidden in her small white jewelled hands, and now and then a heartfelt sob burst from her lips. Oh! why should *she* weep? The world smiled upon her, and did not heaven itself seem propitious to her fate? Was she not the wife of the noble Lord Richard Brackwood, and was she not the mother of a beautiful babe, that was heir to more land than could be ridden over by

Lord Richard's fleetest courser in a fortnight? and yet she sat weeping! Ah, *none* could tell the grief that wrung that gentle lady's heart; but a few words might have explained the mystery. Well she knew her husband's heart was no longer hers; and, oh, the agony of the thought!—she could not banish it;—if she took up a book, would not the thought intrude itself, "I was not wont to read alone!"—or, if she clasped her boy to her breast, could she help thinking, "Thy father loves me not, my own bright baby!" but this grief the Lady Brackwood told to none—"she pined in thought," she

let concealment

Like a worm i' the bud feed on her damask cheek;" but a time was soon to come when that poor lady was to shine forth as a heroine—one who was "true to her early vows."

"Is not my Lord returned, De Vere?" said one of Lord Richard's attendants to his Lord's valet-de-chambre.

"No!" answered De Vere, "and he will not be here tonight; much my heart misgives me for him, but I fear 'tis nothing good keeps him from his castle and his own gentle lady. Did you not observe, Gregorie, how pale she was when she past to the chapel this morning?"

Scarcely had De Vere finished giving utterance to his too well founded surmises, when a horseman galloped hastily up to the door of the castle, and, crossing his sword on the threshold, took possession of the lands of Brackwood in the name of his Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth.

"What means this?" exclaimed De Vere, advancing angrily.

"Why it means," said the man, throwing himself off his saddle, "Why it means, Mr. Waiting-man, that your Lord is a vile traitor, and—bring me a flagon of wine here!"

At any other time, De Vere would not have suffered himself to be addressed as "Mr. Waiting-man," with impunity, but *now*—he brushed a tear from his eye, and muttering "My poor Lady!" hastened to break the news to her. Oh! little did De Vere deem that fragile-looking creature had a heart so strong—so nerved to meet misfortune—so stored with comfort for every blow of fate.

"I will go to my husband," said she; but De Vere, who was his Lord's confidential attendant, and who had been long in the family, ventured to remonstrate, "they will not let you see him," said he, "so, my dear Lady, be content to remain here!"

"It is no longer my house," said the Lady.

De Vere sighed; "There are houses and homes enough to shelter you—to give a home to the good, the benevolent Lady of Brackwood. I will arrange for you to leave Brackwood this very evening!"

* * * * *

The Lord of Brackwood's conscience smote him not a little when he found himself imprisoned in the Tower of Edinburgh, and everything prepared to convey him to London as a traitor. He had been drawn into traitorous schemes by his cousin Roland de Courcy, a leading character in the Babington plot, and the fear of impending danger. The secret meetings of these wicked men had been the means of withdrawing his love from his wife, who was willing to lay down her life for him. Now in the silence of his prison, did his thoughts return to her:—"She will now, no doubt, thought he, "resent my past neglect; I cannot hope for her again to love the traitor—Richard Brackwood, without titles, friends, or lands!" How little did *he* know her patient endurance of injury, and more than her devoted love for *him*.

* * * * *

The court of Queen Elizabeth was assembled. She was surrounded by a crowd of flattering lords and obsequious ladies, when a murmur was heard among the crowd—the *stream* of people, that are ever *flowing* to and from a presence-chamber, divided, and a young female figure, attended by a small number of women, simply dressed, and supported by our old friend, De Vere, advanced to the throne, she then knelt before the throne, and, raising her veil, discovered the lovely features, bathed in tears, of Amy—Lady of Brackwood; she was now a petitioner in the room she had so often graced: a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, but each sound was hushed when the Lady strove to speak—sobs interrupted her speech; she could only clasp her hands, and in the most piteous tone of entreaty exclaim, “Spare my husband!—he is sentenced to death; but save him—Royal Lady, spare him!”

“The Lord of Brackwood,” said the Queen, “is a traitor; for your sake, I grieve for him; but the law must take its course!”

A wild shriek burst from the Lady Amy’s lips, “Oh, save him!” she cried, “for *my* sake!—save him for the sake of his infant son!—save him; let him be an outcast from society!—let him be portionless and homeless! I will welcome *beggary*—*only save his life!*”

Most of those around her were now in tears, and a hundred voices were ready to describe Lord Brackwood as weak—as easily drawn into sin, but as true at heart to his Queen. Her Majesty turned to the Lady Amy; “He is pardoned!” said she, “his wife has saved him!” shouts of applause followed her speech, but the Lady Amy had fallen at the foot of the throne senseless.

De Vere turned to her Majesty, and bending his knee, said, “You have saved her, Royal Lady; she would have died with him!” and unable to restrain his tears, De Vere wept aloud. There were men there—many men who had faced danger unmoved—that did not refuse a tear. It is said, that Elizabeth herself was much affected.

* * * * *

Lord Richard sat in the prison he was now confined in sad and heart-broken, when his jailor entered, “There are visitors for you below, come with the Queen’s warrant, to see you; so *be ready*,” and with this gruff introduction, he admitted Amy to her husband!—he clasped her in his arms, “My own Amy,” he exclaimed, “Are you come to say a last farewell to your unworthy husband?”

“Not so—my own Lord,” said Amy, “You are free!” and, in the fulness of her heart, she *wept*. But none could tell the joy of that faithful heart, “I have saved my husband,” was her only thought.”

Lord Richard’s title and estates of Brackwood were returned to him, and we can assure our readers, that his conduct in future was such as to afford his affectionate wife the greatest satisfaction, and to ensure him the esteem of all who knew him, as well as the favour of his Sovereign, who to mark her perfect forgiveness of his fault, created him Earl of Devonshire; and, for many years, the noble Earl and his beautiful Countess trod that room, in which the Lady Amy had made supplication for her husband’s life.

M. M.

Old Foust Estate, Jan. 15, 1841.

THE OUTCAST.

The stars are dim in yonder sky;
All-pitying Heaven, yield thy fost’ring care!
Omnipotent all-seeing eye,
O soothe my tears, and ease this heart’s despair!
Here I, lone wand’rer, slowly tread,
Unfriended and alone, the trackless moor;
O Mercy, shield this unprotected head!
My baby boy, thy hapless mother watches o’er.

He sleeps, unconscious of a mother’s woes,
Whose little hands still grasp this aching breast;
For him no tear, no kindly pity flows;
For me no proffer’d roof to yield a welcome rest.
The chill wind sweeps along the waste,
And numbs with cold this shivering form.
Full many a mile these limbs have trac’d,
But still my wand’rings find no home.

Still on she went her weary way,
With waning strength and footsteps slow,
Till those weak limbs refused to stray,
And she sank fainting ‘mid the snow.
In vain the infant lisped her name,
With accents ever welcome to a mother’s ear;
Yet no voice responsive came
But Bruno’s wail—for he was there.

The dog had trac’d her as she went;
Yes, faithful brute, he track’d her weary pace,
As she press’d on, by cares and sorrows bent,
And when she fell he lick’d her pallid face.
The morning came; still he was there,
And watch’d her form with jealous care.
They perish’d on the waste; his baying echo’d wide;
Yet still he left them not: so faithful Bruno died.

GEORGE W. BURCH.

B A L L A D.

There’s pleasure beaming in that eye,
So brilliant and so blue;
As beauteous as yon azure sky:
Oh, where’s a heart more true!
There’s pleasure in that smile, more sweet
Than wealth can else impart;
While every sigh those lips repeat
Finds echo in this heart.

There’s pleasure, more than words can tell,
In loving such as thee;
And though bound captive ever by the spell—
Ah, no, I never would be free.
There’s pleasure now where early ills beset
A path by sorrow blighted;
Oh, bless that hour which taught us to forget,
And made our hearts united!

GEORGE W. BURCH.

"THE TWO COUSINS."

"Well, I have made up my mind, and am resolved on accepting him. He has a fine face, and gentlemanly bearing; is of a good family, and rich enough to make any one happy. I cannot think my uncle will object." Thus remonstrated Constance Stuart to her cousin, Emily Gower.

"Constance, I can never think he is suited to make a good husband. It is true he possesses all those attractions you name; but can a man of fortune make you happy? It may *increase*, but cannot ensure you happiness. Shall you be always amused with looking at a handsome face? You well know he has led a gay life ever since you knew him; how he has deserted his parents because they would not acquiesce with his whims, and brought them to the brink of the grave. Excuse me, dearest Constance, but I am persuaded such a man could never make you happy."

Constance did not reply; but pushed off the fair ringlets that graced her burning temples.

I will now introduce my reader to the "Two Cousins:."—Constance was left at an early age without parents; she had been placed to school until her uncle, now her *only* relative, should have returned from India, when she was to be taken under his roof. Four years after her father's death he came to England with his wife and daughter: the former, who was a great invalid, died on the passage.

Colonel Gower was almost inconsolable at the loss of his wife; and Emily, who had hardly attained her tenth year, felt bitterly the loss of a mother. Immediately on his arrival he took a small house at B——, where he placed his daughter and niece, who were of the same age within a few months. He was soon obliged to engage a governess; for his time was much occupied, and the "two cousins" were of that age when instruction takes deep and lasting root. Emily was a most amiable child, and possessed what would be reckoned a handsome face. Constance was considered obstinate; although she had a good heart and a sweet temper. *She* was a fair beauty; her features were not regular like her cousin's, but she had a particular sweetness in her face, rarely seen in those that come under our immediate gaze.

Years rolled on, and saw them educated, accomplished girls, and mistresses of the house. Colonel Gower doated on the two girls, whom he named his "fond idols." The niece was as dear to him as his daughter; for she won on him with her smiles and attention, and attachment to her cousin. When they had attained their nineteenth year the Colonel's regiment was called abroad: many were the tears shed, and the sighs that reiterated from the hearts of these two girls. The Colonel found it hard to part with them; but necessity obliged him; so he stole forth at an early hour to avoid a parting so painful to all. Long was it before they could reconcile themselves. The flowers that they had been accustomed to deck his library table with were dead, and it was no use replacing them: he who admired them was "far o'er sea and wave." Colonel Gower had taken care before his departure to provide them a companion, as he did not deem it prudent to leave them alone: he therefore engaged the lady who had acted as governess before, and whom he knew they would prefer to an entire stranger.

Miss Mowbray (for that was the name of the lady) was very much attached to them, and had corresponded with them ever since she had left. She endeavoured to console them; "for," said she, "the Colonel will soon return, and you will love him

still better than if you had never parted." But they did not think so although, in a few months, they were as happy as they could be, deprived of their protector.

There was to be a grand ball given at the place, and Constance was anxious to appear at it; and, with a great deal of persuasion, they were accompanied there by Miss Mowbray, who was acquainted with some of the first families. They danced all the evening; for the Colonel was well known, and by their handsome faces they were safe enough to ensure plenty of partners.

One Charles Fitzroy was much smitten with Constance, and called the next morning, much to the displeasure of Miss Mowbray, who did not think it right to encourage visitors during their parent's absence. He offered to walk with them, and still persisted in paying visits at "Belle-vue" cottage, when one day a servant came to the house in blue livery, whom they knew to be Fitzroy's; he left a note addressed to Miss Stuart. Constance immediately seized the note, and saw it was from Fitzroy—an offer of his hand. She sought Emily, and told her what had passed. Emily Gower was not surprised; but when she saw that Constance was inclined to have him, she endeavoured to persuade her not, as she had learnt from Miss Mowbray, too well his character. Thus our tale begins with Constance extolling him, and Emily damping her hopes; for she feared that he had gained on the youthful heart of Constance.

"At all events, Constance, you will not give an answer until my father returns?"

Constance remained silent: for she really loved him. The next morning they received a letter from Colonel Gower, saying, he should be with them again in two months. All anxiety, they awaited his arrival. Two months passed slowly with Emily, and still slower to Constance, as she had refused Fitzroy's request of seeing her until the Colonel's return; when one morning Pompey, the great yard dog, barked more furiously than ever; and, in a few moments, they were locked in the arms of their protector. It is useless for me to describe the joy experienced on all sides at his once more returning to them.

When Constance asked for his consent, he told her he was a man to whom he could never willingly give his sanction; "for," said he, "a man who has left his parents to join the gay and dissipated, will also leave his wife."

Constance was bathed in tears; he saw too well a denial of her wishes would prove injurious, if not fatal to her. He gave his consent, though reluctantly, and Charles Fitzroy was a frequent guest at the cottage.

In a few months Constance and Fitzroy were anxious for their marriage to take place; and, as Colonel Gower saw no obstacle to prevent them, it was fixed on the end of the approaching month. Constance was pleased at the novelty of having a house and servants at her command, and thought there was a store of happiness in waiting for her. Three months after her marriage saw her settled in a nice house, not three miles from her uncle's. Fitzroy's fortune, combined with that of Constance, enabled them to live in the first style. Never a day past without some *soirée*, some *fête*. Was Constance happy? Was he who always promised "to love and cherish" her always by her side? No; not many months saw him again the gayest of the gay. Then did Constance call to mind her uncle and cousin's expressions on her marriage. Many were the tears she shed in secret, and the prayers she offered that her husband might not be led away from her—but

it was in vain. One evening as she sat alone, thinking of him who now was seldom with her, a servant entered, with Mr. Fitzroy's compliments, and he will not be at home for a few days, perhaps a week, as he has made arrangements for a course.

It were useless for me to describe her emotion. Poor broken-hearted Constance! "His compliments!" murmured she alone. "Oh! little did I think what I must come to!" She was plunged into an agony of despair, when who should enter but her uncle, leaning on the arm of her cousin.

"What is the matter, dearest?" exclaimed Emily. "Where is Charles?"

"I know not," said a choked voice. Need we say, it was the voice of the neglected bride. After a great deal of persuasion she returned with them to Belle-vue cottage, as her uncle thought that uninterrupted grief would be her resource if left alone.

In a few days she sent to the cottage to enquire if Mr. Fitzroy had returned or sent any message. She received an answer that he had returned home severely wounded from a duel. She had scarcely heard it, when she rushed to her chamber, wrapt herself in a thick woollen shawl, for the night was so stormy, it was hardly fit to venture out; but nothing could prevent her following him whom she once, and even now so dearly loved. On her reaching his chamber, when she saw him stretched on the bed, bathed in blood, he was too faint to speak. She immediately sent for the physician who soon pronounced that the wound he had received would not prove fatal, although dangerous; and that he had no doubt, with care and strict attention, he would soon be restored.

Fitzroy, on seeing his wife return to him, wept long and bitterly. At last he said, "Dearest Constance, I do not deserve this. I left you for no reason save my own wicked disposition. Do you still love me? Do you forgive me? Speak, dearest Constance, speak!"

She could not; she hid her face on his bosom, and wept passionately. He told her all that had passed since he saw her; how that he had been excited, and challenged one of the party to a duel, and that his enemy had escaped without a blow; but he was as she found him. He told her how he repented his rash conduct, and that no power on earth should ever tempt him to leave her again.

Constance wrote that evening to her uncle and cousin; told them the reason of her sudden departure from their hospitable roof, and all that had passed between her and her husband, who now she said is dearer to me than ever. In a few days she hoped to see them again, as Charles would then be in a state to leave for a few hours.

By the strictest care and attention from Constance (who never left him for an instant) Charles was, in a month after, able to accompany her in her daily walks. One beautiful boy blessed their union, and it was the parents' delight to see him grow up so good and so obliging. He was called Leicester, after his uncle, whom he resembled, as much as a *child* can resemble *man*.

One evening as they were busy nursing and playing with their darling offspring, a courier came to announce that their presence was requested at Belle-vue Cottage, as the Colonel had had a fit, and, it was to be feared, was lying in a dangerous state. Breathless with haste they repaired to their fond relative. They saw the old man stretched on his bed. It was to be too much dreaded that it was the bed of death: the physician had no hope. They staid with him all that night. As

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the morning began to dawn his strength began to fail him. He was not able to speak; but placed his hands on his two girls, and, blessing them, resigned his breath, without a struggle, to the God who gave it. Death-bed scenes are always most awful; but this appeared still more so, snatched away as he was without one day's suffering.

Emily was insensible for some days; the shock was so awful to *her*, who had never left his roof, no not for one day. When she was restored her form was thin and emaciated from grief; you would not know it to be the graceful form of Emily Gower. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy were much afflicted; but as the latter had not seen so much of him lately, she did not feel it like Emily. They are now all living at Belle-vue Cottage. Leicester is the chief companion of Emily, from his strong resemblance to her father. Mrs. Fitzroy has full employment in the nursery, where she and her husband, united with the kind efforts of Emily Gower, endeavour to bring up their children in the true path, that leads to our eternal happiness.

ANNA C.

STANZAS

ON THE BAPTISM OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

By Mrs. Haeneclever.

"Suffer little children to be brought unto me, and forbid it not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Lovely, youthful mother fair,
The poet's meed is due to thee!
Though a crown thy brow dost wear,
How sweet must thy emotion be!

With all a MOTHER'S feelings rife,
When thy darling thou did'st bring,
With all the pride of a young wife,
Unto thy God, an offering.

Say, who shall dare the thoughts t' indite
That rose within thy Queenly breast,
When, bending to the solemn rite,
A Christian was thy babe confest?

Perchance thy soul, in that high hour,
When the rob'd priest thy child did bless,
Flew upwards to the Almighty Power,
And e'en *Thou* felt thy nothingness!"

Feb. 11th, 1841.

TEMPTATION.

By Caroline Leicester.

Emily was the only daughter of Mr. O'Donnel, a gentleman of considerable wealth and influence: her mother had died while she was yet an infant; in consequence of which she became the sole idol of her father, who indulged her in every wish. Were I to attempt to describe this lovely girl, I fear I should do her injustice. Her features were beautiful; but there was an indescribable charm in her countenance, which no features, however fine, can of themselves produce. In her dark beaming eye you might read every varying emotion of her

G

mind; and, as her fairy form flitted through the mazy dance, you would have thought her just

"What youthful poets fancy when they love."

So much for her person. In mind she was pure, and innocent as a child; yet, withal, was she not faultless. She was too apt to be influenced by external appearances; she undervalued every one who was not handsome: beauty alone found favour in her eyes. As may be readily conceived, Emily had many admirers; but the general impression was, that she had bestowed her youthful affections upon her cousin, Richard Stanley, who had resided under the same roof with her from childhood, and who regarded her with the most ardent affection. He was a young man of superior mental endowments; his disposition and temper mild; but, unfortunately for his chance of winning his lovely cousin's good graces, his person was plain. He hoped, however, by perseverance and assiduity, to succeed in making an impression, and left no means untried to render himself agreeable to her. In this, however, he was destined to suffer disappointment. Emily happened, accidentally, to meet, at a ball in the neighbourhood, a gentleman named Dashwood. He was quite the reverse of Richard Stanley; he possessed a fine face, and still finer person, finished address, and fascinating manners; gay and lively, was the life and soul of whatever party he was invited to, and his company was, of course, sought after in proportion. Mr. Dashwood was, however, vain and frivolous, and only happy when in society, where he delighted to show himself off to the best advantage. His principles were depraved, and his habits dissipated; yet, with infinite art, he contrived to conceal all his bad qualities, at least from persons of ordinary discrimination. He was, at first sight, captivated with the beauty of Emily, and resolved in his own mind to carry her off triumphant from all her suitors. She was, on her part, dazzled with his appearance, liked his manners, was flattered by his attentions; but, blinded by her wonted failing, looked no further.

Mr. Dashwood now became a constant visitor at her father's, and with many a bitter pang was the heart of Richard torn, to find that a character so worthless had made such a deep impression upon his cousin; while he, conscious of uprightness and integrity, was wholly disregarded. Her father would have preferred her making choice of Richard; but so fearful was he of making his darling unhappy, that he could not prevail on himself to oppose her inclinations. Well had it been for Emily had she been blessed with a mother to advise and warn her. Alas! she had none; and so it was, that, within three months from her first meeting with Mr. Dashwood, he had proposed for her, and was accepted. Emily now thought herself the happiest creature in the creation; she was going to be married to the handsomest man she had ever seen!

The nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and splendour, and, immediately afterwards the happy bridegroom and his lovely bride departed to spend the honeymoon in the county of Wicklow; after which they repaired to the new house which had been prepared for their reception in Merion Square.

Repentance is almost sure to follow a false step; though, alas! it usually arrives too late. Such was the case with Emily, and, before she had been many months a wife, she began, with a heavy heart, to perceive a marked and daily diminution of that affectionate attention which had, at first, been so lavishly bestowed upon her by her gay and handsome husband, and which she had fondly and foolishly flattered herself

would endure for life. He now began constantly to absent himself from home on the hacknied plea of "*business of importance*," or the still more dubious one of "*pressing engagements*." His poor wife tried at first each little art that fond woman could devise to win back the truant, and induce him to remain at home; but once or twice, when she succeeded in determining him, his listless apathy plainly proved to her that, though she had indeed prevailed so far as to secure his bodily presence, that his *heart* was elsewhere; and soon chilled, and sickening at his cold neglect, she abandoned the hope of inducing him to remain with her, and learned, too late, that a handsome dissipated husband is not exactly a very desirable acquisition. By degrees Mr. Dashwood's absences became of more frequent occurrence and of longer duration, and while he was away, poor Emily would sit alone and weep, and think of other days and other scenes. Then would the once despised image of the discarded Richard present itself, invested with new and far different colours to her wounded, her almost broken heart. Thus did matters continue, when Emily became a mother. For a time the society of her babe made amends for the loss of her husband; and, in the tender emotions of a mother, she lost sight, in some degree, of the bitter feelings of the disappointed wife; but *neglect* still gnawed, like a canker-worm, at her heart.

Months passed away, and, wearied with thinking of her griefs, she now accepted the various invitations of her friends, and in the gay revel sought to banish painful reflections, and to assume, at least, the appearance of happiness.

"Were all men happy, revellings would cease;
That opiate for inquietude within."

On an eventful night she repaired to the fashionable Lady D.'s, and, as she entered the brilliant saloon, flushed with temporary excitement, a murmur of admiration escaped from every lip, while every eye rested upon her. She heard it, and was gratified. "Ah!" she mentally exclaimed, even at that moment of triumph, "all, all, save one, can feel my power still." In conscious dignity, she gracefully advanced; while bows and smiles, and all the ready homage ever paid to beauty greeted her approach; but, in the midst of all, her quick ear caught a heavy, deep-drawn sigh. Instinctively she turned, and her eyes met those of her cousin Richard. He was beside her, and as he extended his hand her whole frame trembled with emotion, and she felt an indescribable awkwardness as he addressed her. She could not speak freely as in bygone days; but, nevertheless, his tenderness of manner soothed and pleased her, and she saw, with woman's quickness, that she had lost nothing of the interest with which he was wont to regard her. That night he accompanied her home; and, at parting, begged permission to visit her, which she, not unwillingly, granted.

The following morning, ere many of the votaries of fashion and pleasure had yet permitted bright Phœbus to illumine with his bright and cheering beams their darkened chambers, Richard Stanley was in the drawing-room of his cousin Emily. Their conversation was more confidential than on the preceding night; but Emily could not as yet bring herself to touch upon the subject of her sorrows.

Each succeeding day found Richard a still more welcome visitor, till, at length, she learned to look forward to the expected hour of his arrival with feelings which, if she had analyzed their import, would have startled her. Her husband was always absent; but had there been any danger of his return, it

was now, alas! the very last circumstance she would have desired. Mentally she wondered at her former blindness in having preferred him to Richard, whose unchangeable attachment she suffered herself continually to dwell upon. He showed but too plainly, the devotedness with which he regarded her; nay, he more than showed it, and she listened—to the avowal of his love.

He urged the unworthiness of her husband—duty was forgotten. They agreed to fly together. A few hasty preparations were made in silence and secrecy, and, before quitting that house, which she never more might enter, she repaired to the nursery to take a last look at her child. She leaned over the sleeping babe, and kissed his fair forehead, then cutting off one golden curl, she placed it in her bosom.

"Dear angel," she said, "I cannot, dare not, pray for myself; but surely I may offer up one prayer for thee!" She fell upon her knees, and breathed a fervent prayer for that dear infant; and, while she prayed, a heavenly calm, a holy feeling stole over her hitherto benighted and bewildered senses: burning tears chased each other in quick succession down her pale but not less lovely cheek. Then she felt that, unworthy as she was, she might even dare to supplicate for herself, and prayed that, even yet she might be saved from Temptation. And when will heart-felt, soul-felt prayer be left unanswered by Him whose ear is ever open to all?

While she was yet upon her knees, she was aroused by the sound of feet upon the stairs; then voices, and strange ones; and now a gentle tapping at the door. Her maid Kathleen entered, pale and breathless; but with difficulty could Emily procure this only answer to her enquiries: "My master, ma'am! I fear he is dying! Come; oh, come quickly!"

The terrified and agitated Emily followed almost mechanically, and with tottering steps, where the girl led the way—to the chamber of her husband. There he lay upon the bed, pale and bleeding; but as her light step approached, he faintly articulated, "Emily, forgive me!" Overpowered by contending emotions, she sunk, fainting, by his side; and ere she was restored to life or recollection,—his spirit had fled for ever.

LINES TO THE HON. MRS. C——, ON NEGLECTING HER HARP.

Why does that harp inglorious sleep,
When, if you do but touch its chords,
No longer silence dull they'll keep,
But speak beyond the force of words?

So heav'nly are thy idlest numbers,
An echo in each heart they raise;
And, even in our nightly slumbers,
We hear again thy morning lays.

While to our ears such sounds are given,
In other spheres we seem to live;
So sweet, they check our sigh for Heav'n,
And make us scorn all earth can give.

Then wake again thy harp's sweet treasure!
Once more o'er music reign supreme!
Let's feel at night thy morning measure,
Our sleeping thought, our waking dream.

R. R.

STANZAS.

"The delicate things of earth suffer what those of a coarser mould escape."

Rush by, like a coward tyrant,
I've seen the North's rude breath,
And lay on tender plant and flower
Its withering hand of death;
While from the old rough warrior rock
It turned aside its blast,
And quickly, with a murmuring howl,
The sturdy oak it past.

And Fate and Fortune too I've seen,
As they past with partial hand,
Give to the reckless, worthless heart
The blessings of the land;
But when they saw the tear-drop
Stand in the tender eye,
Or sorrow in the gentle breast,
They bid the sufferer die.
They would not deign a fairy scene
Of sunshine and of shade;
But breath'd a withering curse on hope,
"Then mock'd at the wreck they'd made."

And such is life! Yet this I hold:
I'd own each soft emotion,
Each tender passion, and be whirl'd
In sorrow's troubled ocean;
Rather than have a heart embued,
A soul that could not glow,
Feel, thrill, love, sympathize—though freed
From every earthly woe.

W. B.

EPIGRAM.—THE MODERN WIDOW.

By Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

"Ah, Mary! how I mourn your mistress' fate;
Her spirits gone, that were so bright of late!
She weeps in public! What a broken heart
Do those deep sighs and widow's cap betray!"
"Yes, sir, my mistress caps, and sighs with art,
But sent her sorrows, with her lord, away."
"Psha! foolish girl! 'tis every word untrue."
"Then, p'rhaps, 'tis false she sets her cap at you!
Her spirits gone! La, sir! she's never out
Of spirits; for she takes them cold, without."

THE HEIRESS.

A TALE.

By Rosalie Gray.

"Take away the breakfast things, Jervis," said the Earl of D—— to his servant, "and send your Lady to me. Suzette," he exclaimed, in a stern voice, as his daughter entered the room, "it is my strict command that you never speak to Mr. Darey more! What the daughter of an Earl marry a commoner, and a poor curate!—a pretty degradation truly!"

Lady Suzette sank upon a chair, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears; the Earl took no notice of this ebullition of grief, but by rising from his chair, and muttering

"Pshaw! like all her sex," hastily quitted the room, pulling the door violently after him.

"For some minutes, Lady Suzette continued weeping as if her heart would break, then, unclasping her hands, and raising her mild and sorrowful eyes to heaven, "Help me, thou," she exclaimed, "or I am lost indeed!"

At this moment, a knock at the door announced some visitors, and Lady Suzette had to clothe her face in smiles, while her heart was pierced with sorrow.

* * * * *

The Earl of D— was a rich and proud nobleman, descended from a long line of ancestors, and with the blood of princes flowing in his veins, it could hardly be marvelled at that he should feel some pride in the future aggrandizement of his only daughter, but unfortunately for the future happiness of Lady Suzette, she had been brought up by her maternal grandmother, in the most remote part of Wales, and the old lady, being blest with a humble mind, had ever endeavoured to lead her grand-daughter in what she considered the surest road to happiness. It was, whilst residing with this dear and amiable relative, that our heroine first became acquainted with Mr. Darey, "wisdom and worth were all he had," but these were of more value in Suzette's eyes, than a coronet would have been without them, and she hesitated not to return his devoted love for her with the most unbounded confidence.

Not strikingly handsome, Darey was yet so pleasing as to be generally admired, and there was a degree of delicacy about him which rendered him doubly dear to the affectionate heart of Suzette; his mild grey eyes spoke the benevolence of his soul, and the sweetness of his smile joined to his grave, sometimes melancholy, manner, and the soft plaintive tones of his voice created for him an interest deep as deserved! The first time Lady Suzette had beheld him was at a funeral, as her grandmother's chariot stopped at a shop close to the church, and he walked up the yard, his black hair streaming in the wind, and his face scarcely less pale than his snow-white surplice, she thought she had never seen so angelic a being. Shortly after they were introduced to each other, and Suzette's admiration soon became reciprocal. Lady W— watched, with heartfelt pleasure, their mutual attachment, for she felt she could joyfully resign her beloved child to the care of such a man, but oh! how transitory are the things of this life!—No sooner was the Earl informed of their attachment and petitioned to sanction their engagement, than he set off as fast as four horses could carry him—not to bless, with his cordial approval, the union of the lovers, as Suzette's inexperienced heart assured her would be the case—but as we have already seen, to put a stern veto upon all future intercourse, nor did he condescend to give his reasons (if he had any others than those already assigned) to his unhappy daughter, and when pressed by Lady W— at least to see, and be introduced to Mr. Darey, he peremptorily refused, and within a few days after his arrival, the Earl commanded his daughter to be ready to attend him in a week, as he intended taking her abroad for the next three years, at the same time sternly forbidding her to inform Mr. Darey of their movements. Poor Suzette prepared to obey with a bursting heart, and she felt the more sorrow as she was now about to be separated, for the first time in her life (perhaps, for ever) from her dear and honoured grandmother; however, she submitted without a murmur, for she knew her duty too well to put self in competition with her father.

Lady Suzette was scarcely twenty; her figure was tall and

graceful; her complexion of the purest white; her eyes were of the softest blue, and her long fair hair hung around her in loose floating ringlets; there was a sadness of expression in her eye, and a subdued melancholy in her smile, which seemed as if she was born for sorrow; hitherto she had known it only by name, and by her constant visits to the abodes of the poor and distressed, where she endeavoured, by means of her immense wealth, to diffuse happiness around her. But, now she felt a presentiment that, young as she was, her days of happiness were fled for ever: she was too well aware of her father's stern, unbending temper, to feel anything but dread in placing herself under his protection, and she also knew the sad disappointment he had experienced, when, on her birth, which was hailed with joy by her fond and ever-lamented mother, a daughter had been presented to him, instead of the long-desired heir, and, although the following year the Countess had blessed him with twin boys, scarcely were the rejoicings and illuminations for their birth over, ere they were both snatched by death from the arms of their bereaved parents, and the Countess never had another child!

* * * * *

Two years had passed since the commencement of my narrative;—it was now the beginning of August, when one evening a carriage was seen slowly winding round one of the most mountainous parts of Switzerland, suddenly something imperceptible frightened one of the horses, and they both instantly set off at full speed down the hill, on one side of which was a frightful precipice—certain death seemed inevitable to the terrified passengers! when, happily, a gentleman on horseback galloped up, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, stopped the infuriated animals. The Earl of D—, for it was his carriage, instantly alighted; and, grasping the hand of the stranger, who had also dismounted, he fervently blessed him, "Young man, I thank you; you have saved my daughter, and nothing on earth can ever repay you; but for you, she might at this moment have been—I shudder to think where!" The stranger returned the fervent pressure of the Earl, and was retreating, when the latter stopped him, say "My daughter will herself thank her deliverer. "Suzette, dearest! this gentleman saved your life, and he has my eternal gratitude!"

Lady Suzette instantly rose, and approached her father, but the moment she raised her eyes, they encountered those of the stranger, and, almost shrieking out the name of Darey, she sprang forward, and fainted at his feet! A scene of confusion ensued; the Earl bore his daughter away, and on her recovery she found herself in her own apartment; when, immediately dismissing her attendants, she paced the room with hurried steps; then, advancing to the window, she threw it open, and gazed upon the prospect beyond: the moon had risen in unclouded brilliancy, and all seemed fair and lovely,—but the wretched heart of Suzette beat not in unison with the scene. Long, long she stood; till, at length, her deep reverie was broken by the violent ringing of a bell!—hurrying from her apartment, she flew to her father; he was lying on his bed, his face as white as marble, and blood was flowing in torrents from his mouth!

"Suzette," he exclaimed, "I am dying—I feel it; take this packet!" he continued, taking a sealed paper from his pillow, and giving it to his daughter, "my curse light on you, if you marry Darey—he is your brother!"

The last struggle was now approaching; the death rattle was heard in his throat;—he gasped for breath—one groan—one sigh—and all was over! The proud Earl of D— slept with

his fathers. The shrieks of the wretched Suzette speedily brought the attendants: a violent fever on the brain rendered her, happily, unconscious for many days; but when she recovered, it was only to awake to the most excruciating agony which it is possible for mortal to endure. But Suzette's was a mind which rose superior to all the trials of life, however severe. She had learnt to feel that he who would be loved as a son, must bear being chastened as one. She even persisted in reading the fatal packet, and there discovered that her unhappy father had early in life, whilst travelling on the continent with his tutor, contracted a marriage with a young woman, very much his inferior in birth, but very far above him in the virtue of the soul. For the first year of their union, he had treated her with some degree of kindness, but ashamed to confess his degradation—as he termed it—to his proud family, he soon became disgusted with the innocent and unfortunate object of it. His long and frequent absence from home, and his unkindness when there, first disclosed to the poor Annette the state of his heart, and just before the birth of his son, he informed her, with heartless barbarity, that he was on the eve of marriage with another! This only was wanting to fill up the measure of his cruelty! and the heart-broken young creatures who loved her husband devotedly, despite all his unkindness, shortly after the birth of her son, found her grave in one of the peaceful vallies of Switzerland. Darey was the image of his mother, after whom he had been named, but this likeness alone, would not have discovered him him to the Earl, had not the picture of his mother, which he always wore round his neck, in his attempt to recover Suzette, become unfastened, and falling to the ground, the Earl had picked it up, and, in one moment, the scenes of other years had recurred more forcibly than ever, and he shuddered, as he reflected that the agony he had inflicted on his unhappy wife, had now descended with redoubled force on his afflicted children.

* * * * *

Darey requested most earnestly to be allowed one interview with the beloved of his heart; but Suzette felt it impossible to endure this. for could she ever meet as a brother the being to whom her early faith had been plighted? She told him this; yes, it was her task to inflict this trial on the man she so fondly loved! And now her heart was broken! It had endured to the full. She had drunk to the dregs of the bitter cup, and the welcome messenger of death speedily released her. She lingered on a few months, without one tie to bind her to earth. She is now at peace. Of Darey little more was heard; but a neat gravestone in the parish church of S—, with the date of the year, proclaimed that he too had found that home he was never destined to enjoy upon earth!

THE SNOWDROP.

The golden crocus peer'd from out
The wreaths of pearly snow,
And ice-drops glitter'd in the sun,
When the snow-flowers 'gan to blow.
An aged man mark'd where they lay,
A babbling of the spring;
And tear-drops filled his eyes, for they
Did sad remembrance bring.

Of one whose voice had been the spell
That cheer'd his darksome hours;
But he had stood beside her grave,
In th' time of early flowers.
He gaz'd awhile—his brow was clear'd—
Some hidden joy did spring:
Those gentle flowers brought hope again,
That had been wandering.
He then uprais'd his hoary head,
And dash'd away the tears:
"No more," he cried, "shall vain regret
Employ my latter years!
For, surely, these reviving flowers
Are joyous tokens given,
That those who wither'd lie on earth
May bloom again in heaven."

L. L.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

By the Chevalier de Laurence.

What cheers the bard when maniacs howl,
And serpents hiss, and pedants growl?
The enthusiastic maid,
Who, less to him than to the cause
Of truth to offer her applause,
Pursues him as his shade.

The sun of honour in his view;
Let him proceed, and she'll pursue;
But 'tis for glory's sake.
So, turn his back upon the sun,
The shade, if after it he run,
He ne'er will overtake.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE; OR, THE BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE GREY PEERAGE.

The family of the venerable Earl who at present so worthily supports its dignities is of great antiquity and historical celebrity. It is of Northumberland origin, and was ennobled as early as the reign of the fourth EDWARD, in the person of

Sir JOHN GREY, Knt., who lived in 1372, whose son married a daughter of JOHN MOWBRAY, Duke of NORFOLK, from whom lineally sprung,

Sir THOMAS GREY, of Werke. This Knight having married ALICE, daughter of RALPH NEVILLE, Earl of WESTMORELAND, had several children, whose offspring inherited the honours and estates down to 1624, when a barony was added to the titles of the family, but which expired with RALPH GREY, the fourth baron, in 1706. On, however, the 11th January, 1746, HENRY GREY, Esq., of Howick, the then re-

representative of the family was created a baronet. From him sprung

Sir CHARLES GREY, K. B., a distinguished commander in the first American war, and was appointed, in 1794, on the breaking out of hostilities with the French Republic, to the chief command of the land forces, sent in conjunction with the naval armament under Lord St. VINCENT, to reduce the West India Islands. After his return, Sir CHARLES was nominated to the command of the southern district of England. In 1797 he was sworn of the Privy Council, and on the 23rd June, 1801, was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron GREY DE HOWICK; nor did the honourable advancement his Lordship had so nobly won stop here. On the 11th April, 1806, he was made a viscount, and then an earl. In 1762 the Earl had married ELIZABETH, daughter of GEORGE GREY, Esq., of Southwark, by whom he had seven children. On the 14th November, 1807, the Earl died. This event was, it is said, hastened by the troublesome nature of a wound he received at the battle of Minden, where he acted as aid-de-camp to Prince FERDINAND.

CHARLES, Earl GREY, Viscount HOWICK, and Baron GREY, of Howick, in the county of Northumberland, and a baronet, eldest son of the above, was born on the 13th March, 1764, and married 18th November, 1794, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of WILLIAM BRABAZON, Lord PONSONBY of Mollis, and grand-daughter of Viscount MOLESWORTH.

This venerable and respected nobleman commenced his political career with a degree of success which surely foretold its brilliant progress and dignified termination. In 1786 he sat in the House of Commons as member for his native county, which seat he retained during twenty-one years of the most eventful periods of Great Britain's history. Mr. GREY took the then opposition or Whig side; but was ever acknowledged, even by his political adversaries, to be a statesman of profound views, an orator whose eloquence was powerful and argumentative; and, what is still higher praise, a patriot possessing invincible integrity and consistency. The Earl's political career is perhaps the most lengthened of any living statesman; and those who look back upon it will find no reason for altering the verdict thus pronounced at the dawn of his political life. The Whigs obtained office in 1806, and Mr. GREY became First Lord of the Admiralty, a post which he exchanged upon the lamented demise of Mr. Fox, for that of Secretary of Foreign Affairs. He retired with his party in 1807, and, from that time, never accepted office, though offered it, till a period when he saw that his continued refusal would endanger the great principles he had always so consistently and so warmly advocated. Accordingly, in 1830, on the resignation of the Duke of WELLINGTON, His Majesty King WILLIAM IV. sent for Earl GREY to form an administration. He obeyed the command, and, by means of the cabinet he formed, brought about the great measure of Parliamentary Reform.

The great object of his political life accomplished, Earl GREY, in the spirit of a true patriot, retired from the power, pomp, and circumstance of the highest office in the state, and has since lived in happy seclusion upon his patrimonial estate, solaced by the love of all who have ever enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance, and the gratitude and esteem of a whole nation.

COURT MOVEMENTS AND FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

ROYAL CHRISTENING.

The ceremony of christening the Princess Royal took place at Buckingham Palace, with every state and solemnity.

The Queen and Prince Albert entered the green drawing-room at an early hour, attended by the Mistress of the Robes, the Lady in Waiting, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert, the Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, and Comptroller of the Household. In this apartment Her Majesty and His Royal Highness received their visitors.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, assisted by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich, and the Dean of Carlisle.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury came to that part of the ceremony for naming the Princess, Her Royal Highness was given into his hands by her nurse. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager then named Her Royal Highness—

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa.

The service being concluded the party retired, and shortly afterwards the company who had witnessed or officiated at the ceremony, went to dinner in the picture gallery, the band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, playing "God save the Queen," as the different members of the Royal Family entered the gallery.

The font which was made expressly for the occasion, was of silver gilt, and elegant in design. First, there was a triangular plinth, on the sides of which the arms of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the infant Princess, were embossed, the latter borne on a lozenge, and surmounted by a coronet. On the plinth were three cherubs, who united in supporting a large water-lily, which held the baptismal water.

The Queen of the Belgians has presented a series of beautiful robes, of Brussels lace, of the most *recherche* manufacture, to the infant Princess. For nearly a century it has been customary to cause the baptismal ceremony to be performed within a month of the birth of the Royal infant, and the last Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), born August 12, 1762, was baptised on the 8th of the following month; so it was with the succeeding Princes and Princesses. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated in the Great Council Chamber of the Palace, the bedchamber of the Queen was thrown open, and the counterpane of Queen Charlotte's state bed, at the christening of the late Duke of York, which was composed of entire lace of inimitable workmanship (which cost three thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds), was used on the occasion.

Lady Bedingfield has paid a visit to the Queen Dowager. Her Majesty continues in a delicate state of health caused by the late inclemency of the weather.

The Duke of Wellington is considerably recovered from his late indisposition.

The Duke of Cambridge has been visiting among the *beau-monde*.

Prince Albert has delighted the tee-totalers by an implied promise (from an immersion in the lake) of joining their society.

THE IDLER IN LONDON.

Our idleness is labour, while some persons would appear to labour to be idle, for all the public places have been thronged with company when the weather was in the most inclement state. *Old Drury* still resounds with the echoes of the tabor and pipe, but a new feature has been given to the performances by the introduction of Oratorios on Saturdays. The *Funeral March*, composed on the occasion of the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon, has also been played. It is not quite so fine as we had anticipated.

The *White Milliner*, a comedy, in two acts, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, is the only novelty that has been brought out at COVENT GARDEN. It was successful, but certainly has too much broad farce in it to entitle it to the distinction of comedy. Comedy seems, in this age, to be very little understood, and our play-wrights, when they attempt to write comedy, make but a sorry hand of it. Madame VESTRIS played the rôle of the *White Milliner* admirably, and Mr. C. MATHEWS was very good in the character of *Lord Ortolan*. *Saul Saezum*, the part allotted to KEELEY, was the perfection of burlesque acting. The piece itself is entertaining, but without anything like originality; the character of *Justice Twilight*, is a variation of *Justice Woodcock*; *Albina* is a compound of *Rosetta* and WYCHERLEY'S *Country Girl*; and *Lord Ortolan* is a copy from BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. We are glad to see this theatre always crowded.

The HAYMARKET has been playing *Money*, without much variation, during the month. The *Love Chase* has also been revived, but it is not what it was when Mrs. NESBITT played the part of *Constance*.

The ADELPHI, one of the most uncomfortable, but best filled, of our little theatres, has revived H.B., in which Mrs. KEELEY and Mr. YATES are as mirth-exciting as ever; nor must we omit the dry humour of Mr. WRIGHT, who acts his part in this farce most admirably. But Mr. YATES has done more—he has brought out with the most gorgeous magnificence, *Satanus, or, the Spirit of Beauty*, taken from the ballet of *Le Diable Amoureux*, at the Académie Royal, at Paris. It is said, that YATES has expended £500 upon this dramatic spectacle, which certainly is one of the most magnificent that has ever appeared on the boards of a minor theatre. The *finale* is very good. Groups of fairies are seen floating in the air, and at the back of the stage on a large wheel. The *tableaux* revolving were very good also.

THE VICTORIA.—Two Frenchmen are exhibiting feats of strength at this house. They are very powerful men, and do extraordinary things, and have been most extraordinarily puffed by the manager. One of them raises a car with 10 or 12 persons in it; and the two are turned round on a pole, each supporting a car and a man, bound only to the pole by their ankles. But the most extraordinary portion of their performance is that of one of them holding five people in the air, his head being downwards, and his feet unfastened, but in an iron ring, so that the muscles of the instep must be very powerful. They really are as well worth seeing as any of those mountebank exhibitors that are brought forward before the public.

SADLER'S WELLS, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, has had no reason to complain of a lack of public favour. Mr. CONQUEST is now in the ascendant at the Wells, which is nightly well filled to see him in "*Jim along Josey*."

THE NEW STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. JACOBS, the conjuror-

ventriloquist and improvisatore, has been performing at this minor house and certainly is very clever in his way. He is one of the best ventriloquists we ever met with, and his conjuring tricks are certainly excellent. The audience seemed well satisfied.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE has brought forth a very interesting drama, founded on the story of *Old Booty*, whom the cloven-footed monarch is said personally to have driven into his own dominions. It is most excellently got up, and the view of Ranelagh in the olden time, with its masques, dandies, and flirts, is exquisite. The managers of this theatre are good caterers for the public, and we are happy to find that the public begin to appreciate their exertions by filling the house.

Mr. BURFORD has opened two new panoramas to the public, and both are deserving of the highest commendation. That of *Damascus* is of great interest from the recent persecution of the Israelites in that city, in consequence of the foul and cruel calumny propagated against them by a nominal Christian. It is beautifully painted. The Grand Mosque in this panorama will be viewed with peculiar interest, as the head of St. John is said by tradition to have been placed on a pole over the entrance gate. The *Bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre* forms the subject of the other exhibition, and is its rival in interest and merit. The artist has seized upon the moment of the explosion of the great powder magazine to give life and effect to his painting, while the snow-topped mountains of Lebanon, denuded of their famed forests of cedars, form a fine contrast to the vivid glare of the fore ground. The bombardment is admirably depicted, and we were highly pleased with the view.

With the thermometer below zero, we were induced to visit the theatre of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, to hear a *Literary and Lyrical Lecture*, by Mr. WILLIAM BALL, and we were amply repaid for our visit by the hearty laughs he excited by his rich fund of comic humour. Mr. BALL's lectures are replete with interest and information, and his singing is so irresistibly comic, that those who cannot unbend from their stilts of gravity, must have nerves of iron. His recitations of *The Witch of Berkeley* and *Kynge John and the Abbot of Canterbury*, were admirably given. Mr. FERDINAND BALL (his son) sung two or three songs in a very charming manner. Mr. BALL's lectures are always distinguished by good taste, and his selections are made with judgment.

Mr. BAYLE BERNARD, the dramatist, has been lecturing on *The Classic and Romantic Drama*, before the Syncretic Association, at the Suffolk Street Gallery. We like him better in his quality of a writer, than an orator. The aim and end of the *Syncretics* we do not completely understand; it seems to us questionable whether the Association is for the public good, or to further the views of any particular individual.

The *Tableaux Vivant Indiennes* appear to attract the public as much as ever. They are well deserving of a visit.

Mr. HENRY BETTY has been performing *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard the Third*, at the Deptford Theatre to very full audiences.

EPIGRAM.

Chloe's a belle and poetess;
But then of both the curse is,
She makes her face, that all men bless,
But never makes her verses.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE;
OR, PEEPS AT BOOKS.

GREVILLE, OR A SEASON IN PARIS. By Mrs. Gore.—This lady, who is always a delightful writer, has somewhat disappointed us by a want of spirit in this work, with which, nevertheless, we have been highly pleased. Her descriptions of French society are to the life, and the portraits of the Cobhams and Grevilles are excellently drawn. The scene at the Duchesse de St. Pierre's ball is admirably given, as is also that of a *dejeune* at the embassy. We do not consider this Mrs. Gore's best work; but we can assure our readers that they will be pleased with it.

ALDA, THE BRITISH CAPTIVE.—We notice this work because it possesses very high claims to distinction, being the most bigoted and inconsistent production of the season. The verriest fanatic, in the most palmy times of Puritanism, would have shrunk from acknowledging the authorship of it. It is, from beginning to end, most laughably absurd—rabid with superstition, narrow-mindedness, bigotry, fanaticism, and wrong reasoning; in short, a collection of crude trash, "which nobody can deny."

THE LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF GREGORY THE SEVENTH.—To those who delight in the reminiscences of the stormy times of the past, this work will afford much amusement and instruction. Pope Gregory was a sort of clerical Oliver Cromwell, and did much good in his time by reforming some of the abuses of the Church. Mrs. Bowden's book is full of curious facts, and will be read with much interest.

THE ALBUM AND SCRAP-BOOK ILLUSTRATOR.—The contents of the two first numbers of this work would appear to be gleanings from the sweepings of a printseller's shop, and they are execrably mounted.

TOUR TO THE SEPULCHRES OF ETRURIA IN 1839. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray.—The observations of a clever and observant woman we always like better than the prosy details of men, upon subjects like the present; and Mrs. Gray is one of those with whom we delight to travel over the ruins of the past. It would be impossible to give a short extract from this unusually interesting work, without doing the fair authoress injustice. Suffice it then, that we say her tour is a very excellent and delightful production, and we envy her the pleasure she must, with her highly cultivated mind, have experienced while examining into the treasures and relics of those who lived three thousand years ago, and whose memories were forgotten in the time of the Cæsars.

A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE FIRST ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON. By Captain Sir T. Usher, R.N.—This work is one of decided interest, and brings forward many new facts connected with the late Emperor. Captain Usher's account of his private habits and manner of living at Elba will be read with gratification. It is but by little and little that the *real* character of Napoleon will be truly known. We must glean from the writings of his various biographers, and collate them most carefully before a proper estimate can be formed of his virtues or his faults. This work will prove a very useful appendage to the library table of a collater.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1841.—To the lovers of merry tales we can recommend this amusing little book, and ensure them a hearty laugh. Some of the pieces are equal to any of those of Hood, and the illustrations by George Cruickshank are excellent.

CAIRO PETRA AND DAMASCUS IN 1839, by J. G. Kinnear, Esq., is a very clever and interesting work. Mr. Kinnear is a close observer, and an excellent delineator of the manners and customs of the East, and his descriptions of the scenery of the different localities of the places he visited appear to be faithful. We have been much pleased with his work.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—This is professedly an historical narrative; but history is so mystified in its pages that, like the characters in a pantomime after the changes have taken place, the personages would have great difficulty in really knowing themselves by sight. It is a medley of incongruities from beginning to end.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Smile of the Morrow. Duet. Words and Music by the Hon. Sir Francis Stanhope. Lonsdale, Old Bond Street.—This is a very charming duet, and does great honour to the taste and talent of the composer. We have not one fault to find either with the words or the music; both are deserving of high commendation.

The Voices of Evening. Canzonet. The Words by William Ball; music by the Hon. Sir F. Stanhope. Ibid.—Mr. Ball is well known to have a diversity of talent; and *The Voices of Evening* proves that he has the true germ of poetry in him. The music also is graceful and pleasing. We consider this Canzonet worthy of great popularity.

Chatelar's Song to Mary. Words by J. L. Ximenes; music by G. Luigi.—This sweet little song, which is arranged for the piano and guitar, is worthy the attention of all lovers of charming music. The words are, we believe, the production of a foreigner, and very pretty.

The Days when I was Courted. By a young Lady. R. Stephens, Kennington Road.—The lamentations of a spinster of fifty will excite mirth, and this song, taken as a whole, is pleasing.

Shouldst thou e'er cast one Thought on me. Music by P. D. Guglielmo; words by E. Noyce Browne, Esq. Chapell, New Bond Street. This is a very pretty little ballad, and has been sung with applause by Signor Brizzi. Mr. Browne deserves praise for this song, which cannot fail to please.

I arise from Dreams of Thee. Words by P. B. Shelley; music by W. H. Grattan. Ewer and Co., Bow Churchyard.—We like the simplicity with which this little serenade has been arranged; it does credit to Mr. Grattan's taste.

A Mother's changeless Love. Song. Written expressly for the Baptism of the Princess Royal, and dedicated by special permission to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson. Music by Gratton Cooke. R. Stephens, publisher, Kennington.—This is one of the best of the ballads composed on the Royal Christening; and the only one we believe, that has been allowed to be dedicated to Royalty. The words are in the fair Author's usual happy style, and the music is worthy of them.

THE BAKE'S REPLY.

"Repent and marry, Tom, my dear!"

"Nay, nay," said Tom, with laughter;

"I'll marry first, and, never fear,

But I'll repent, Sir, after!"



(2)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Morning & Evening Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Evening & Fancy Dresses



Dresses worn at the Christening of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. February 10th 1841



Dresses worn at the Christening of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal February 10th 1781



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions, 1841. Evening Dresses.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Robe redingote* of *satins royal*; *corsage*, a three-quarter height, ornamented with a net-work of fancy silk trimming, disposed in the stomacher style, and descending in one entire piece, forming a *tablier* on the front of the skirt; tight sleeve, with a *mancheron* of moderate fulness, formed of two deep *bias* falls. Bonnet of lilac *velours épinglé*; a round and rather large shape, the interior of the brim trimmed with blush roses, the exterior, with an intermixture of black and lilac velvet flowers. *Oiseau* satin shawl, bordered with ermine, and lined with white satin.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White satin robe, a tight *corsage*, cut low, and *en cœur*; the *corsage* is trimmed with a pelerine lappel, embroidered in white *chenille*; it is finished round the top with a plaiting of white satin ribbon, standing up. A knot of rose-coloured velvet ribbon, in which is a light sprig of honeysuckle to correspond, ornaments the centre of the *corsage*, and a similar knot, with a puffing of white satin ribbon, decorates the short tight sleeve. The skirt is of the tunic form, over a white satin petticoat; it is considerably shorter than the latter, open in front, and rounded at the corners; it is trimmed with a band of rose-coloured, quadrilled velvet, and edged with a plaiting of ribbon; *bouquets* at the sides complete the trimming. The petticoat is bordered with velvet and quilled ribbon. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a wreath of honeysuckle.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Lavender grey satin robe; *corsage en gerbe*, trimmed with black velvet; *demi gigot* sleeve; two deep *biais* of velvet ornament the skirt; *chapeau demi bibi* of black velvet, lined with pea-green satin; the edge is bordered with a *raße* of spotted *marabouts*, and the interior ornamented with *ponceau* flowers; black velvet ribbon, and a *bouquet* of *marabouts* ornament the exterior. Sable fur muff.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Tulle robe over white satin; a very low *corsage*, trimmed with a *tulle Berthe*, edged with a *raße*. Short tight sleeve edged with *raßes*; the centre of the *corsage* and the sleeve is ornamented with a single blue flower. Six *raßes* form a *tablier* on the skirt; they are finished at each edge by flowers. Head-dress of hair, ornamented *en suite*.

COSTUME A LA SULTANA.

FIG. 2.—Pantaloon of white *moire*. Under dress of striped gold muslin; the bottom finished by two *chefs d'or*; the *corsage* is made moderately high and full, long tight sleeve; green velvet tunic; a low *corsage*, tight to the shape, and buttoned down the front; the top of the *corsage*, and the round of the tunic, which is short and very open, is embroidered in gold; Mameluke sleeve, lined with white satin, and also splendidly embroidered. Turban, à l'*Odalisque*, composed of a white and green Cashmere shawl, striped with gold, and finished by a superb green and gold fringe. A rich scarf forms the *ceinture*. Bracelets and *agraffes* of gold and rubies.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Rose-coloured satin robe, trimmed, as is also the front of the skirt, with an *échelle* formed of tucks, each ornamented with a double row of beads, to which bead tassels are affixed. Short sleeve, composed of three full *biais*, and decorated with bead cords and tassels. The hair is ornamented with pearls.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

DRESSES WORN AT THE CHRISTENING OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

FIG. 1.—Robe of clear India muslin over white satin; a low *corsage*, very full draped, and ornamented in the centre of the bosom with a *bouquet* of silver *épis*; the short sleeve is covered with double *biais*, set on full, and decorated with a similar *bouquet*. The skirt is trimmed with five full *biais*, *bouquets*, and knots of silver ribbon. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a wreath of *épis*.

FIG. 2.—Honiton lace dress over white satin; a double skirt, each bordered in a magnificent pattern. *Corsage à trois pieces*, and tight sleeve finished by a *maintenon* ruffle, which is surmounted by satin *rouleaux*, and a knot of silver ribbon. A similar knot is placed in the centre of the *berthe*. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a *bandeau* of diamond stars.

FIG. 3.—White *moire* robe; *corsage* and sleeves à l'*enfant*, and double skirt, each bordered by a broad white satin *biais*. The *corsage*, and also the skirt, is embroidered in silver, with *naiads* placed at a considerable distance from each other. *Coiffure en cheveux*, decorated with pearls, and *naiads* of silver ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 4.—*Demi-coiffure*, formed of English point lace lapets, *têtes de plumes*, and silver *épis*.

FIG. 5.—A back view of the above head-dress.

FIG. 6.—Head-dress of hair, ornamented with fancy jewelry, and *blonde* lace.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

DRESSES WORN AT THE CHRISTENING OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

FIG. 1.—India muslin robe, over white satin; the *corsage en cœur*, is trimmed with a double full *biais*, separated by a *chef d'argent*, and ornamented in the centre with a *bouquet* of silver flowers. Short tight sleeve, trimmed *en suite*. The garniture of the skirt corresponds, and the hair is decorated with a *bouquet* of silver flowers.

FIG. 2.—Pale pink velvet robe; a low *corsage*, and double *bouillon* sleeves; *berthe* and *manchettes* of *dentille d'argent*; the skirt is trimmed nearly half-way up with a superb *volan* of the same, laid on plain. White crape turban, the folds intermingled with silver *chefts*, and an end which floats on the neck fringed with silver.

FIG. 3.—Tulle robe over white satin; the *corsage* is trimmed with a *berthe* and ruffles of silver *blonde* lace; the skirt is bordered with a deep flounce of the same, headed by a very full *râche*. *Demi-coiffure* composed of a silver gauze scarf, richly fringed.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

DRESSES WORN AT THE CHRISTENING OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

FIG. 1.—White satin robe, *corsage à la corset*, and short sleeve; the latter trimmed with a Venetian *mancheron* of tulle, edged with lace, surmounted by a *bouquet* of short white ostrich feathers, attached by *coques* of lilac velvet ribbon; the skirt is trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon, edged with lace; they are drawn up in points in the centre, and ornamented with *bouquets* of feathers and *coques* of ribbon. The head-dress is a gold muslin turban, ornamented with *marabouts*.

FIG. 2.—Lemon-coloured *velours épinglé* robe, a little open at the side, displaying a white satin petticoat, and ornamented with a row of cords and tassels; tight *corsage*, and Brussels lace *berthe*; short sleeve, trimmed with three lace *volans*; *demi-coiffure* of gold net, decorated with shaded ostrich feathers.

FIG. 3.—Blue velvet robe, trimmed with sable fur; it opens in front, over a white satin dress. Mameluke *mancheron*, lined with white satin, and bordered with sable. The *coiffure* gives a front view of that of Fig. 2.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1841.

March, generally speaking, affords us little information respecting the mysteries of the toilet: the present month will, however, prove a brilliant exception, as our fair subscribers will, we are sure, allow, when they glance at our plates. Let us see, now, what novelties have been produced in

CARRIAGE BONNETS.—Several have recently appeared, composed of black velvet, lined with rose-coloured *velours épinglé*, and the interior of the brim edged with a rose-coloured *râche*. Velvet and *velours épinglé* continue their vogue; a great many bonnets of the latter are of light colours, as white,

green, lemon colour, and lilac. There is great variety in trimmings: some are adorned with *roses pompons*, others, with sprigs of lilac or honeysuckles. We must not forget velvet *cactus*, *datums*, and other pretty ornaments, particularly mossy wreaths, the ends meeting under a knot of broad rich ribbon. Feathers are also much in vogue. We have seen several bonnets decorated with curled ostrich feathers, twisted at the ends; the interior of the brims are decorated with small tufts of *marquerites*, honeysuckle, lilacs, and violets. *Epis* of straw-coloured *chenille*, and points composed of the beards of *marabouts*, are also employed for the interior of brims. We may cite, among the most elegant novelties of the month, bonnets composed of white curled *péluche*; the exterior is trimmed with *coques* of the same material placed on one side of the brim, the interior of which is ornamented with a wreath of *coques* of a much smaller size, which completely encircles the face: the effect is singularly pretty and becoming. We may cite also, as remarkably elegant, *velours épinglé* bonnets of different colours: some adorned with a full *panache* of small white feathers; others with party-coloured willow plumes.

CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.—The many elegant models which we have already given of the former, leave us no other observations to make upon them, than the great increase of fur trimmings. Of course these are principally sable, but chinchilla and grey squirrel are also partially adopted. Sable fur shawls are worn, but not so much so as we might have expected. Cashmere are more in request than they have been for several winters past: their very large size, as well as their uncommon beauty, makes us not wonder at the preference given them.

MORNING DRESS.—*Peignoirs* have lost nothing of their vogue. The materials for them are cashmere, *mousseline de laine*, and *foulards*. The colours are always quiet, without being very dark. *Peignoirs* are lined and wadded, plaited behind, and without seams in front; they are trimmed in the shawl style, either with velvet, *péluche*, or *gros de Naples*. The sleeves are demi large to the wrist, which is confined by a band; we have seen a few, but indeed very few, with the sleeves quite tight. *Peignoirs* are always open in front, and the under dress, either of muslin or cambric, is trimmed with embroidered flounces.

ACCESSORIES TO MORNING DRESS.—One, with which even our young married *belles* will not dispense, is a *petit bonnet*, always composed of muslin beautifully embroidered, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. A good many also are made without borders, or any kind of trimming; but the exquisitely beautiful manner in which they are embroidered gives them an elegant appearance, and amply makes up for the want of any other ornament; where they are bordered with lace, ribbon is generally used, but always very sparingly. A cambric *chemisette*, or *fichu-chevalière*, the latter trimmed with a narrow frill, edged with lace, and a small square collar, the latter confined round the throat by a black or dark blue satin cravat; cambric cuffs. Lastly, a rich silk cord and tassels, which serves as a *ceinture*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON EVENING DRESS.—Velvet is in the greatest vogue for robes, always fashionable at this season of the year; it is now more so than ever. We shall cite, as among the most elegant, those of azure blue, trimmed with a deep *blonde* lace flounce, looped in festoons by red roses, forming a demi wreath above each festoon; the roses are of a small size, and diminish gradually from the centre to the extremities of the half wreath. This is an exceedingly elegant

as well as novel style of trimming. Other robes, composed of velvet of different colours, are trimmed with two deep falls of English point lace, disposed *en tablier*; they are headed with a twisted *rouleau* of gold or silver ribbon, according to the style of the jewellery, and terminate at the bottom in a *coquille*, to which a knot of ribbon is attached. Several velvet dresses, particularly those of full colours, as the deeper shades of red, are made to open upon apricot-coloured satin petticoats; the latter ornamented with a deep flounce of point lace. The *corsage* of the robe is made *à la Chatelaine*, and trimmed with a band of ermine divided *en V* on the front; the round of the robe is encircled with a deeper band of the same costly fur. We may cite also several robes of Pekin, particularly those of rose colour, opening in the Pompadour style, over an under dress of white satin; a double row of lace ornaments the opening, and is continued on the *corsage*, which it falls over so as to form a double *colletette*. We must not forget light blue cashmere dresses, certainly among the most elegant of the month; the *corsages* are made *à la grecque*; and the short, full sleeve looped over the bend of the arm by an *agraffe* of fancy jewellery. The *corsage*, and also the border of the skirt, is beautifully embroidered in blue silk and silver thread. It will be seen by our plates, as well as our observations, how very rich this month is in evening dresses; for we have seldom been able to give so many elegant models of them.

BALL ROBES.—Those of blue crape are very numerous; they are worn over white satin under-dresses. The *corsages* draped *à la Sevigné*, or *à la Tyrolienne*, the draperies ornamented in the centre and on the shoulders with white roses. Short sleeve of the double *bouillon* form, with a rose between the *bouillons*; the skirt is looped high on one side by a full knot of white satin ribbon, in which a *bouquet* of white roses is placed. Several of the most admired *tulle* robes are of a delicate shade of pink, trimmed with two rows of small *têtes de plumes* to correspond, and surmounted by a row of silver cord. Some of white *tulle*, trimmed *en tablier* with cherry-coloured velvet flowers are much admired, and have certainly a novel as well as elegant effect.

BALL HEAD-DRESSES are generally of hair, variously decorated. We perceive that the alteration in the style of hair-dressing progresses but slowly; the hinder hair is raised very little since last month; but we think that a cluster of ringlets escaping from the knot, is more generally adopted. No alteration has taken place in the dressing of the front hair. Ringlets are rather more in vogue than bands. Flowers are the ornaments most generally employed for ball head-dresses, unless in *grand parure*, for which they are also employed; but not so generally as feathers and jewellery. A wreath of exotics called *guirlande mauresque* has just appeared, and is likely to be much in favour.

JEWELLERY.—The most remarkable articles are pins and bracelets, called *Algériens*; the pins have large heads, composed of diamonds, gold, or coloured stones, and with small cords and tassels, the latter composed of either pearls or small diamonds suspended under the head of the pin; the bracelets are of gold, and fasten at the side by *nœuds* and tassels; these bracelets have a pretty, and, we must add, a coquettish effect, because, from their make, they must, at every movement of the arm, draw attention to it. Another novelty of a very pretty kind is the *Brinwilliers*, a gold smelling-bottle, richly chased, and sometimes set with gems; it is suspended by a gold chain, from a gold or jewelled hook attached to the *ceinture*. The name is certainly in very bad taste, being that of the infa-

mous woman executed in Paris for poisoning people during the reign of Louis XIV: the trinket is said to be copied from one she wore.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are the same as last month.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BALLS AND SOIRÉES succeed one another so rapidly that our fair fashionables have hardly time to think of out-door dress. This is, indeed, the season for parties, but they are now more than usually numerous and brilliant, on account of the distress which the late terrible inundations have caused in the provinces; every means that charity and ingenuity could suggest, have been tried in Paris to repair as much as possible those dreadful disasters; and among others, balls and plays given for the benefit of the sufferers; these have not been among the least productive, nor can we wonder at it; people never enjoy themselves so much, as when they contribute to the happiness of others, and many are the desolate hearts which these *fêtes* have caused to rejoice. But we must not enlarge upon this topic, lest it should lead us to encroach upon the space allotted to us by the Editress for our *modes*. Let us see, then, what we find most remarkable in

MORNING CONCERT COSTUME.—It is always of the half-dress kind, but in the most elegant style of half-dress. The materials of robes are cashmere, velvet, and satin: we have given some of the forms in our plates; others, have the *corsage* made high behind, but sloped a little in the centre at the top, so as to form almost a point, without, however, being very open; it is tight to the shape, and pointed very moderately at bottom; the sleeves may be termed a new version of the *gigot*, but with this difference, that they are quite tight on the shoulder, and a little way below it; they then assume a moderate degree of fulness, which continues about half-way down the front arm, from which the sleeve gradually narrows till it becomes quite tight as it approaches the wrist: we cannot say that this sleeve is absolutely new, and yet it certainly has a novel effect; the trimmings of these dresses vary; some have no garniture round the border, but have the *corsage* ornamented with a very small and costly lace *fichu*, we suppose we must call it; its form is, indeed, between a *fichu* and a *berthe*; it is narrow, pointed, attached upon the *corsage*, but not covering the bust, and with the ends crossing in the centre of the bosom. The sleeves are finished by very deep pointed lace cuffs to correspond, the point rising high in the centre of the arm. Another very prevalent style is a *corsage à la Vierge*, ornamented with a succession of rows of fancy trimming, placed *en V*, as high as the bosom, but gradually increasing in size as they approach the top, each corner of these ornaments is finished by a small beautifully wrought lozenge button; the sleeve is tight, with a *mancheron* drawn in, in close folds at the top, looped in front of the arm by a cord and tassels, and edged with *éfilé*; the *mancheron* descends in a point sufficiently deep to reach the elbow, but not to pass below it; the border is trimmed with a deep flounce, edged with *éfilé*, and looped high on each side of the front by cords and tassels; we should observe that this latter style is adopted only for cashmere or satin dresses.

COIFFURES FOR MORNING CONCERTS are always half-dress *chapeaux* or *capotes*; and for these we cannot do better than refer to our plates, both of the last and present month:

we shall also cite some others, which our fair readers will find well worthy of their notice:—we shall mention particularly, the newly-introduced *chapeau* of dark grey velvet, trimmed with a willow feather, or one of emerald green; others of very light grey *velours épinglé*, trimmed with English point lace lappets, attached at the sides by small damask roses; there is great novelty, as well as taste, displayed in this last style of *chapeau*; lastly, the *chapeau resille*, which, though not exactly novel, our fair readers will recollect we mentioned it some time back, is just now excessively in request, they are always composed of either satin or velvet, with the brim covered with a net-work of *filet de soie*, which terminates in a tight lace of the same, round the edge of the brim; this pretty fancy is likely to retain its vogue during the remainder of the season: the most remarkable of the *capotes* are the pretty *demi-bibis*, of a very small size; advancing but very little over the forehead; they are composed of either velvet or *velours épinglé*, of light colours; the interior of the brim is either trimmed with a wreath of small flowers, without foliage, or with a very light small sprig, placed low down on each side; the exterior may either be ornamented by a lace lappet, so disposed as to form a kind of diadem on the crown, with the ends descending in floating *brides*; a wreath of flowers, encircling the crown, completes the trimming; or else a very rich fancy silk cord and tassels may be formed into a twisted *rouleau* at the bottom of the crown, ending in a knot at one side, with the tassels floating over the brim; a *bouquet* of spotted *marabouts* is inserted in this knot, they are always white and, spotted with the colour of the *capote*, and we should observe that the cord and tassels correspond.

ROBES DE SOIREEES.—A great number are composed of velvet, *velours épinglé*, *satin d'Afrique*, and black lace; the vogue of this last material seems, if possible, to increase; several are made with *corsages* very deeply pointed, and trimmed with a superb lace *mantilla*; the short sleeve is ornamented with a double row of lace, headed by a *râche*; it forms two round falls, and is looped by a flower; the border of the dress is usually trimmed with two *volans* of the same lace; *point d'Alençon* is in great vogue for these robes; it is also employed in another and very novel manner—that is, for scarfs, which are draped à l'*Ecosaise* on velvet robes. In speaking of velvet robes, we must not forget those of light colours, made with *manche à la Venetienne*, trimmed with *point d'Alençon*, and others of velvet of darker colours, ornamented with four rows of lace, laid flat on the sleeve in regular succession from the shoulder to the elbow. Black lace dresses are always worn over satin robes of light colours: we refer to our plates for an exquisite model of one of those dresses; others are made round, generally speaking, a little shorter than the under-dress, but not much. We have seen some of these latter trimmed with a single flounce of moderate depth, and headed by a *bouillonnée*, which is formed into puffs by small ornaments of cut ribbon, resembling stars placed at regular distances; the ribbon is always of the colour of the under-dress, but it is spotted with gold or silver in such very minute specks, that we can only describe them by the French word *sablé*, for the ribbon really appears as if it was sanded with the precious metal. Several robes, composed of light-coloured satins are made open, à la *Lithuanienne*, in front, and displaying a rich white satin under dress; the *corsages* of these dresses are cut in a very delicate and becoming manner, displaying just enough of the neck to have a dressy appearance; they are trimmed with narrow lace, laid on full: the sleeve is a *manche moyen-âge*, of a large size;

it is trimmed, as is also the round of the dress, with a very rich fringe, the colour of the robe, intermingled with white.

COIFFURES DE SOIREEES.—There appears to be a perfect mania for those of the historic kind, and our most celebrated *modistes* have introduced, or rather re-produced, a very great number of them; it is true that their versions are generally very much modified from the originals of which they bear the name, but they still preserve considerable resemblance to their models, and the modifications are made with great taste and judgment; those most in request are the *Gabielle d'Estrées*, *Diane di Poitiers* *Seigné Marie Tonchet*, and above all, *Marie Stuart*. But these head-dresses, elegant as they are, divide the vogue with *coiffures de fantaisie*; we may place in the first line, the *petits bords*; then come the *coiffures*, composed of *coques* of ribbon, lace lappets, and flowers; nothing can be prettier, or more original, than the style in which a half-wreath of the latter is placed on the summit of the head, terminating, on each side, in a small light *gerbe*, which droops over a floating *barbe* of lace. A different style of head-dress, and one admirably adapted to an arch and animated countenance, is a small coloured velvet cap; its form is a *calotte*, or, in plain English, a skull-cap; it is always embroidered in silk and gold thread, is placed on one side, and ornamented with a light *marabout*, the *barbes* of which droop upon, and mingle with, the ringlets of the front hair; the effect of this style of *coiffure* upon a countenance, such as we have described, is positively bewitching.

FANCY BALL DRESS continues much as usual at this season. We have various national costumes, modified according to the taste of their fair wearers. There is also a very great tendency to revive the modes that were fashionable in the middle of the last century, but they are only adopted for masqued balls. Those costumes that may be decidedly called fancy ones, are some of them very pretty; we may cite among the most remarkable, those composed of a white or coloured satin petticoat, trimmed with a fancy border, either of stamped velvet, or embroidered satin; the *corsage* is always composed of velvet, and of a colour strongly contrasted with that of the petticoat; black ones are in great favour: it is cut low round the bosom, without any point at the bottom, and laced both in front and behind; the lace is frequently of gold cord, and terminated both at top and bottom by small tassels. The sleeves are always of the colour and material of the petticoat, they may either be made quite tight to the arm, and finished with a fancy border, but of a smaller size than that of the petticoat, or else they are full, the fullness looped by tassels; in either case they are very short. The *coiffure*, always *en cheveux*, is ornamented in a very simple style, either with flowers or ribbons; there is often a good deal of taste and originality displayed in the manner in which the latter are interwoven among the tresses of the hair. For costumes of a magnificent style, there is nothing comparable to that we have given under the title of *costume à la Sultana*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Books and Music, for review, are requested to be forwarded, addressed to the Editress of the *World of Fashion*, at the Office, 299, Strand.

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VOL. 18.

CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

We have to commence this number with a very important announcement to our readers; it is—A CHANGE IN THE ADMINISTRATION. We beseech of our fair, our kind and gentle Patronesses, not to be startled by such a piece of intelligence; for we do not refer to politics, and have nought to do with parties in the state. Our "World of Fashion" is like another Laputa, and sails far away and above the gross and "earthy" passions, or the mean resentments, that faction carries with it, and that mere political predilections are, we are told, sure to engender. That which we have to publish as a fact is much more important than the mere change of names in the "London Gazette" as to those who are, or are not, of the Cabinet of our gracious Sovereign. Our change is one that will be felt in the west, and spoken of in the far east; for it is a change that affects not merely the happiness of the better half of mankind; but it is still more important, as it is most interesting to "the better half" of "the better half of mankind." It is, in short, a change in the administration of the affairs of this magazine; it is the retirement of one lady Premier or Editress, and the accession of another. What, we ask, can be more vitally interesting than this—to our readers? What, to the public generally? for ours is not the cause of party, but of the human race; and upon our due and proper regulation of that which will minister to the gratification of the gentler sex, depends much of the happiness of those, whose smiles carry bliss with them, and whose eyes shed rays of affection more brilliant, more precious, although not so rare, as the diamonds with which they choose to adorn themselves.

It may be seen from this, that we can change an administration, and yet have nothing to do with politics. We disavow them, because ladies in their private life, as in their dresses, discard them. In this respect we may remark, that we are far superior to our great-great-grandmothers, of whom it is told, we think, by Addison, in one of his papers, that, in the public theatre, the politics of a lady might be known by the manner in which she arranged her patches: the Tory ladies, we suppose, then wearing them on one cheek, and the Whigs upon another. Thank Heaven! we have fallen upon better days: for our Magazine is like to the ball-room in Buckingham Palace, where all ladies are welcomed; all find their wishes anticipated; all discover their pleasures promoted, and this without any distinction, as to whether their fathers, husbands, or brothers belong to the ministry, or rank themselves on the benches of the opposition.

VOL. 18.

In this, as in all other respects, "The World of Fashion" is, and, we may add, has ever been, the humble imitator of that propriety and precision, of which "fashion" signifies the exquisite perfection, and of which Her Majesty is the model. Ours is in truth the only, and the real, organ of Queen Victoria. We tell that which is interesting to the first lady in the empire, and therefore must be most interesting to those who would arrive at excellence by becoming HER imitators. Each succeeding number of ours is an "Extraordinary Gazette" announcing mutations in dress, changes in fancy, improvements in taste. The alteration then in the guidance of such a periodical as this is most important.

In taking upon ourselves the editorial functions we shall not imitate the example of a House of Commons' Speaker, who commences his duties by praising his predecessor and descanting on his own unworthiness. We permit it to be supposed that we have said everything that is kind, courteous, and complimentary of the lady who has "vacated the chair," and we now take up our pen to declare to our readers, as if what we were about to inscribe were written in a bond, that—we will do our utmost to please them.

In order that we may attain this most desirable object—the pleasure and gratification of our readers—we mean, in addition to our light tales, which like gossamers shall be before "ladies' eyes," full of brilliancy, dazzling with sunshine, warm with the cheerfulness that keeps their tiny threads together, and airy as the gentle breeze that wafts them—we are determined (like women as we are) to make our male friends contribute to our amusement; and therefore, not only shall Spain send forth again its ancient chivalry, Italy render up its romance, France its courtesy and its *diablerie*, Germany give out its mysticisms and its wild imagery; but the good old Latin writers shall yield up from their withered rolls all that is gallant, graceful, and loveable. In this respect we trust that our pages shall be like to an attractive exhibition of fruits and flowers, where nothing is to be seen but that which is beautiful, and nought can reach the senses, but that which is odorous, grateful, and refreshing. And, if we may carry the simile still farther, we shall endeavour to accomplish this in such a manner, that, while our readers are like the visitors to such an exhibition, enjoying the beauties, and admiring the taste with which each article has been arranged, they will never think that, to make up the collection, there were required from the horticulturists such long and careful tending, and such incessant watchfulness.

To our readers then we say, may the gratification be all theirs; the labour, the toil, and the anxiety, we are content

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should be confined to ourselves. Our hope is, that we may please; our reward will be, to find that we have done so.

Il credere, doune vaghe, è cortesia
Quando colui che scrive, o che lavella
Passa essere sospetto di bugia,
Per dir qualcosa troppo rara e bella.

BELINDA.

THE HAPPY MANIAC.

A TALE FOUNDED IN FACT.

"Pregunto el Cura al Duque, si era possibile saber la causa de su melancolia, porque sin duda de una legua se echava de ver que estava triste."—*Novela de la Senora Cornelia.*

"Sir Frederick," said a livery servant, opening the door of the *salle à manger* in one of the finest houses in a particular street of the many streets of palaces that lead off from Belgrave Square.

"Sir Frederick," again was repeated by the servant to a man about forty years of age, but whose snow-white hair, wrinkled cheeks, and pale and withered countenance, gave to him a look of senility, of which the face of many a hale man of seventy is destitute. He looked up at the servant as if unconscious that he had been addressed. Perceiving, however, the man to remain still in the room, he nodded his head to him, as if it were his desire that he should proceed.

"Sir Frederick," continued the servant, "there is a gentleman below who wishes to speak to you."

"Say, I am not at home—that I am sick—anything—but I can see no person. Admit no person, think of, talk of, speak to no one. Go!" and as he said this his eye chanced to rest upon the card that his servant still held extended towards him on a gold salver. "What *Glenthorne* can it be? My own, my old, my only, and my constant friend? Admit him instantly." And as he said this, his attendant, for the first time, saw his master smile, and beheld him, to his still greater astonishment, bound with joy about the room. He retired in amazement, and, in a few minutes afterwards, Sir Frederick Creed, and his old friend the Viscount Glenthorne were locked in each other's arms.

The friends had not seen each other for years. They had parted when both were young, and both were happy. They were separated from each other at college; Sir Frederick to succeed to an immense property; and his friend to travel over the continent, and to make a journey, which he undertook almost alone and unattended, from St. Petersburg to China. He had not effected it in safety; for he was made a captive by one of the barbarous tribes through whose lands he had attempted to penetrate; and it was not until the Russian expedition to Khiva, that he had been able to obtain his liberty. He was but one evening returned to England, and, before he sought out his own relatives, he wished to see his friend, and learn how time had passed with him, and whether life had brought with it its usual joys and its inevitable sorrows. He asked these things, and it was in the course of a few hours that he learned all that we are going to detail, and which we put in a connected form, and unbroken by the constant expressions of sympathy that were given utterance to by his friend.

"Yes," said he, "my dear Glenthorne, you see me now an old, a miserable, a heart-broken man. Oh! would that I were

mad again; for in my insanity alone did I find supreme happiness. But I perceive that you stare at me; that you wonder any creature can be so fallen, so low, and so desperate, as to pray for madness as a relief to his sufferings; but I *do so*; it is my only chance of peace in this world; and as to the next, I will not, whatever be my sufferings, seek to anticipate its doom. I may be, as I have been, sorely tried; but I never can be a felon suicide: not even the most dire distraction could drive me to that. Still, I say to you, I wish I was mad, and afflicted with the same species of mania with which I was visited this time ten years. It was cruel, it was base, it was unkindly in the physicians ever to have cured me of it! Again you look at me with astonishment. Listen to me, and then you will be no longer surprised:—

"From my earliest days my affections were fixed on the innocent, the graceful, and the beautiful Alicia de Clare. She was my adoration when a boy; my love, as a youth; my wife, my beloved, my doatingly affectionate wife, as a man. The first use that I made of the free possession of my property, was to tender to her my hand; for, until then, on account of some foolish prejudice of my father, occasioned by her religion, I could not do so. I sought her for my wife, and I was, with all the frankness that was innate to her, at once accepted. I knew I should be so; for I believed, and still believe, that she never thought of another, as her husband, but myself. We were married. Oh, my poor dear Glenthorne, how happy, how supremely happy, we were! I loved her with an intensity of affection, which none but the virtuous, who are married, can experience, and who have but one mind, one heart, and one wish. Field sports had no longer any charms for me, and London was alone endurable, because, at Court or in private parties, the loveliest amongst the most beautiful was my wife. I gazed upon her, and I listened to her praises with a pride which no flattery, if directed to myself, could fill my heart with a millionth part of the pleasure I received.

"Thus did we pass six short years—to me they were as so many minutes together—when, at length, my beloved presented me with a daughter. It was an angel, like its mother; not as handsome, but nearly so; and it had all her gentleness, and her innocent gaiety of disposition, which never yet found expression in that which a misjudging world names wit; but that called by its true designation is sarcasm or ridicule.

"My child grew up until it was nine years of age, and then, scarletina spread like a pestilence over the land. It visited us in our mansions—and in the cottages of the poor; it made poverty feel that there is a greater woe, and a greater sorrow, than the mere absence of the gross necessities of life. I cannot dwell upon this. My child sickened: she had been playing with us in the morning—in the evening they *told* us, as we gazed upon her—that she was dead! I saw my wife fall. I thought I heard her head crash as she fell, and I fancied I heard them say, she was dead too!

* * * * *

"I can recollect no more but this: that in a few days afterwards I opened my eyes, and saw my wife standing by the side of the bed. She was thinner, paler; more melancholy too was in her face than usual. Oh! how my heart panted with joy when I saw her; for I then recollected what *had* happened. I endeavoured to stretch out my arms to her; but I found that the malady with which I had been afflicted made me moveless. I was however able to speak to her, and I asked after our child. She beckoned with her hand, and I saw our little Agnes glide, as if she had been a fairy, to her mother's side,

and both smiled upon me. 'Thank God! thank God!' I exclaimed, 'it was but a horrid dream.'

'Do you speak. Sir Frederick?' said my medical adviser, who was on the other side of the bed.

'I do, doctor,' I replied; 'I thank you too for your care of me. I am sure I must have been very ill.'

'You were indeed, sir; but now I expect to see you able to rise again; that which, until this moment, I had despaired of.'

"At this moment I heard what sounded to me like a muffled knocking in the next room, as if persons were doing that which they were afraid I should hear. 'What noise,' I asked, 'is that?'

"The doctor burst into tears. The question was again repeated by me, and he said, 'I wish you had not heard it. They are fastening up the coffins of your dear lady and her child.'

"I turned round, and there I beheld my beloved wife and my child smiling upon me; I might almost say laughing, but that I could hear no sound.

'Why, doctor,' I exclaimed, 'how can you talk such folly? my wife is not dead.'

"Alicia nodded her head at me, and her daughter clasped her arms around her waist.

'Nor my child either.'

"Little Agnes also nodded her head, as if to intimate to me I was perfectly right.

'Alas, alas!' exclaimed the doctor; 'this is indeed the height of affliction!'

'What,' said I, 'that I have both my wife and my child to love me, as they have ever done.'

'And so they will,' he observed; 'but it is in heaven.'

'Aye, and many a long year before then, on earth. But stop that noise, I tell you; it annoys me, and it vexes my wife and child.'

"At this instant the dull noise ceased, and there was a movement; while some of my friends, dressed in mourning, came and looked into my room. The instant my dear Alicia and her child saw them they ran and hid behind the head of the bed; and, as I perceived the sight of strangers annoyed them, I said nothing, but let my relations and friends look on. They seemed as if they were weeping, and then, gazing upon me for a moment, they turned away, shaking their heads.

'Come, Agnes! come child!' I said in a cheerful tone, when I saw the door closed after them. 'Come, and let me look on your sweet faces again!' and instantly they appeared radiant with smiles.

'Ah!' said the doctor, 'if you go on this way you will be declared mad.'

'Mad!' I cried out; 'why so I am mad; I have always been mad in love, with the maiden of my earliest love, and her baby. Why not continue so, when I see them so happy?'

"And, as I spoke, they both skipped for joy around the room. The doctor again stared at me; he wiped his eyes, and rushed out of the room. I felt all my strength return as he did so; and, bounding out of the bed, I told Agnes and Alicia I wished to walk abroad, and that they should accompany me. They ran from me for an instant, and then returned fully dressed for a promenade.

"I slipped down stairs with them, telling them it would surprise the servants so much, to find that we had gone out without giving them any notice of our return. They both laughed at the whimsical idea, and we walked into Belgrave Square, and from thence we made our way into Hyde Park. I was so happy to have them again along with me; and it made me still more

happy to perceive what universal notice we attracted. It was not unusual to find my Alicia and our child attract such universal attention. I could perceive several pointing at me particularly; but I conceived that it was because they envied me, as the husband and the father of two such very lovely creatures. I even met some of my friends: they shook me by the hand most warmly; and, although they had seen my wife and child a thousand times before; (when were we ever separated?) yet they did not seem to take any notice of them; and, what astonished me most of all was, that to my smiles and jokes they only replied by tears or loud groans. This astounded me; but then I looked in the faces of the loved ones, and I was happy; oh, most happy! But as I walked along thus, exciting universal observation, I was overtaken by my friend the doctor: he was in a carriage, and he invited me to come to him. I turned to my Alicia and her little one, and I asked them, were they willing to accompany me. They nodded assent; and having desired my friend to make room, we mounted, and in a few moments were conveyed to a large house, where I saw a strange man, who was introduced to me as the celebrated Doctor——. I had heard of such a person as having a lunatic asylum, and being celebrated for the cures he had effected. He ordered me to be put in a strait waistcoat. I protested against the violence that was done. I saw my wife and child weeping bitterly, and this made me but the more furious. They then bled me; and, as the blood flowed from my veins, I saw the figures of my wife and child become thin, vapoury, and shadowy. At last they were an almost imperceptible mist, that I could see through—their garments vanished away—their faces became transparent, and at length I could only see their smiles; and then all was darkness—I fainted.

* * * * *

"I had been mad, and I was recovered; recovered, as I am now, to curse existence, to hate the reasoning faculties, and to pray for madness again."

* * * * *

A few months passed after this conversation, and Lord Glen-thorne was the chief mourner at the funeral of Sir Frederick Creed, who was at length restored to his beloved wife and child.

B. H. H.

A LOVER'S REQUEST.

Pluck for me a wild flower, while yet it is showing
Its dew-sprinkled breast in the first sunbeam glowing;
And though it may fade ere its bloom I can view,
Yet will it be sweet, as 'twas sigh'd on by you.

Then visit the spot where the stem lingers only,
As it droops for the flower, all forsaken and lonely;
And think—oh! but think, with a feeling like mine,
Thus united we'd flourish, thus sever'd we pine.

And send me a tress of that dark hair, nor let
Aught of perfume be pour'd on its soft glossy jet;
But, oh! let a tear on the ringlet be shed,
To show you yet mourn the joys that have fled.

INANIA VITÆ.

I saw them at the altar stand,
 A noble, high-born pair :
 The wealthy of the land stood round ;
 I saw them in their care !
 And I saw them in their beauty,
 Their children by their side,
 Who bloom'd like lovely flow'rs at morn,
 Their parents' hope and pride !

Their children faded, one by one,
 Into the silent tomb !
 All, all ! had gone, and sorrow reign'd
 In their once happy home !
 I saw the lily on the brow—
 The bloom that beauty gave—
 Fade fast away ; no friend was there :
 I weep now o'er their grave !

EDWIN EDDISON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
X. MARMIA.

I languish, dear mother ! but, clasp'd to thy breast,
 My suff'rings I lose, and sink calmly to rest ;
 But, ah ! I do grieve when I hear those deep sighs,
 And gaze on those pale cheeks, and tear-bedimm'd eyes ;
 For mother, dear mother, I now plainly know,
 'Tis I cause the sorrow that's stamp'd on thy brow.

But, oh ! I entreat, weep no longer for me,
 Though this cold, heartless world no more I may see ;
 Yet, when in soft slumber I peacefully lie,
 What bright visions of glory I view in the sky !
 While an angel so fair, so transcendently bright,
 Invites me with smiles to those blest realms of light.

Now flutt'ring in air, how his wings they unfold,
 And his brows they are crown'd with a chaplet of gold !
 All his looks bear the impress of peace from above,
 And are radiant with purity, hope, joy, and love ;
 While he throws me a wreath of far lovelier flowers
 Than ever yet bloom'd on this dull earth of ours.

Then mother, dear mother, thou know'st I must die
 Before I can reach my bright home in the sky ;
 But weep not ; for, though I must go far from thee,
 In the regions of love, oh, how blest I shall be !
 Farewell, then, farewell ! I no longer can stay ;
 For the angel has call'd me—still calls me—away.

THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN.
A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."—*Shakspeare*.

PART THE FIRST.—THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

He who has travelled on the high road of Lusa, cannot but have remarked that in the midst of that species of gulph that

opens on the right side of Mount Cenis, there are erected some few very small cottages, thatched with straw, and that look so tiny and so frail, that they seem to tremble when exposed to the rude blasts of the north wind. It may be affirmed, that in the spot where they are located, the sun never gilds the rocks with his rays, and that the only appearance of animation that is given to the scene is that conveyed by the dull monotonous brawling of a brook, that seems to be enclosed in the mountains, and with difficulty forces its way into the lower regions of the plain. The ice and the snow constitute the sole covering of these steep rocks, and the barren earth is more ungrateful to the tiller than the rugged lands of Switzerland. It is desolate, but there is about it not one single feature, of grandeur ; it affrights the spectator, but does not fill his mind with awe. Such is the Novelese.

It was upon a certain evening in the year —, that there were observed upon one of the narrow and steep paths of the Novelese, two mules ; they advanced with apparent difficulty. There was seated upon one of them a very old man, and in his looks might be remarked the pleasure with which he contemplated the barren prospect that was before him. Its sterility did not affright him by its wildness, and desolation seemed to be an enjoyment to him. Upon the other mule, there was a very young maiden, clothed in white, and whose limbs seemed to be frozen by the cold and freezing blasts that she encountered. She cast no glance around her ; she seemed to be a stranger to the country through which she was passing, and its novelty had evidently no charms for her. These two were preceded by one individual, who was clad like a rustic, and over whose shoulders were cast the rough skin of a bear. Just as the travellers appeared, dark and reddish clouds covered Mount Cenis, and at the same time, a thin cold rain began to fall. The mules continued to advance, and their sweet-sounding bells were heard, until, at length, they stopped before a cottage, from which there soon issued an old woman, supported on the arm of a strong and athletic mountaineer. The old man then alighted, and he instantly went to help the maiden from her mule. The delicate creature was so exhausted, either by grief, or so transfixed by cold, that she could not move from her pillion, and they had to carry her in their arms, into the cottage.

"Rachel !" exclaimed the old man, "Rachel, my daughter, thou art now suffering ; but the Lord will have mercy on thee. Hath he not delivered us out of the hands of Pharaoh ? Hath he not given us to drink of fresh water, even in the arid sands of the desert ? I have saved thee, thee, my beloved one, from the snares of Ammon. Lift up then thy head thou child of Israel."

The maiden made no answer ; but she turned her eyes from the brook to the high summit of the Alps, and shuddering, affrighted, panting with grief, she showed in her look, and in her attitude, that she was about to fall into a paroxysm of despair ; but then, in a moment afterwards, an idea, as if it were vague, obscure, and half-formed, seemed to come to her mind ; it warmed her cheeks with blushes ; her eyes shot forth brilliant glances ; and her soft, low, and musical voice pronounced the single word, "Louis." It was uttered with a charm so ineffable, that as the Jew listened to it, his hands were clenched as if in agony, and the hoarse growl of despair was heard to issue from his lips, as if torture alone had forced it from his heart.

In the small cottage, which had received the Jew and Jewess as guests, there might be observed an air of the greatest neatness. Two lovely infants played close to the fire, and, as they did so, they eagerly tried to bring warmth into the limbs of the

hapless Rachel. Her father, Solomon, took the young mountaineer to a dark recess in the cottage, and then the two were seen to converse in whispers for a very long time.

The remainder of the day was passed in sighs, in tears, in counsels, in expostulations. The wild air of the rough mountaineer contrasted strongly with the appearance of all else that was in the cottage; and it might be noticed, that every time the harsh tones of the mountaineer's voice were heard, a cold shivering made the white robes of Rachel tremble, as if the wind had blown upon them.

The last rays of the sun had already cast a crown of gold upon the pinnacle of Mount Cenis, when Solomon Levi again disappeared in the passes of the Novelese, for the purpose of proceeding to Susa, from which conveyances can easily be procured to Turin.

PART THE SECOND.—THE ASSASSINATION.

Already a cruel month of feverish expectation had passed away. It was gone before Louis, who loved the Jewish maiden so dearly, and by whom he was as tenderly beloved, could discover her retreat. He had, however, discovered the neighbourhood in which she was concealed; and, in order that his absence might not be remarked, he had stated to his attendants, that he intended for a few days to sport in the mountains. He set out then one fine morning, with his fowling-piece in proper order, and his horn well filled, and followed by two of his dogs. It is not necessary to say, what was the direction that he took, or what his thoughts, his hopes, his desires, and his wishes.

During that month—the month in which he was searching for her—how many days were there not of slow and cruel agony for Rachel! She, alas! had fallen into that species of paroxysm that, little by little, is sure to undermine health, and, eventually to destroy life. How often had the echo of these Cis-Alpine rocks repeated the beloved name of "Louis!" How often might the unfortunate maiden be seen, her hair scattered in disorder, and leaning as if from the summit of the mountain, and measuring with a haggard eye those abysses that Nature has dug out, as if they were so many vast graves yawning to engulf her?

Antonio, for thus was the mountaineer named, was, as if it were by a species of enchantment, always to be found near her, even in the moment of her greatest despair, and her most bitter sorrow. He placed himself between Rachel and every precipice that was beside her path; and then, looking at her, his hands clasped together, he seemed to supplicate her to live, and by a sort of smile which he gathered upon his lips, he appeared anxious to remove from his face all that was lowering, and to put off those fearful impressions that his coarse and savage voice were likely to excite. There was in the man something so strange, that it was easy to comprehend that some emotion stronger than that of pity characterised his conduct. Reared in the midst of the Alps, he had dreamed more than once of that happiness that steals on the soul, when one gazes in the face, and looks into the eyes of a beautiful maiden. He now felt it, but he dared not to tell to Rachel what were his feelings.

How could he, so low, so foul, so ugly, and so obscure, presume to look up to the loveliness and the brightness that invested her, and that followed in her footsteps; her beauty that, in such a situation, rose, like a resplendent vapour, from a dark, dark valley. But then, if he could not give free vent to his love, he could, at least indulge, in all its energy, and with all its strength, the hatred of

the Jew against Louis. He cursed Louis; he hated the very thought of Louis; and when that dreaded, detested name was uttered by the lips of Rachel, then did his horny hand grasp, with a firm, deadly gripe, the dagger fastened in his belt.

Solomon had charged this man to watch Rachel attentively; and the manner in which he executed this duty, showed that there was a stronger motive for his conduct than the mere desire to please the father. The state of the young girl gradually became worse; her sufferings daily were greater; and her heart was so full, that even the tears that she shed could bring to her no consolation, and in no wise assuage her sorrows. Like unto bodies deprived of life, and submitted to the voltaic battery, there was no positive electricity for her, excepting one—the name of the Christian that she adored. To her every thing else was a mass of confusion—senseless, charmless, graceless, cold, cold as ice. Already consumption, that disease as cruel and remorseless as it is insidious, had seized upon her, when Solomon, one day, came to tell her of the death of her mother, her excellent, her affectionate, her beloved mother; and yet, she remained, on hearing this, like to one who has been stricken by a thunder-bolt; broken down—nerveless—her eyelids drawn back—her breath stopped, and incapable of uttering a single word. The Jew wept as he clasped her to his heart; he endeavoured, but in vain, to reanimate her scattered spirits. He would have sacrificed all his fortune to save her from this frightful lethargy; but he would sooner have followed her bier, than wed her to a Christian. The hatred of fanaticism has no pity, no sensibility, no feeling, no remorse.

Time thus passed away, when, one fine evening, Rachel, sad and silent, walked along a narrow path that leads to the mountain of the Three-Lances. She had just reached a mass of shapeless marble, which witnessed the passage of the Alps, by Hannibal, when she suddenly stopped, and, raising her eyes to Heaven, she murmured forth sounds, that though they might be said to be inarticulate, still betrayed what was the secret of her heart. The noise made by the crackling of some wild plants, as they were crushed beneath the feet of some traveller, first drew her from the meditation in which she was plunged. She looked—a piercing cry came from her lips—she could not move—she had to lean for support against the block of marble. Louis the Christian was at the feet of the Jewish maiden.

How can one draw an exact picture of that interview? It was on the one side, as on the other, joy, the very delirium of delight, the intoxication of supreme happiness. There were questions without end, and there were answers that were perfectly incoherent. They were insane with love, and it was necessary for both to re-essay a thousand times that which both had a thousand times before repeated.

The moon had already begun to shed its beams through the thick foliage of the old oaks, and Rachel had not yet returned to the cottage! The mountaineer stood at the cottage door, and called her; but he called in vain. Never before that evening had she failed to answer him. He felt this, and then he bethought himself of the orders of the Jew, and of the fears which the father had expressed in their last interview. Instantly he determined to go in search of her.

Armed, according to the custom of the mountaineers of the Novelese, with a broad cutlass, he bounded over the rocky torrent, and he climbed the ascent of the Three Lances, with all the agility of a chamois-hunter. The only thing that broke the silence that reigned around him was the rustling of the branches as he rushed along. It was not until he had traversed a large portion of the mountain, that he thought he heard the

sound of voices, mingled with sighs. Then, and not till then, his pace was stealthy. He proceeded silently, and at last he was able to see that Rachel was not alone.

The dogs of Louis started up suddenly, and their loud and vehement barking could be heard far and near.

The two lovers, absorbed alike in their sorrow and their affection, seemed to be ignorant of all that was passing around them, when the mountaineer, who had contrived to conceal himself behind the block of marble, suddenly appeared, and it could be seen, foaming with rage, while his right hand brandished his cutlass, which he presented at the breast of Louis. A frightful struggle took place. Louis in vain endeavoured to make use of his fowling-piece; it was held by a more vigorous hand than his own, and, as he sought to free it from the grasp of the savage, he felt that he was wounded in the breast. He writhed with pain, and as he did so, the mountaineer's brawny arms grasped him as if he were a child, and bearing him to the edge of a deep abyss, hurled him down, the body crashing, crackling, and bursting, as it descended!

Rachel, clinging to the Mountaineer with all the energy that despair can give to weakness, sought also to precipitate herself into the gulph; but drawn back by the vigorous gripe of her lover's executioner, she was flung upon the bare face of the rock.

In a few moments afterwards, nought could be heard near the place where the lovers had met, but the howling of the dogs as they scented the blood of Louis.

PART THE THIRD.—THE UNJUST JUDGMENT.

It was in the middle of the month of November in the same year—, in which the transactions already detailed took place, that the Lords of Savoy were summoned by order of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, to examine into a case of great importance. It was in November that these senatorial Lords were to be seen seated upon their thrones of crimson velvet, whilst there was brought before them Solomon Levi, the Jew, accused of the wilful murder of the Count Louis.

These senatorial Lords seemed alike to forget their character as Christians and as judges, when they beheld the unhappy Jew, heavily ironed before them. It was indignation alone that animated them when they gazed upon the Israelite surrounded by his guards, and, by a sad combination of human prejudices, even the crowd that was collected in the Court, shuddered as the unhappy man passed through them, as if there were contamination in misfortune, and that a difference of creed could justify the obliteration of all traces of humanity. The accused was more calm, more cool, and more collected, than his judges, his accusers, or the auditory. He had that calmness that results from innocence and resignation.

Unfortunately for the Jew, he had arrived at the cottage, in which he sought a retreat for his daughter, upon the very evening that her lover Louis had been assassinated. Rachel, who had been carried thither by the fierce mountaineer, could not, when she arrived, recognise her father. She had lost her reason, and with it, the remembrance of the past. The Jew, however, observed that there were some drops of blood upon her dress, and, driven to despair, he asked what had occasioned this unlooked-for misfortune. The assassin stuttered out an explanation, namely, that he had found Rachel stretched at the foot of a rock, and at the same moment, he had remarked a hunter, who fled away through the passes of the mountain.

"Ah!" cried the Jew, "it was Louis—Louis, who must have discovered where I had hidden her, as I thought, from his sight;" and saying this, he turned to his daughter, and exclaimed, "Daughter of Jerusalem—gentle flower, whose tender head had been struck down by the tempest. I thought to have preserved thee pure from the Christian; I thought to have placed thee here as in a promised land, where thou mightest be saved from the hands of Pharaoh——." But he could not continue, so much was his soul afflicted by the cruel spectacle that he gazed upon. All that night he watched by the pillow of his daughter, and aided in his cares by the ancient female cotager. The mountaineer, on the contrary, hid himself in a corner of a cottage, keeping his blood-stained countenance carefully concealed beneath his cloak.

The next day Rachel had, in some degree, recovered her strength, and she was immediately removed to Susa, where the most watchful and tender cares were bestowed upon her. The same day, a shepherd, who was passing along the stream, discovered the dead body of Louis. It was frightfully disfigured from the fall; two dogs were resting beside it—the one seemed to be watching the first fatal wound that had been inflicted on his master, while the other was nestling close to that face, to which hitherto it had looked up with affection, and that had always repaid it with smiles.

In a few days afterwards, the Hebrew was arrested at Susa, and he was dragged from the arms of his daughter to be plunged into the dark cells of the senatorial prison. Many attempts were made upon the Jew to induce him to avow his guilt; but he withstood them with a firmness in which innocence when subjected to the agonies of the torture has often been found wanting.

At length, the Jew was taken from his prison to go through the forms of a trial, and to find that for one of his tribe there is no mercy. The sentence of the Judges was already determined upon, although the proofs were defective, and the witnesses could state nothing certain. All had been determined, even though Rachel was not yet able to utter a single word, and that her distraction was a negative proof of the innocence of her father. Her presence, however, in the Court was deemed necessary; and she, too, was brought to the bar to assist at this last sacrifice to injustice. At length, she appeared, and then pity—which seemed to have fled from the hearts of all—took possession of them, and asserted her supremacy. A murmur of compassion accompanied her on her way from the prison cell to the court-house. To look at her, so innocent, so pure, so completely thoughtless of self, and, dressed as she was, she looked in her white robes, contrasted with the blood-red robes of her Judges, like an angel in the midst of the flames of purgatory. The change produced by this apparition was terrible. The hapless Jew made a movement, as if he would approach to her, but the chains—the cruel chains—with which his arms were bound, would not permit him to open them, in order that he might clasp his child—his dear, his only child to his heart. He could not kiss his daughter, but his groans could be heard by every one, and still his Judges were moveless, passionless, heartless!

She was asked several questions, but to none did she give any answer. She only waved her hands, and made some unintelligible motions with her fingers.

The Judges then consulted for a moment, and the President arose to declare that they awarded the punishment of death to Solomon Levi, as one guilty of the wilful and deliberate murder of the Count Louis. Even as the sentence was pronounced,

a noise was heard at the lower end of the Court-house. Rachel shrieked, and then, with one bound, she was in the midst of the spectators, holding, as it were, with a grasp of iron, the mountaineer, who made many efforts to flee, and to disengage himself from her grasp.

"Here!" she shrieked out, "here—here is the assassin of the Count Louis—of my Louis! Ah, what has happened to me, wretched girl that I am? Methinks, I still see the dagger that this monster plunged into the heart of my beloved! I see the ruffians enclose my Louis in the embrace of death! I see the villain bear him towards the precipice! My Louis disappears,—and, now, all is darkness—all is obscurity—all is horror! My Louis fought valiantly, but this wretch—this miscreant—this tiger—drank his blood——" And as she uttered these words, the Jewess was seized with the convulsions of death. She fell in the midst of the crowded court. She lay stretched before the eyes of all, lovely, beautiful, but as destitute of all the powers of vitality as the full ear of corn that the sickle has just stricken down. When they raised her from the pavement, their hands were cumbered with a corpse.

On the 1st of January, in the year —, there was a large crowd collected around the principal gate of the city, for before it were erected two gibbets—one was for the Jew, and the other for the mountaineer.

FRANCIS C——.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.

We may have occasion hereafter to call the attention of our readers to some of those extraordinary women, who abjured the manners and cast aside the tenderness of their sex, in order that they might participate in the dangers, and acquire some of the glories that attach to the dreadful trade of war. For the present we content ourselves with the following fact, which we take from the latin historian, Strada; it is in the tenth book of his second Decad "*De Bello Belgico*:"—

"At this siege (Blenbeca, in the year 1589) there was found, by the spoilers of the dead, a woman who wore the uniform of the Royal Guards. The body was pierced with many wounds. Such had been her strength, and such her ferocity in conflict, attested too by the scar of many a wound, both on her face and person; that this individual was so little of a woman, that nothing but death itself could have discovered her sex."

It has never been ascertained what was the name, or what the history of the virago; and, by our translation, we rescue her from an oblivion to which otherwise she was destined.

WHERE HATH FLED THE DREAM OF BLISS?

Where now hath fled the dream of bliss, that heighten'd
To ecstasy each moment pass'd with thee?

'Tis gone, and with it every hope that brighten'd

My days, till thou, sweet girl, wert lost to me.

Th' unmanly tear that dims the page before me

Is not the first weak tribute I have shed,

Whene'er the agonizing thought came o'er me

Of thee, for whom this wither'd heart hath bled.

For, oh! the intensity of adoration

With which I lov'd, less fervid hearts might deem

Of Heaven's right an impious profanation;

Thou, thou, Heaven's brightest, loveliest gift did'st seem.

Have I then merited this wretchedness? to live

Without one ray of joy to break the gloom

Hanging in clouds above me. Oh! I'd give

Existence up with transport—the dark tomb

Were now felicity; for what is life?

'Tis worse than valueless, deprived of thee.

I, that so long had braved the hardy strife

Of the mind's independence against poverty;

I that, with heart unyielding, conquer'd ills,

Whose mere recital each kind eye-lid fills

"With drops which pity hath engender'd." Though I feel

And own myself unworthy charms like thine,

Which, bright and countless as the orbs that wheel

Their course through Heaven's expanse, do shine

Far, far above me; still I madly cling,

In hopeless misery to my love of thee;

Nor can the lapse of countless years e'er bring

Peace to this desolate heart. Ah, no! to me

The world must henceforth prove a desert; and although

A transient smile athwart my brow may gleam,

'T will, like the light on Etna's top, but serve to show

That fire doth rage within my bosom; for I deem

All happiness a cheat. The wretched slave,

Within Potosi's depths condemn'd to pine,

Whose only path to bliss lies through the grave,

Bears not a life more comfortless than mine.

Fortune, farewell! I cannot court thee now;

The smile that recompens'd that toil is gone!

Then to Heav'n's fiat let me meekly bow,

'Till my tir'd spirit to its rest hath flown;

And, oh! that spirit yearneth to depart,

Unfitted now the storms of life to brave;

For wounded feelings and a broken heart

Can find no refuge but an early grave.

CUPID TURNED MUSIC-MASTER.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK POET, BION.

Sweet Venus—while in sleep I lay—

To me appeared to wend her way,

And led along, in her fair hand,

An infant of the Cupid band;

The gentle goddess silence broke,

And thus, in soothing accents spoke,

"I pray thee, shepherd, teach for me,

This little boy thy minstrelsy."

She spoke and flew—I, madman, dared

To tell him what became a bard,—

I told him how the god had found

His reeds could vent melodious sound—

Minerva's pipe; the sea-shell's note,

Th' extatic sounds, that ever float

Around Apollo's cheap-bought lyre,

Whose strings sweet harmony suspire.

All these I told, and told in vain;

His ears would list not to a swain;

His lips lisp'd nought but songs of love,

And her, whose sigh all heav'n can move.

Then soon—oh! strange and wondrous lot,—
The teacher all his lore forgot—
The pupil now a master turns,
Tells o'er a task, which charms and burns,
And makes my pipe breathe but one tone,
And sing of love—sweet love alone.

M.

T O M A R Y.

Where art thou?—where art thou?—I've come o'er the sea,
To gaze once again, my dear Mary, on thee;
Each wild wave that speeded our onward career,
Was joy to my eye, and was song to my ear,
For it told me once more thy fair form I should see;
Then, Mary, where art thou?—where art thou from me?

Where art thou?—where art thou?—bright eyes I have met,
And love lit their glances of azure or jet;
And joy like the light of a dimly-seen star
Came down on my spirit, but misty and far;
For I read in their looks but the mem'ry of thee;
Then, Mary, where art thou?—where art thou from me?

Where art thou?—where art thou?—rich lips I have seen,
And breath'd the sweet perfume exhaling between;
And hung on the spells they have uttered the while,
And felt all my spirit dissolve in their smile;
Tho' I knelt at *their* shrine I was worshipping thee;
Then, Mary, where art thou?—where art thou from me?

Where art thou?—where art thou?—the summer is gone,
And autumn's soft twilights and shadows come on;
Love's music is now on the breeze—in the stream—,
And 'tis sweet as the spell of a passionate dream;
All—all is enchantment—breeze, streamlet, and tree;
Then, Mary, where art thou?—where art thou from me?

Where art thou?—where art thou?—nay, linger not now
To cheer my dark soul with the light of thy brow;
The shadows of earth o'er my spirit have roll'd—
Young hope's early blossoms lie wither'd and cold,—
Every hope, every wish is now centered in thee;
Then, Mary, where art thou?—where art thou from me?

JOSEPH.

THE PROOFS OF LOVE.

You ask me for a pledge, love;
But gaze upon my cheek,
And let its hues when thou art near
My heart's devotion speak.
Look on my dim and tearful eye,
My pale and rigid brow;
And list my wild unbidden sigh—
What need of pledge or vow?

You ask me for a pledge, love;
Some token of my truth;
Take then this flower, an emblem meet
Of woman's blighted youth!
The perfume of its wither'd leaves,
Triumphant o'er decay,
May whisper of my changeless love
When I have passed away!

What, yet another pledge, love!
Then mark me, while I vow:
By all this heart hath borne for thee;
By all it suffers now;
In grief or gladness, hope, despair
In bliss or misery;
I'll be what I have ever been
To thee, love—only thee!

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN.

By N. F. Zaba.

As this is a species of work which it is peculiarly proper for a periodical like ours to notice, we therefore depart from what has been the usual practice hitherto, in reviews of new works, with respect to it. "An Essay on Woman" is that species of book that must be most interesting to our readers; because, it may be said to be written *upon themselves*. In a ladies' magazine, any work, or even *brochure*, that refers especially to ladies, is deserving of a marked notice; and this we willingly accord to the author, Mr. N. F. Zaba, because he has written on a good subject in a kindly spirit, and with a master-hand. The intrinsic merits of this *Essay* are great; and those merits are rendered attractive to every class of reader, by the style, the spirit, and the genius with which they are not merely illustrated, but adorned.

The book of our author professes to be "An Essay on the Moral and Intellectual Powers in Woman;" and it is an essay so very fully composed, as to render any larger work on the same subject utterly unnecessary. It is a subject that, Mr. Zaba well remarks, "stands in close relation with the happiness of man;" and therefore it is one that is equally interesting, and alike important to both sexes. He proves most fully, clearly, and satisfactorily, that wherever woman has been degraded by the tyranny of man, the injustice has recoiled upon the head of her oppressor; and he is always found in such a situation to be brutalized, while, on the contrary, where the moral powers of woman have been venerated, and their intellectual qualifications admired, there society has soon learned to appreciate the arts of peace, and man's happiness has increased in proportion to the influence which woman acquired.

We coincide in all the opinions expressed in this *Essay*; and we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration at the research which Mr. Zaba has used, and we are delighted with the taste and tact with which that research is displayed. The anecdotes with which his little book abounds are collected from all ages, all nations, and all languages. We give, as specimens of them, the three articles appended to this review, and headed, "The Good Daughter," "A Heroine," and the "Women of Poland."

These show not only how well Mr. Zaba can write; but with what judgment he can select: for he has collected in his *Essay*

all that could be published with effect, and rejected all that might be misinterpreted. It is on this account that we would particularly recommend his book as one of the best prizes that could be given in our schools. We do not mean in ladies' merely, but also in boys' schools; for while they taught the former to emulate the virtues that are there placed before them, they would also teach the other sex to respect those of whom such unfavourable, and, in many instances, such abominable descriptions are given by the classical authors. The best antidote that we know for the atrocities of Juvenal, of Horace, and of Ovid, is this *Essay of Mr. Zaba*, as it will teach our youths to fix their minds on the charms, the excellent virtues, and the glorious gifts of those beings that a boy knows nothing of, but by the vitiating descriptions given of them in the authors that we have particularised. It is by respect for woman from his earlier days that man's life can be rendered more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy. This most desirable object *Mr. Zaba's Essay* is calculated to effect; and, being so, we hope to see it introduced into all our schools.

We cannot close these remarks without saying a few words of the author. He is (we may mention it without at all verging on the dangerous fields of politics) one who is now an exile for loving his country, "not wisely, but too well." He is too, in the truest sense of the word, "a gentleman," honourably and independently maintaining his station in England by his talents, and thereby serving the country that he has made for the time his home. He is, too, the Director of a most valuable establishment—"The Cadogan Literary and Scientific Institution"—where he frequently delivers lectures, that are regarded as the best amongst the very good submitted to the subscribers. It is impossible to hear of such a man, and not to esteem him; it is equally impossible to read the *Essays*, to which we now call attention, and not to respect him.

THE GOOD DAUGHTER.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Gliniski acquired great military reputation as an able general. By his having obtained repeated victories over the Tartars, whose incursions were so calamitous at that epoch, he enjoyed universal popularity amongst the Poles. Intoxicated with his brilliant successes, he forgot himself so far as to think that he might commit any crime with impunity. Having fostered a particular animosity against a family of the name of Zabrzszinski, he watched for a favourable opportunity of wreaking his vengeance upon them. The space of the interregnum occasioned by the sudden death of the King, appeared to his mind as the best time for the execution of his dark deed. He therefore surprised them in the night, and put them all to the sword. This atrocious and cowardly act roused the indignation of the people, and the known love of justice of the new King, Sigismund the First, left him no hope of eluding the severity of the law. He secured his safety by precipitate flight, and added crime to crime, by offering his services to the Czar of Russia, who took him to his favour, made him commander of his armies, at the head of which soon after he spread devastation in the province, of Poland, Lithuania. But lost, as he must have been, to every feeling of humanity, still attachment to his native country had a strong hold upon his mind. He could not brook well the idea of leading the troops of the inveterate enemy of his father-land. Finding himself besieged by the King of Poland in person, he began secretly to sue for pardon. These proceedings, although con-

ducted with the greatest precaution, did not escape the vigilance of some spies who surrounded him. It no sooner reached the knowledge of the Czar, than orders were given for his immediate arrest. Moreover, he was deprived of his sight, loaded with irons, and condemned to a subterranean dungeon for life. Dreadful as the fate of that miserable man was, he did not end his life without daily listening to a voice of consolation, poured forth from the tender heart of his only daughter, who, by assiduous application, obtained permission to follow him to the dismal solitude of his prison, where she remained for ten years. We need not make any comment upon that instance of the self-sacrifice of woman, it will find a lively echo in every parental heart; it will ever speak strongly to the affections of children. It has been also the favourite theme of many writers. The following is a fragment by a venerable poet of four-score years, still living, Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz, whose pen was chiefly devoted in celebrating national events:—

"In a dark, dreary dungeon, where the beam,
The gladdening beam of sun-light never shone,
Where from the dismal roof its little stream
Of twilight pour'd a pendant lamp;—alone
And conscience tortured—sat, to misery bound,
Gliniski—in victory and in crime renown'd.

His forehead years and grief had furrow'd o'er,
His gray hair hung disorder'd on his brow;
His bloody sockets saw the light no more;
Plough'd were his wasted cheeks with scars and woe.
He sat, and lean'd upon his hand:—his groans
Were echoed by the dungeon's gloomy stones.

With him his only child, his daughter fair,
A very gem of virtue, grace and youth;
She left the smiling world and the free air,
Her miserable father's woes to soothe;
Pleased in that fearful solitude to stay,
While life's young bloom fled silently away."

This beautiful poem is in the mouth of almost every Polish mother, thus instilling into their children, from their infancy, the abhorrence of crime and treachery, and admiration for filial devotion.

A HEROINE.

The memory of Madame Chrzanowska is highly respected amongst the Poles. She lived in the glorious times of John Sobieski. It was an epoch of the formidable effort of the Turks against the west of Europe, but the sword of Poland checked their progress. During one of their invasions, in conjunction with the Tartars, they laid siege to the castle of Trembowla, which was defended by a small garrison commanded by the husband of Madame Chrzanowska. The situation of the besieged was daily becoming worse, as numerous hordes of the enemy encompassed them on all sides, and cut off all communication with the country. Want of ammunition and provision began to wake despair in the breast of the Poles, the more so, as the prospect of relief was uncertain and distant. In so critical a moment a council of war was called to adopt measures against the impending danger—a capitulation was spoken of, and every mind was already reconciled to this hard necessity, when Madame Chrzanowska

suddenly appeared at their meeting, and with a voice indicating resolution and superiority, 'where is the man' exclaimed she, 'that prefers ignominious submission to death, in a cause of his native land?' then turning hastily to her husband, with the strongest affection in her looks, 'Oh, husband,' said she, 'if fortune forsakes you, and you have no more courage to defy the frowns of your ill fortune, I will not survive your shame; but before you commit any act of meanness, this dagger shall pierce both your heart and mine!' and here she lifted up her hand, armed with the glittering iron. Her words, like a thunder bolt, struck the members of the council—a deep silence prevailed; but the time of their transition from amazement to enthusiasm was quick; and, as one, they unanimously and spontaneously responded to her appeal, 'We shall die, rather than surrender.' Hope reanimated the drooping spirit of the little band; they made a sally out, and returned back with great success. In the meantime, John Sobieski approached with his main army, and thus the fort was saved by the patriotism and fortitude of a woman.

THE WOMEN OF POLAND.

The lingering perplexity they are subjected to, attends them as their constant companion—every knock at their doors seems to them to usher in a messenger of worse than death, for they tremble for the fate of their husbands, children, fathers, and brothers. But, in addition to their fears and bitter suspense of mind, they have to mourn the memory either of those who fell on the field of battle, or of those who wander in foreign climes, and they have to bewail the torturing existence of those who are sent to perish in the dreary mines of Siberia. Dreadful must be the condition of that country where all the links of endearment are broken! It is only the force of moral and religious consolation that can overbalance a pile of so many misfortunes; and Polish woman from such a noble source derives her fortitude. She is as great in adversity as she was in 1831, that memorable year for the mighty battles fought against despotism, and for their melancholy issue. The latter occasion allowed her to display the strength of her devotedness to a national cause, under the former she develops all the virtues of a Christian and a patriot. Both instances furnish numerous cases illustrative of the nobleness of her mind. When the Poles flew to arms, preferring to bleed at the shrine of freedom than to sleep in chains, she hastened with donations to enrich the national treasury, even divesting herself of her most valuable ornaments—she was seen on the field of every battle, offering assistance to those who had the misfortune to fall under the strokes of the enemy—she was seen in the hospitals, administering consolation to sufferers—she was seen without distinction of rank or age, with spades in their hands, toiling on the ramparts of Warsaw. Nay, she was seen in the ranks, facing all dangers, with the bravery worthy of a soldier. Miss Emilia Plater was the first who erected the standard of insurrection in Lithuania, an ancient province of Poland. She levied a regiment of cavalry at her own expense, at the head of which she took the field, and endured, with admirable enthusiasm, all the fatigues of the campaign. However, it undermined her health, she was seized by violent fever, and sunk into an early grave, which is one of those many scattered over the country that will speak more to the heart of the rising generation, than the art of language. The tombs of the defenders of the independence of Poland, will create new heroes; they are like relics sacred to

freedom and to humanity; they are beyond the reach of oblivion, as well as the cause they represent.

"Yes, in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay."

After the melancholy catastrophe of the struggle, when a great number of the Poles preferred rather to expatriate themselves than to trust to the clemency of the victor, woman revealed, on this occasion, all the grandeur of her soul. She appeared to be strongly impressed with the importance of the mission of those who exchanged the aspect of a bold warrior for the humble garb of a pilgrim, to roam homeless in a foreign land as victims to tyranny. She applied herself with indefatigable assiduity to collect all the resources of relief, to render her assistance useful to her countrymen. The generous actions of Madame Claudia Potocka are of a more interesting character than common benevolence. Her memory (for she died in 1836, in Geneva,) is enshrined in the grateful heart of her country, and will ever be held out to its daughters as a model of patriotism and of Christian virtues; but a simple narrative of a few facts will say more than the warmest eulogium. During her residence in Dresden, she presided over the society formed for the purpose of promoting the views of the refugees. Her attention was drawn to the unfortunate Polish soldiers, whose number amounted to more than four hundred, kept in severe confinement at the fort of Grudzionz, in Prussia. The reports concerning their situation was heart-rending; besides their harsh treatment, they were compelled to hard labour; nevertheless they repelled repeatedly the mock-amnesty proffered to them by the Russian government. Their persevering firmness at last determined the Prussian government to send them away somewhere to a distant land. America was spoken of—however, the day of their liberation was purposely delayed month after month, under the pretext of the shortness of means to defray the large expenses, which would necessarily be incurred for removing them, but in reality it was done in the hope of breaking down their spirit. Madame Claudia Potocka listened with intense anxiety to every conjecture afloat as to their fate. She learned that the money question was the only obstacle to their freedom—her finances happened to suffer a little embarrassment, but she never hesitated to exhaust all her resources when an opportunity presented itself for an act of benevolence. She sold her precious jewels, to the amount of forty thousand francs, and transmitted that sum for their benefit. Thus, she contributed much to the speedier enlargement of so great a number of sufferers, who to day are under the hospitable protection either of Great Britain or France. Again, when she retired to Geneva, although her means were still sufficient to meet the expenses of a house suitable to her rank, she dismissed all the splendours of her former days, hired small apartments—limited her own comforts, while she distributed thousands of francs towards different objects of her benevolence. It would be almost superfluous to make any comments upon those facts which convey to our readers an idea of the nobleness of her mind; but, surely we may be permitted to say, that such a manifestation of her spirit, gives a high place in consideration to her sex. The minutiae of her life would swell to a volume of memoirs most interesting and instructive.

I COULD NOT ENFOLD THEE.

I could not enfold thee,
I could not behold thee,
When all looked around thee so gay and so glad;
No, come to me only,
Thus lost and thus lonely,
Thus grief-worn, thus hopeless, heart-broken and sad.
'Tis thus thou art nearest,
'Tis thus thou art dearest;
Thus blighted, benighted, thus lightless and lorn;
'Tis thus I would view thee,
'Tis thus I would woo thee;
For I too am wasted, dejected, and worn.

When joys were the lightest,
And hope shone the brightest,
Thou, thou wert the star that chas'd darkness away;
Life faded without thee,
All love dwelt about thee,
And made thy existence but one summer day.
Then in this chill season,
The death-time of reason,
When joy turns to sorrow, and sorrow grows mad,
Oh! come to me only,
Thus lost and thus lonely,
Thus grief-worn, thus hopeless, heart-broken, and sad.
G. J. B.

EPIGRAM.

A PLEASANT WALK.

"In Richmond lies buried the joy of my life!"
Said Jack, with a face full of woe;
"But come, and we'll visit the grave of my wife;
The walk will be pleasant, you know."

THE LINES OF GRIEF.

O'er thy young cheek the line of grief is stealing,
As though some secret sorrow sought to prey
Upon thy bosom, to the eye revealing
A mournful witness of the heart's decay!
Oh, I have watch'd thee in thy beauty's morning,
A radiant gem, just fresh from Nature's mine!
Oh, I have watch'd—all ills of fortune scorning,
The dawning of a spirit pure as thine!
I cannot see the withering hand of sadness
Stealing its freshness from thy youthful brow,
Which oft my lip hath press'd in my heart's madness;
Albeit I gaze so coldly on it now;
I cannot see the cheek my breast did pillow
Losing its summer tint—though 'tween us roll,
Sullen, and dark, and deep, Fate's angry billow,
'Till at the Mercy-seat soul meet with soul.

Farewell! if in this life again I meet thee,
'Mid the light laughing throng, with heart renew'd,
There is a spirit in my soul shall greet thee,
Though love be dead, and passion be subdued;

But if the secret sorrow, which now steals
O'er every lineament, which once could bless,
Should take thee from this world, my bosom feels
'Twould burst in un-nam'd feelings—wild excess.
HENRY.

THE LONGBARDS, OR LONG-BEARDED WOMEN.

(Translated for the "*World of Fashion*," from the old Italian
Annalist, Bernardino Corio).

At this time (about the year 580) the son of Gior, named Algimondo, of the land of Golonda, was called by the people to be the king of the Huns, over whom he reigned for thirty years. Now it happened that, one day during that time, he was out riding for pastime; and, giving water to his horse at a fish-pond, he chanced to see that there had been flung into it seven children, that were all born at the one birth, and that their unnatural parent had thrown there, in order that they might be drowned. The king marvelled not a little at a circumstance that was so very extraordinary, and then he stretched out towards them his hunting-spear, which he held in his hand, and one of the infants that was still alive grasped it within his little, tiny fingers, and was thus brought to the brink. The king took it, and caused it to be nursed and reared; and, calling it after the fish-pond, in his own tongue, it was named *Lamisio*, which also signifies the same thing. After the death of the king it was this very *Lamisio* that succeeded him in his estate.

It was after this that the King Algimondo arrived amongst the Bulgarians, and, passing through their country, he found the Seven Sleepers: those seven Saints who had slept from the time of the Emperor Decius (A.D. 250) even until then; and it was by reason of that stupendous miracle—their sleep for centuries—that it was ordained, by reason of the great joy of the church, that no one should fast, even from the time of the Feast of the Resurrection of our Lord, up to the following Pentecost.

At length Algimondo, in a most desperate conflict with the Bulgarians, was killed; and then it was that *Lamisio* succeeded him in the kingdom of the Huns. He first having well deliberated upon an expedition against the Vandals and the Bulgarians, sent an embassy to Boccasio, the king of those, giving him to understand that, of two things, he must do one: either he should make himself a subject, by paying tribute for his kingdom; or, with arms, he should defend it. When these people, with Boccasio, well understood what was the object of the embassy, they very speedily determined rather to die in arms, fighting for liberty, than to live in servitude. Therefore they prepared for war.

And now both armies were drawing close together, when the Vandals first sent to their goddess of battle, named Goda, to know from her the event of the coming conflict, and she answered them in this mode:—"I will give you a victory over the Huns, when the sun shall be behind the east." In like manner the Huns sent to the goddess Tera, that they adored; and, asking her what they ought to do, she replied, "You will do this: you will cause all your wives to draw back their hair in such a manner, as that it may appear beneath their chins, so that they may all seem to be bearded, and then, at the very hour in which the sun rises in the east, let them, with all their

husbands, go before the goddess Goda, so that they can be seen by every one."

Now they acted in this manner precisely; and, while they were doing so, the goddess of the Vandals looked at them, men and women as they were, appearing to have beards, and she said, "*What! have they so many long beards?*" To which the goddess Tera replied, "Yes, they are long-beards, and therefore it is but reasonable that those to whom thou hast given a name thou shouldst yield the victory." Thereupon a battle taking place between the Vandals and the Huns, the latter had the victory: wherefore they have ever since been named Longbeards, a name that was given to them by the devil, as writes Teodato, from whom we have taken this true history. It is indeed also said, that the Huns were called Longbeards, on account of the longness of their beards, which they never cut; that is, they were in their own tongue called *Langbards*: *lang*, in their language, signifying "long;" and *bard*, "beard."

THE SOLDIER'S CHILD.

"My father died," said Hamilton, "when I was an infant, and I was left to the care of my mother; who, by carefully managing the small property that remained to her, was enabled to live respectably, and give me a good education. My father had been a clergyman; and before I could speak, my mother destined me for the church. The progress I afterwards made in classical literature, gave my fond parent sanguine hopes that I would one day adorn that sacred and honourable profession. The science of phrenology, about which you and I, my dear Sir, have had so many debates, had not even been heard of in our village. My mother certainly had never paid attention to the organ of combativeness, which you say is so largely developed in my cranium, or she never would have conceived the idea of converting a fiery headstrong boy into a minister of the gospel of peace. To this profession I entertained an aversion I have since been surprised at. Military glory was my darling passion. The histories of those glorious climes of battle and of song, which my studies led me to peruse, served little to allay it; and my enthusiastic imagination soon erected a pillar of fame, which the doughtiest hero either of ancient or modern times might be proud of. This ardour was fanned into a flame by a gentleman of my mother's acquaintance proposing the army as a better field for my exertions, and more likely to suit my inclination. I need not tell you how my heart beat, when he tendered his influence to procure me a pair of colours; or how my mother, with a pale cheek and faltering voice, hastily but gratefully refused the offer. Alas! she loved me too well; but, wrapped as I was in selfishness and ambition, I wept through despatch and bitterness. I saw not that her whole existence was wraped in mine,—in me,—who became her murderer!—Nay," continued the narrator, as a dark flush crossed his brow, "you need not start. I did not kill her,—I only broke her heart! In my sixteenth year I entered college, where I spent some time with tolerable assiduity and credit, till I contracted some intimacies that gradually led me into expensive follies. These were soon too much for the scanty allowance my mother could afford me. I applied for fresh supplies, which I received with earnest entreaties to be frugal, and hints, which, though not explicit, might have been sufficient to convince me that my mother was straitening herself to support my extravagance. But, alas! neither these, nor the

religious and moral principles which had been carefully implanted in me, could enable me to resist temptation. I spent an entire night in a gaming-house, in too many of which Dublin abounds. I rose the next morning from the table, without a farthing, and in debt to a considerable amount, for which I was obliged to give up my watch, and some articles of value. In an agony of mind which I cannot describe, I walked down the southern road, without knowing whither I was going. The whole of the previous night's transactions, and the journey of some hours the following morning, are like a blank in my recollection, or rather like the lurid remembrance of some horrible dream. The first thing that awoke me from this state of mental stupefaction, was my overtaking a regiment of Highlanders, then on their march for Cork, where they were to embark for the Netherlands. It was a beautiful morning in the spring of 1815. The sun was shining bright, and their arms and accoutrements were glittering in his rays. The waving plumes, martial dress, and military music, soon dissipated the clouds of despondency from an imagination young and ardent, and opened a long vista of glory. In a few moments, fancy had glided over the whole career, and restored me, high in rank, and covered with honours, to my native village, to my mother, and to my friends. The first step to this ideal promotion was easily obtained. In a few minutes I had the honour of being enrolled a private in the 79th Highlanders; and before my arrival at Cork, was fully equipped in the garb of the warlike Celts. I need not detain you with an account of my dull and uninteresting life, after our arrival in Belgium, previous to the memorable fight of Waterloo. With the occurrences of that day you are all well acquainted, and my kind friends here have often enough listened to the narration of my own 'hair-breadth 'escapes.' Though the feeling is natural, I have been too fond of pointing at the only bright spot in the blank of a nameless existence. The night before the battle, I was pacing backwards and forwards, a solitary sentinel at one of our outposts. There was a weight in the midnight atmosphere, that spread an unwonted gloom over my soul; and the thoughts of a widowed, deserted, and heart-broken mother assumed the place that high-wrought romance was wont to occupy. There was a silence throughout the whole of our army, which formed a striking contrast to the loud shouts of the enemy, as they passed the night in carousing around their watch-fires. I should not, perhaps, call it silence, and yet it was something like it,—but not the silence of sleep. The stern and sullen sound with which the word and countersign were exchanged,—the low but deep tone in which the necessary orders for the following day were given,—the sigh of contending feelings in the soul, which almost resembled the groans extorted by bodily pain from the wounded—were all still more audible than the distant clang of the armoured, and the snorting and prancing of the steed, and shewed that all around was waking watchfulness and anxiety. About the middle of the night, I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property in the south of Ireland; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited, and turned out of doors. The youth had soon reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate; but her want of education, and entire unacquaintance with those polished manners, and little elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed, soon dissolved much of the charm which her beauty and artlessness had at first thrown around him. After strug-

gling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons; and, being ordered to the continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London. Chance brought us together in Belgium; and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship.

Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which, he that night, accosted me. He felt a presentiment, he said, that he should not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell, and to entrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed, or rather redoubled, all his fondness for the former, and portrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and conjured me, if ever I reached England, to find her out, and make known her case to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, I endeavoured to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest; flung his arms round my neck,—wrung my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day,—when, with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir Wm. Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them, in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's chivalry. Far a-head even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadron; and the clouds of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe, hid all from my view. When the battle was over, and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded, and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums of the victorious Prussians, who continued the pursuit during the entire of the night—I quitted the shattered remains of the gallant regiment in whose ranks I had that day the honour of standing. The moon was wading through scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when I commenced my search for my friend. The light was doubtful and uncertain; yet it was easy to keep along the track that marked the last career of Ponsonby. Shuddering, lest in every face I should recognize my friend, I passed by, and sometimes trod upon, the cold and motionless heaps, where

“Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent,”

now looked so unlike the “fiery masses of living valour,” that a few hours before had commingled with a concussion more dreadful than the earthquake's shock. Although I at first felt a certain conviction of his fate, I afterwards began to hope that the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction, survived the terrible encounter. I was about to retire, when a heap of slain, in a ploughed field on which the moon was now shining clearly, attracted my notice. Literally piled on each other, were the bodies of five cuirassiers; and lying beneath his horse, was the dead body of my friend. You may form some idea of my astonishment, on finding, by a nearer inspection, that his head was supported and his neck entwined by the arms of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its departure; but you can form no conception of the horror I felt, at beholding, in this scene of carnage and desolation,—in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moon-beam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers and inspiring its dreams!—And who

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knows but, perhaps they were? The conviction now flashed on my mind, that these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend; and the letters we afterwards found on the person of the former, proved that I was right in the conjecture. Driven aside by the gales of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms of life, the affections of man may veer; but unchangeable and unchanging is a true heart in woman.” “She loves, and loves for ever.” This faithful wife had followed her husband through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea,—through the crowded city and the bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit, quitting its worn-out tenement of clay, winged its way with his, to Him who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned this hapless pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant,—this dear child of my adoption,—in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.

But it is time to bring this lengthened story to a conclusion; and there are some circumstances I would rather only glance at. It had been my good fortune, in the course of the day, to attract the notice of an officer of high rank, to whom, towards the evening, I was able to render an essential service. I was advanced to the halbert on the spot; and the kindness of my patron did not cease, till, shortly after my arrival at Paris, I was presented with a pair of colours. In the pride and joy of my heart, I wrote home an account of my good fortune to my mother, and employed the interval that elapsed before I could receive an answer, in picturing my return to my native village, through the thronging comrades of my school-boy days, and flinging myself into the arms of my delighted parent. Soon, too soon, I had an answer from home. My heart sunk in me as I broke the seal. It was black,—the emblem of my future lot. My mother was dead,—had died heart-broken!

OH! WHY DIDST THOU?

Oh! why did'st thou call back the spirit of song?
Wild wishes and thoughts, that had slumber'd so long
In the depths of my bosom, like forest leaves stirr'd
By the sigh of the breeze, are awak'd at thy word.

But a spell o'er my lyre seemed to fling a dark chain;
I touch the light cords—but thy voice, like a strain
Of music that steals to our pillow by night,
Enwapp'd my lost soul in a dream of delight.

I chose a bold theme in the deeds of the brave;
I struck my sad harp at the patriot's grave;
But in sadness or mirth still some withering came,
And ev'ry wild cadence was filled with thy name.

'Tis past—and no more shall the visions that shone
On my pathway, again with false hope lead me on;
Yet still the last pray'r on my lip shall be thine,
And this, my last lay, I devote at thy shrine.

I

DAYS OF ROMANCE.—THE LADY AND THE ENCHANTED RING.
(From the Italian).

The mighty Charlemagne had proclaimed a grand tournament in France, and to it came, as they were in duty bound, every king, every Christian, every lord of city and of castle, that was under the jurisdiction of the Emperor. In the court was to be seen all his paladins, and Paris was filled with strangers that came from the most distant parts of the world. They were of all creeds, and all nations—Pagans as well as Saracens, for in his invitation all were included, excepting those who had been traitors to their King or their God. Amongst these was the Spanish knight Ferrau, whose passions mastered his reason, and who was as cruel as he was brave.

Paris resounded with the shout of joy, with the clamour of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the tinkling of bells, while in its streets were to be seen noble coursers adorned in a manner that was equally new and gorgeous. Their housings were covered with gold, and jewels, and mighty estates were expended by their owners, in order that by the richness of their display, they might do the more honor to the Emperor. This was the scene in Paris, while in the Imperial palace were to be seen seated at the Royal banquet not less than twenty or thirty thousand guests. In the midst of these, and on a throne of gold was the glorious Charlemagne seated, surrounded by his paladins. He took the first place at the celebrated round table, and opposite him were placed the Saracens, while on his right hand and his left were arranged various tables, at which were maintained the precedence due to rank and station. At the first table were placed those who were kings, and amongst these were an English, a Lombardian, and a Breton sovereign. At the second table were the Dukes and Marquesses, and at the third, the Earls and Knights. It was a glorious and a gallant sight, and as Charlemagne looked upon it, he thought that he could as easily disperse his infidel foes as the sea-sand is scattered by the bitter blast of the north-east wind.

But while he was thus thinking and the minds of all were engaged in pleasure, there was presented to them a most extraordinary spectacle that soon occupied all their thoughts; for at the upper end of that magnificent banquetting hall there appeared four fierce-looking, and enormously large giants, and between them a maiden, accompanied by a single Knight. The maiden was most beautiful—never in the one person were there seen so many perfections concentered. This might be said of her, that though there was there present the lovely Clarisse, the charming Galerana, the fair Dane, Ermellina, and Alda d'Orlando—the one a Pallas and the other a Diana in the chastity of her charms, and many others remarkable for their beauty, still when she—the stranger—appeared amongst them, her dazzling attractions, when compared with theirs, was as the light of the sun to the twinkling of stars. Lords and gentles, Christians and Pagans turned to gaze on the damsel, as she gently stepped up the banquetting-hall, while a bewitching smile sat upon her rosy lips. Having reached the throne of the Emperor, she thus addressed him:—

“Mighty Lord, the valour and the prowess of thy Paladins, that now fill the ears of mankind with wonder, may be said even to have passed beyond the confines of the world, and they too make me hope, that the labors of these strangers, who have come from the very ends of the earth, actuated by the mere

desire of honour, may not be rendered useless. In order that you may know, in a few words what has brought us to your feast, learn that this Knight, with the dark surcoat is my brother Uberto of the Lion, and I, his sister, bear the name of Angelica. Our abode is two hundred days' journey beyond the Frozen Ocean, and here, from that distance, has my brother come with the sole desire of gaining honour in the lists; he who wishes to encounter him, let him be prepared to meet him to-morrow at the rock of Merlin. Christian and Saracen alike are challenged by him; but the conditions of the joust must be this—that he whom my brother shall strike from the saddle, shall not prolong the contest further, but at once yield himself a prisoner; whilst he who can unhorse Uberto, shall have as his reward—*myself*; while my brother, with his giants, shall depart instantly from France.”

And the damsel having thus spoken, knelt before the Emperor, while her look, her loveliness, and her very attitude, inflamed with desire the hearts of all who gazed upon her. Orlando the bravest, the boldest, and the best of all the Knights of France, yielded at once to his passion, and nought but fear of the Emperor could restrain the wild Ferrau from seizing on the maiden, and per force carrying her from the midst of the assembled thousands. Malagigi, too, looked at her first with love; but being a wizard, he instantly recognised in her one who was acquainted with the magic art, and therefore suspected she had come amongst them with some evil intent. No sooner, then, had the Emperor acceded to her request, and she departed from the hall, than Malagigi took up his magic book, in order that he might learn from it, why, and with what purpose, the fair Angelica had visited the Court.

Malagigi read his book of wondrous art, and as he did an imp of hell appeared before him, whom he instantly commanded to tell who were these strangers.

“The maiden” replied the imp, “is the enemy of your faith, and she has come hither for the purpose of doing yours and the Christian cause all the injury in her power. Her father is Galafron, King of Cataya in India, and he has sent her hither, with her brother Argalia, not Uberto as she has called him, for the purpose of deceiving you. She comes, as well as her brother, armed with enchantments, and guarded by magic. The youth himself is gallant, and strong, and withal he is possessed of a steed, swift as the wind, and a lance of pure gold, made with such art and subtlety, that no one, once struck with it, can resist its strength. Neither force nor dexterity can avail against its blow—both must fall to the ground, for never was there an enchantment equal to it. Not even Rinaldo, nor Orlando,—no, nor the entire world itself could stand firm against the lance. He bears too arms that are impregnable; and he has, moreover, a ring, that has these qualities—that he, who puts it in his mouth is at once rendered invisible,—while he who has it on his finger, can thereby destroy every other kind of enchantment. Happy, then, is he who can gain possession of the ring. These were the gifts of the father to his son, when he sent him forth to conquer Christendom; but in none of these did he repose so much confidence as in the beauty of his daughter, for it is such as has never yet been equalled in the world. Her enchanting face, he has calculated will attract the Paladins to the camp of Argalia, where they are sure to be struck down by the lance of gold, and then taken as prisoners to India, where their spoils will for ever adorn his kingdom with glory. This, and nought else is the design of Galafron, the father of Angelica and Argalia.”

The magician Malagigi was much terrified when he heard this,

and instantly he resolved, if it were possible, to destroy all these enchantments. He immediately proceeded to the camp of Argalia, which he found posted at the rock of Merlin. He saw the brother sleeping beneath a splendid pavilion, and, at a short distance from him, was Angelica reposing. Her beauteous head rested on a pillow of sweet-scented herbage, collected together at the foot of a lofty pine tree, and near to a running stream. As she slept she did not seem to be human; but looked as if she were an angel, resting in blissfulness. Upon her finger was the enchanted ring, the virtues of which have been already explained. Malagigi approached the meadow, borne by an imp through the air, and, as he was descending, he perceived, the damsel sleeping, and near to her one of the armed giants, while the other three kept guard in the meadow, having bound themselves by oath always to be on foot while the fair Angelica slept. The wily magician smiled when he saw this; and instantly he took out his magic-book, and, as he began to read, a heavy sleep descended upon the eyes and the limbs of the giants, until, at length, such was the effect of his enchantment, that all were stretched on the earth. Having done this he drew his sword, and proceeded towards the damsel with the intent to destroy her. And now, he had raised his hand to give the fatal blow, when he looked in her face, and at once he became moveless as if he were a piece of marble. He dropped his sword, and knelt beside her, in order that he might the closer gaze upon such thrilling charms; and then, thinking that, by his magic arts, he had cast her into a sleep profound as that of death, he determined to kiss her; not knowing that she had on her finger the ring that her brother by chance had given her. He touched her lips, and the instant he did so she awoke, shrieking with terror, and, at the cry, awaked her brother Argalia also.

"Bind," she cried, "bind, brother, this villain instantly! do it whilst I hold him, for he is a necromancer; and had I not now with me the ring, thou couldst never have strength to do it."

Argalia immediately, with a chain, bound Malagigi's arms behind his back, and soon both his legs were tied together. As soon as Angelica saw that he was safely fettered, she thrust her hand into the bosom of his vest, and pulled forth his magic book. She saw that it was full of marks and images, and immediately she began to read it. But scarcely had she proceeded beyond the first page, when the air, that before was serene, was filled, as if it were with the blasts of the whirlwind, and amid their roaring were heard the horrible screams of demons, requiring to know what was to be done by them.

The maiden replied, "I wish you to bear this man to my father, King Galafron. Present him, from me, and say that he is *my* prisoner, and that now I think the Christian nations will not long be able to endure the brunt of battle; for this is the only one amongst them of whom I have had fear, and, he being captive, I regard the remainder but as of little worth."

As soon as she had finished speaking, Malagigi was, in a minute, carried by the imps through the air, and presented to the King, who, bound as he was, had him cast into a prison a hundred fathoms deep beneath the bed of the sea.

Thus were the magic arts of an old necromancer made unavailing when they had to contend against the superior enchantments of a bewitching maiden.

BERNI.

DEAF AND DUMB.

A lady, who was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind, was one day accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in his instance.

"Why," exclaimed the good lady, "you look well able to work!"

"Yes!" replied the suppliant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years!"

"Poor man! what a heavy affliction," said the lady, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On her return home, she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it was to be so deprived of such precious faculties."

"But how" asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?"

"Why," was the quiet and unconscious reply, "he told me so!"

TROUBLES OF YOUTH.

"To each his sufferings."—GRAY.

Although the following conclusions are opposed to the general sentiment that prevails in the poem, from which the above quotation is selected, we firmly believe, that in the scale of troubles the same amount is experienced at every age in proportion to the enduring powers of the sufferer, depending upon his peculiar susceptibilities.

Judging from the sympathy manifested, there is an evident disposition with some people to measure an animal's amount of suffering by its magnitude; but the pang of the harpooned whale is not more keen than that felt in the death struggle of the tiny insect that is lured to destruction by the fascinating flame; which, though fatal to it would be comparatively harmless to more strongly constituted things.

While the troubles of youth (which, when considered apart from their effects, are scarcely deserving the name) can bear no comparison with those that await their riper years; the impression they produce is not weaker, for as the hardships increase in severity, the heart is rendered more obdurate, and is, therefore, acted on only in a commensurate proportion;

"In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in after life is lost."

The sapling twig will be agitated by a gentle breeze, and it will bend uninjured under the hurricane; where the rugged oak, while it resists the feeble influence of the former is uprooted, and laid low by the stern severity of the storm.

Recollections crowd on our remembrance of the troubles of our school days, which, while but imaginative creations have awakened feelings of fear and apprehension, and a severe reproof from our teacher has wrung the heart to a degree that any of the "ills that *man* is heir to" could not have exceeded.

The mental anxiety of the merchant, who is apprehensive of the success of speculative investments on which his dependence rests, is not more deep comparatively with that of the school-boy, occasioned in the fear of failing in a particular task, and of the consequent penalty; nor, when success attends them, is it a jot more delightful in the former instance, in relieving the mind from a weight of anguish. These, however, are almost

extreme cases, where affliction is most sore; but the man and boy are subject alike to those lesser moods of fitfulness with which life is chequered. Similar passions, too, exist in a modified scale in youthful bosoms; which, at this period, so essentially require the exertion of moral influence and corrective watchfulness; but this very controul subjects them to feelings of restraint, which they esteem as great hardships, and in that sentiment, pant for the estate which shall release them from their bondage, as a captive yearns for freedom; in short, the *passionate vexation* for the loss of a toy—the *covetousness* or *ambition* to possess one—the emulation excited by the scholar's premium—the spirit of jealous *rivalry*—in some cases, the rage of *envy*—are all modifications of the harsher passions in man, and produce a corresponding sting.*

* Numerous are the follies that annoy

The mind and heart of every sprightly boy."

And it is this very aptitude for making "trifles troubles" in our youth, by exposing us to their accustomed impressions, that renders us far less susceptible, and consequently better able to endure those severer vicissitudes which are in store for us.

H. C.

THE BROKEN-HEART.

The sun goes down in the wild west wave,
To rise with a lovelier light;
The pale moon sleeps in her day-bound cave,
To sport 'mid the clouds of night.
The sunflower droops on his waving stem,
And blooms when his god doth rise;
But the heart that is bursting, may beat in vain,
Till it beats it last—and dies!

The soul may leave its tenement here,
And wing its way to bliss;
The sinner may weep a penitent tear,
And regain all he wished for by this;
The lover may sorrow a time, and then
His weeping and woes depart;
But beyond all the healing of man is the pain—
The hell!—of a broken heart.

The gem may be torn from its chrystal bed,
To shine on a Parian breast;
The sweet rose may shadow some lovely head,
And be lovelier there from its rest.
The breeze may be borne on the wide-lone sea,
Yet 'twill fly over Araby's groves;
But the heart of the woe-stricken ever must be
Uncheered by a hope that it loves.

R.

* Of course, in making the foregoing observations, we have confined ourselves to an examination as to the proportionate estimate of troubles at different periods of life; but with respect to the early manifestations of the passions—jealousy, covetousness, envy, &c., trifling as they may first appear, we may be allowed so far to digress, as to urge the immediate necessity for the careful application of a remedy, in order that they should be timely arrested; for, if once allowed to acquire an ascendancy—so corrosive and baneful are their effects—they gnaw round the heart, at the same time usurping the place of its best natural qualities and putting all happiness to flight.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE; OR, THE BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE CARDIGAN PEERAGE.

There is no nobleman whose name has appeared so frequently in the newspapers, within the last twelve months, as that of the Right Honourable JAMES THOMAS, Earl of CARDIGAN. Why it has been so, it would be difficult to determine, by those who have looked most attentively into all the proceedings, with which he has been connected.

We do not enter into the details of questions that have brought the Earl of CARDIGAN before the public gaze; because upon those questions we find recorded the opinion of the highest military tribunal in the empire; we find the solemn testimony, given upon oath by judges, who were also officers, and who were bound by their vows as Christians, and their honour as soldiers; we find, too, the judgment deliberately expressed by His Grace the Duke of Wellington, whose name is identified with the highest military glories of England; and we find, too, in addition to these, the willingly expressed approbation of Sir Hussey Vivian, who is the living representative of the truthfulness, gallantry, and devotion of the good and brave knights of old.

We cannot dismiss these few observations upon the nobleman of whose ancient lineage we now append the record, without adding that, in all the relations of domestic life, he is not merely respected, but beloved. To all who have ever felt distress, and applied to him for relief, he has a hand "open as day to melting charity." By his tenantry he is almost adored; and did the Queen's service require his presence in the field, he would, we are confident, from his conduct to the private soldiers, be found, like another Anglesey, at the head of his hussars, penetrating the enemy's lines, and almost making a captive of their general.

JAMES THOMAS, Earl of CARDIGAN, born 16th October, 1797, married in June, 1826, Elizabeth Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.

This noble family deduces its genealogy from

WILLIAM DE BRUDENHILL, a person of considerable note and extensive possessions, in the reigns of Henry the Third and Edward the First; who was seated at Dodington, in Oxfordshire; held lands there, and in Adderbury, and Bloxham, in the same county; as also in Aynho and Sibbertoft, in the county of Northampton. From this William descended

Sir ROBERT BRUDENELL, knt. lord chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry the Eighth His lordship married Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Entwissell, esq. of Stanton Wivill, and relict of William Wivill, esq. (her ladyship was cousin and co-heiress of the valiant Sir Bertine Entwissell, knt. Viscount Brickbeck, in Normandy) by whom he had two sons; the elder of whom,

Sir THOMAS BRUDENELL, knt. resided at Dean, in Northamptonshire, and was succeeded in his estates by his son,

ROBERT BRUDENELL, esq. who was father of

THOMAS BRUDENELL, esq. who was created a baronet on the 29th June, 1611, and elevated to the peerage, by the title of *Baron Brudenell, of Stanton, Wivill*, on the 26th April, 1627. His lordship was advanced to the Earldom of CARDI-

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY, MUSEUM, AND LECTURES.

On Tuesday, March 16th, Mr. CATLIN delivered to a fashionable audience, in the Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, an interesting Lecture on the Customs and Condition of the North American Indians. He illustrated his remarks by introducing several living figures, accoutred in the full dresses, which had actually belonged to, and had been worn, by the chiefs of the different tribes. The Costumes are remarkably effective and picturesque, especially those of the Crow and Pawnee tribes. As the lecture proceeded, Mr. CATLIN described in a clear and unaffected manner, the habits of this singular people, whose character he vindicated from the many aspersions heaped upon it by ignorance or malice. He had, he stated, been a sojourner among them for about eight years, and so enjoyed the very best opportunity for coming to a right conclusion, and he maintained that, during his long-continued intercourse with them, he never received a blow or an injury, but, on the contrary, he was admitted to their confidence, treated with the greatest kindness, and entertained with the most sincere and unfeigned hospitality; the crimes of theft and drunkenness were unknown and unpractised among them; these are the children of the forest and the wilderness in a state of uncultivated and primeval nature; noble, hospitable, brave, and generous; but the same species of mankind become sadly degenerated as we approach the confines of what is called civilized society—all his better qualities there forsake him; he then, and not till then, truly becomes the abject and degraded savage, forgetting all his original virtues, and adopting the worst and most debasing vices of his white brother. With this latter class, Mr. CATLIN has nothing to do; his business is solely with the uncontaminated denizens of the wider-spread and verdant prairies of "the far west." These tribes are now in a course of rapid extinction, falling away in thousands before the aggressive encroachments of the "pale faces;" infectious disorder unintentionally introduced among them by the fur traders, and especially the small-pox has made dreadful inroads among them; for instance, the Pawnee nation, which but a short time since were estimated at 25,000, do not now exceed a few thousands; the Mandau tribe, lately visited by Mr. CATLIN, and estimated at 2,000, have been entirely cut off by the same disorder, not an individual has survived; they were a people remarkably distinguished by their handsome appearance and by their high character for probity and courage. Destructive, however, as the small-pox has been, the "white man" has introduced among them a still more fatal importation. Whiskey is brought to them in large quantities by the traders for the purposes of traffic; true it is that this slow poison is not so quick and immediate in its destructive progress as the small-pox, but, although more lingering, it is more certain and wide-spread in its devastating operation. The poor and untutored Indian, unfettered by the artificial restraints and ordinances necessarily enforced in all civilized communities, unconscious of the crime and of its ruinous influence, sets no moral or prudential bounds to his appetite, which is eagerly pandered to by the crafty trader, and the demoralising results soon manifest themselves in the utter prostration, mental and bodily, of the once brave and hardy hunter over these extensive plains; no longer capable, or willing, to maintain his dependents by the chase, the chief and his tribe (for all are infected alike) linger out a miserable existence, till—as is constantly occurring—total

GAN on the 20th April, 1661; and dying 16th September, 1663, was succeeded by his eldest son,

ROBERT, second earl, who died 16th July, 1703, and was succeeded by his grandson,

GEORGE, third earl. This nobleman married Elizabeth Bruce, eldest daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Ailesbury, by whom he had, (with two daughters,)

GEORGE, his successor.

JAMES, successor to his brother.

Robert, married in 1759, Anne, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishopp, bart. and sister of the late Lord De la Zouch; and dying in 1770, left, with two daughters, ROBERT, present Earl of CARDIGAN.

Thomas, who assumed by sign manual, in 1767, the surname and arms of "Bruce," having succeeded his uncle, the Earl of Ailesbury in the barony of "Bruce," of Tottenham. His lordship was subsequently created *Earl of Ailesbury*. His lordship died 5th of July, 1732, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

GEORGE, fourth earl, who married Mary, third daughter and co-heiress of John, second Duke of Montagu, and last of that creation; upon the death of which nobleman, in 1749, his lordship assumed the surname and arms of Montagu; and on the 28th October, 1776, was advanced to a marquessate and dukedom, by the titles of *Marquess of Monthermer* and Duke of MONTAGU. His grace had issue,

1. JOHN, created *Lord Montagu, of Boughton*; at whose decease, unmarried, in 1770, that dignity ceased.

2. Elizabeth, born 29th May, 1743; married in 1767, Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch; and died in 1828.

3. Mary. 4. Henrietta.—Both died unmarried.

His grace was installed a knight of the most illustrious order of the Garter on the 4th of June, 1752, sworn of the privy council in 1776, and appointed governor to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick. He was created, on the 21st of August, 1786, *Baron Montagu, of Boughton*; with remainder to his grandson, James, second son of the Duke of Buccleuch. His grace died on the 23rd May, 1790, when the dukedom and marquessate expired, the barony of Montagu passed according to the limitation, and the earldom of Cardigan devolved upon his next brother,

JAMES, fifth earl, who had been created on the 17th October, 1780, *Baron Brudenell*. This nobleman married twice, but had no issue. His lordship died 24th February, 1811, when the last barony of Brudenell ceased; but the heritable honours of the family devolved upon his nephew, ROBERT, the father of the present peer.

RELIGION is the only thing found on earth which, like the bee, can draw from the bitter and sweet the same honied juice, and though many ways have been devised for man to govern his nature, this is the only principle which ever could raise him above it.

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror catching and reflecting images. One impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

MERE parsimony is not economy. Expense and great expense may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving but in selection.

annihilation ensues, and is now undeniably in general and active progress; in a few years all the remaining tribes will be wholly cut off from the face of the earth, and the only memorials we shall have left of them will be the admirable paintings in this Gallery. Mr. CATLIN is a native of the United States, where he was early distinguished as an accomplished artist rising to eminence and wealth; when, sacrificing the fair prospect of these advantages, he yielded to an irresistible impulse, which urged him by all means in his power to perpetuate, if possible, by the aid of the canvass and brush, for the use of future ages, the pictorial history of the persons, costumes, and customs of this amiable and singularly interesting people, now fast hurrying to extinction; he ventured among them, unaided and alone, sustained by the ardent enthusiasm of the philanthropist, and the genius of the artist; undaunted by difficulties, privation, and dangers, which would have deterred a less enterprising spirit; he has, during the last eight years, been traversing the vast wildernesses and prairies of North America, in the British, American, and Mexican territories, during which period, he visited no less than forty-eight different tribes, chiefly living in their primitive state, and the successful result of his arduous labours has been the splendid gallery of paintings, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. This collection consists of five hundred paintings in oil, made, in every instance, by his own hand and on the spot; three hundred of them are portraits of chiefs, warriors, and braves, armed, and in the costume as they appeared at the time; two hundred of them are representations of landscapes, games, dances, hunts, and religious ceremonies, containing in all more than three thousand figures. Perhaps, in justice to Mr. CATLIN, we should mention that these portraits, landscapes, and groups have been vouched for by a long list of United-States functionaries, as entitled to full credit for their fidelity and truth; and the same honourable testimony is borne by many gentlemen of this country, who have had every opportunity of testing their correctness.

We sincerely hope Mr. CATLIN will meet with the public encouragement such great and laudable exertions ought to command. We think he has been well advised in altering the hours for delivering his Lectures with illustrations: namely, to three o'clock in the afternoon, and eight o'clock in the evenings of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. He made his first essay of the former hour on the day above stated; and it seems well adapted to the convenience of the higher classes. At that hour all the world of London are on the move; and, as the Lecture with the accompanying exhibition of the unique and picturesque "*Tableaux Vivants*" concludes shortly after five o'clock, it can in no way interfere with the usual dinner-hour of the fashionable circles; and we can strongly recommend it as one of the most interesting and instructive exhibitions of the season. The museum, even of itself, if it stood alone, is well worthy of a visit; it contains a very large collection of every variety of costumes and other manufactures, including weapons, pipes, mystery things, &c., procured by Mr. CATLIN from the different tribes at a considerable expense.

We gladly perceive that Mr. CATLIN is about publishing, by subscription, and under Royal and distinguished patronage, his notes of his travels, in two royal octavo volumes, embellished with above four hundred spirited etchings and outlines, illustrative of the manners and customs of the different tribes. We heartily wish him the success he merits, and we feel assured no one could execute the task in a better spirit, or come better prepared to do it ample justice.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It is astonishing how many absurd rumours are current previous to the commencement of the opera season, and how wondrous wise the would-be well-informed look, and tell how GRISI won't come, PERSIANI can't come, TAMBURINI shan't come, and the rest won't come without the others of the *Camaraderie*; but no sooner does the director issue his programme, than the whole fabric of reports falls to the ground, and we perceive that the director is prepared to commence his season with not only the strength of past seasons, but accessions of the highest promise, and with such a "budget" of novelties that makes the would-be-wise stare again; the programme issued by M. LAPORTE for the present season exceeds by far on the score of novelty and attraction any that he has yet issued. PAULINE GARCIA is an addition that has long been wanted; it enables the director to produce a class of operas, that have long been strangers to the opera boards, for a good *contralto*, voice has not formed part of the working company for many years, and we hail the accession of such a voice with the highest pleasure; since a succession of new operas are sure to follow in its train, and Mr. LAPORTE has promised us no less than sixteen operas, which, if not altogether new are, at least, almost so to the present *habitués* of the opera. *Semiramide* and *Tancrède* alone are gems, that are sure to shed a lustre on the season. In the *ballet* department we find also that a striking improvement has taken place, since we have several new dancers in addition to the established favourites, TAGLIONI, ELLSLER, and CERITO, who are to outvie each other in a new *ballet*, called *Le Jugement de Paris*, which is to be produced with the same splendour that characterized its first production in Paris, and a new *ballet* expressly for TAGLIONI, so that the London opera is likely to leave the Parisian one far behind. As it may be useful to our readers we give a list of the company for the season, as a reference at any future time:—*Opera*, GRISI, PERSIANI, PAULINE GARCIA, (VIARDOT), GRANCHI, LÖWE, RUBINI, LABLACHE, MARIO, FLAVIO F. LABLACHE, BASSINI, RIGHINI, &c.—*Ballet*, TAGLIONI, ELLSLER, CERITO, GUY STEPHAN, ROUSSET, VIGANONI, BERTRIZZI, EMANO, M.M. PETIPA ALBERT, JUN. GOSSELIN, BARREZ, &c.—COSTA, *Conductor*, and COULON, *Ballet Master*. The name of TAMBURINI is the only one that does not appear in the list, and he has again refused the terms he was engaged upon last season. We really think these absurdities ought to end, since for every increased sum given to Signor TAMBURINI some means must be found to make up the deficiency, and the result will be in the end, that if the Subscribers force Mr. LAPORTE into engagements he does not contemplate, a rise must take place in the boxes and stalls. The season commenced with CIMAROSA's charming opera of *Gli orazi ed i Curiazi*, with the following powerful cast, Orazia, PAULINE GARCIA; Curiazio, GRANCHI; Pullio Orazio, RIGHINI; and Orazio, MARIO; of CIMAROSA's operas but little is known in this country, save the justly-admired *Matrimonio Segreto*. His operas are about thirty in number, and contain some of the most sterling music that has ever been written. The present opera was composed at Naples, in 1797, and ranks in Italy at the present day as the best of his serious operas; there is an originality and vigour about the *motivi* of this opera, that shews us the composer wrote from the inspiration of the moment; they are no less happily conceived than vigorously carried out, and in the accompaniments there is

always a clearness and compactness of harmony exceeded only by the great master of music. PAULINE GARCIA, on her first appearance, was greeted with a hearty burst of applause, and her truly exquisite singing forcibly reminded us of her sister; there is so much feeling and expression in her singing, combined with excellent taste and judgment, that we almost feel as if the vacant place of poor MALIBRAN were to be filled up by her sister. MARIO seems much improved since he was here last; he seems to have gained more ease and self-possession on the stage, and his voice is firmer, and the quality richer; nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful than the concluding duet of the opera *soenami ormai*; it was most rapturously applauded: the opera altogether was well played. The new *ballet* of the *Diable Amoureux*, like all the *ballets* produced during LAPORTE's management is a very brilliant affair; the scenery and dresses are new and very beautiful, and the grouping highly picturesque, the new *première sujet*, GUY STEPHAN is good-looking, and a light, graceful, and agile dancer, much better than many we have had at the commencement of the season previously; her dance in the slave market is excellent, and only escapes an encore by the lateness of the hour when it is danced; the *ballet* follows the original, produced at Paris, and has a more interesting and comprehensible plot than *ballets* in general; it went off with much spirit—the applause at the conclusion being very general. ROSSINI's beautiful opera of *Tancredi* has been long a stranger; the great difficulty of finding a singer for *Tancredi* having of late years prevented its production, but which the engagement of PAULINE GARCIA now obviates, and we hail with the highest satisfaction the restoration to the stage of one of the most charming compositions that has ever been written; there is not a note from the first bar of the overture to the splendid *finale*, *Fra Quai soavi*, that we do not dwell upon with delight; every melody is well known, and is eagerly caught up as a welcome friend; what can exceed the beauty of the celebrated *Oh Patria*, with the charming *cavatina* that follows it; the *aria*, *Tu che i misere?* and the duet, *Lasciami non t'ascolto*: the chorusses and concerted pieces are also replete with richness and grandeur; the working out of the chorus *Piu dolci e placidi* is one of the most masterly of ROSSINI's writings, only equalled by the *amori scendete*, and the *marcia e coro*, *plaudite o Popoli* of the same opera; but the whole of this opera more than any other is studded with gems. None have met with such signal success; and we can well understand the *furor*, that its first representation at Venice, in 1813, created, when nothing was to be heard from the gondolier upwards, but the constant humming of the different melodies. MADAME PERSIANI made her first appearance this season as *Amenaide*, and was most warmly received; in her singing there is but little change; her voice is still remarkable for its beautiful intonation, and the taste and skill with which she manages it—it is, indeed, the perfection of singing. GARCIA was the *Tancredi*, and seemed to enter with much spirit into the part; her singing of the celebrated *cavatina*, *Di Tanti Palpiti*, was faultless, and elicited, as it well deserved, immense applause. Signor FLAVIO, the new second tenor, will be found an excellent addition to the company; he is a fine-looking man, and manages his voice with much skill; some of his *falsetto* notes reminding us occasionally of RUBINI.

THE COURT.

The Queen held a levee, the first this season, at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, March 24th, at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert arrived from Buckingham Palace, escorted by a party of Life Guards. The Royal suite occupied three of the royal carriages, and consisted of the Countess of Mount Edgcombe and the Countess of Charlemont, ladies in waiting; Viscount Torrington, lord in waiting; Major the Hon. George Keppel, groom in waiting; Lord Alfred Paget, equerry in waiting; Master Byng and Master Wilson, pages of honour in waiting; Lord Robert Grosvenor, groom of the stole to Prince Albert; Earl of Morley, gentleman in waiting on his Royal Highness; and Sir Edward Bowater, equerry to Prince Albert. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were received at St. James's Palace by the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward, and were conducted to the state rooms. At the levee, the foreign ambassadors and ministers were received, as usual, in a diplomatic circle, before the general circle commenced.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS
AUGUSTA OF CAMBRIDGE.

Rumours have long since met our ear of the approaching marriage of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, which we have refrained from noticing as it might be considered premature, but as the subject has now become the favourite one in the higher circles, we do not hesitate any longer in giving it publicity. The favoured one, on whom the choice of the youthful Princess has fallen, is the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, who is at present in his 22nd year. The confidential Secretary and Equerry of the Duke of Cambridge, Baron Knesbeck has left London for Naples, for the purpose, it is presumed, of adjusting the preliminaries of the Royal nuptials, which will take place in a few months.

Nothing of importance has occurred with respect to the gay doings of the fashionable world during the month of March.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Portraits of the Children of the Mobility, drawn from Nature.
By J. Leech. Bentley.

The great merit of these designs (which are large in size and handsomely got up) appears to us to be not only their individual exactness, but their general identity with the classes represented—a most difficult attainment—and the quiet humour of the accompanying text is irresistible. The author says—

"The Children of the Mobility are distinguished by a remarkable circumstance, at their very birth, from those of the Nobility. The latter are said to enter the world with a certain silver implement in their mouths; at all events, they have one placed there so soon as almost to warrant the idea that it was bestowed on them by nature. The former, on the contrary, are endowed with no such thing; and, if they were, it would infallibly be transferred with all possible expedition to the hands of a particular relative. In short, it would be made a means of procuring the nutriment which a less costly article would serve as effectually to insert."

The Moneyed Man; or a Lesson of Life. By Horace Smith, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.

In the work under the above title we recognise one of the best specimens of the philosophical novels in the language, and well delineates the influences of money, when it absorbs the best feelings of the soul. Deficiency of space alone prevents us from quoting largely from a work so well entitled to lasting popularity, and we shall conclude this brief notice by suggesting that an admirable comedy could be based on this fiction, and one that would strongly exemplify the worst effects of money, and all its inherited corruptions, on the human heart.

Belgium. By J. Emerson Tennent, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. Bentley.

This work, written as it is by a statesman and a man of the world, gives us a better insight than has been hitherto yielded to us of Belgium, with regard to its social and political situation, and its probable destiny as a state. The volumes before us are exceedingly entertaining and instructive; and the historical allusions, although not very lengthened, are made out with considerable discernment. To those who are desirous of having a faithful and interesting account of Belgium and its inhabitants, we strongly recommend the perusal of Mr. Emerson Tennent's work.

Corse De Leon; or the Brigand. A Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

It is only necessary, we imagine, to mention the author of this work, to have it perused with interest and avidity by the discerning public; and we promise the reader that, in the work before us, he will find the same originality, power, and genius, which have distinguished the former productions of this deservedly popular author.

Society in India. By an Indian Officer. 2 vols. Colburn.

The work before us furnishes ample evidence of its being the production of a mind accomplished as it is well-informed. The incidents are numerous, the characters well grouped, and the style light and buoyant.

Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By Lady Chaterton. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

We scarcely know which to admire most, the Home Sketches or Foreign Recollections of the fair lady who indites the interesting and agreeable matter in these volumes. We extract the following interesting passage from the work, when her ladyship, speaking of Chiswick, observes:—

"Besides these recollections of dying statesmen, and those of the brilliant and fascinating Duchess of Devonshire, there are many other circumstances which make Chiswick particularly interesting. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Chiswick belonged to the Earl of Somerset. The portrait of his beautiful daughter, Lady Anne Carre, may be seen, both in Lord Egremont's collection and at Woburn Abbey. It is one of the most lovely of all Vandyke's pictures; and unites with the most faultless regularity of features, a playful softness of expression, which is extremely fascinating. There is at once more mind, and more goodness in the whole expression, both of face and figure, than is usually to be found in the court beauties of that period.

"This lovely girl, when only seventeen, was sought in marriage by the young Lord Russell, who was one of the most promising men of the day, and who soon won the heart of Lady

Anne. But there were many impediments to their union. The young man's father, the Earl of Bedford, did not approve of his son's choice, and the lovers began to despair.

"I could not help fancying I saw this beautiful girl, attired in the picturesque costume of the time (in which Vandyke has drawn her), wandering about the gardens of Chiswick, and thinking of her absent lover.

"There is a trait told of this lady, which shews the sensitive delicacy of her mind, and made me imagine her thoughts, in those lonely walks, might be full of beauty.

"Her mother had been first married and then divorced from Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; but the innocent girl had been kept in complete ignorance that there was any blot on her parent's fair fame. One day she found an old pamphlet, which had been incautiously left on a window seat, and which the young girl commenced reading. It contained, amongst other histories of the court and nobility of the day, an account of her mother's dishonour. Lady Anne was so struck with this accidental discovery, that she fell into a fit, and was found senseless on the floor, with the book open before her.

"The poor girl suffered so much from her marriage being broken off, that her father was resolved to endeavour to bring it about.

* * * * *

"The marriage proved most happy; they continued through life ardently attached to each other, and their children added to their enjoyments. But suffering was in store for the poor mother, in her latter days. Her eldest son was the celebrated Lord Russell, who was beheaded in 1684, and whose wife is so well known by her letters.

"The affectionate mother did not long outlive her son. She was buried in the little church at Chenies, which contains some fine monuments of the Bedford family.

"It is a curious fact, that though Chiswick was sold by the beautiful Lady Anne Carre's father, to enable her to marry, it was not lost to her descendants; for Rachel, the daughter of Lord Russell who was beheaded, and his celebrated wife, married the second Duke of Devonshire; so that the present duke is descended from that lovely girl, and is in possession of the place where her youth was spent, the home of her ancestors."

WOOLCOTT'S REFLECTING APPARATUS, BY WHICH PHOTOGRAPHIC LIKENESSES ARE TAKEN.

We have scarcely ever received such intense gratification, or unmixed pleasure and surprise, as in viewing the likenesses taken in this way. These extraordinary semblances of human nature are taken, under the influence of a bright sky, in the short space of from *five to twenty seconds*; and it would be impossible for us to describe the beauty and fidelity of the portraiture. No invention of modern times appears to us more valuable and interesting than this; for it can never fail, as Nature herself is the artist. We strongly recommend the attention of our readers to this important invention, which only requires to be seen to be duly appreciated.

CHARADE.

My first bursts from a merry heart;

My next can ne'er be down:

My last performs a saucy part,

In country or in town.



(2)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1811 Morning & Evening Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Evening Dresses



(2)



The Latest and Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning & Evening Dresses

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Emerald green *pou de soie robe-redingote*; the *corsage* is made quite tight to the shape, and trimmed down the centre, and at the sides, with *brandebourgs*; demi-large sleeve. The skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with folds of silk interspersed in a very novel manner with *brandebourgs*. *Capote* of maize *gros d'Afrique*; it is a demi *bibi* of a small size, the brim and crown both drawn; it is trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a *voilette* of point d'Angleterre. The *colerette* is of the same lace. Rich silk shawl, a blue ground, with a superb border in various colours and cashmere patterns.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White satin robe, the *corsage* and skirt trimmed *en échelle* with Brussels lace; the former is cut very low round the top. Short tight sleeve covered with falls of lace. A second skirt, of pink satin, opens down the front over the white one, displaying the *tablier* formed by the *échelle*; it is disposed in folds down the sides, and they are ornamented at each knee with a sprig of roses. The hair is decorated with shaded velvet ribbon, disposed something in the form of a cap front, and a white feather drooping low on each side.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 3.—Robe of one of the new *foulards*; a French grey ground, striped with *groseille*. *Corsage*, a three-quarter height, ornamented with folds. Long tight sleeve, trimmed at the top with a plaited *volan*. Two *bias* tucks, each finished with a deep *volan*, decorate the skirt. *Chapeau* of Florence straw; a round and moderately open brim; the interior decorated with lace and flowers, the exterior with white ostrich feathers and straw-coloured ribbons.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Rose-coloured *tulle* robe over satin to correspond; *corsage drapé*, and short tight sleeve surmounted by an open *mancheron*; the skirt, trimmed with satin rouleaus, is cleft on each side as high as the knee, each opening surmounted by a full satin rosette, corresponding with one in the centre of the *corsage*. Black velvet *toque*, profusely adorned with lace, and white ostrich feathers.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Turlatane* robe, embroidered in maize-coloured silk; *corsage* draped in cross folds, and loose demi-long sleeve; *coiffure* formed of a lace *fichú*, which is partly brought

under the chin, and partly thrown over the hair, with the ends floating on the neck; it is looped back a little on one side by a sprig of roses.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—French grey satin robe; a tight low *corsage* and tight sleeve, both decorated with *mauds* of pink ribbon of a novel form. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a succession of similar ornaments. Head-dress of hair, decorated with a full *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers, and a *bandeau* of pearls.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Oiseau* satin robe; a low *corsage*, trimmed with a *berthe* of point d'Angleterre. Short tight sleeve, entirely covered with three full falls of the same lace. The skirt is decorated with three *volans en suite*. A wreath formed of an intermixture of point d'Angleterre and roses is placed very far back upon the head, and the ends descend upon the neck.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Shot satin robe; a low *corsage* trimmed with a pointed lace *berthe*; short tight sleeve, ornamented with *dents de loup*; the skirt is ornamented in a very novel manner with beads. Head-dress of hair, decorated with roses, a fancy jewellery *bandeau*, and a bird of paradise.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Indian green taffetas robe; a low *corsage*, and short tight sleeve; *berthe* and ruffles of point d'Alençon. A trimming of this lace winds *en serpente* down one side of the skirt, and is looped at regular distances by jewelled ornaments, corresponding with those that decorate the body and sleeves. The head-dress presents a back view of Fig. 2.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 1.—Changeable silk pelisse robe; *corsage*, half high, and shawl pelerine descending *en cœur*, and bordered with a *rûche*, which is continued in the tunic style down the front of the skirt, and round the extremity of the border. A deep flounce is let in between the *rûches*, and headed by a smaller one. Long tight sleeve, and *bias* cuff, bordered by a *rûche*. *Chapeau* of the material of the dress; a round and perfectly open brim, the interior trimmed with roses, and the exterior with *marabouts* to correspond.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—The robe is one of the new spring *foulards*; the *corsage*, high and tight to the shape, is trimmed, as is also the front of the skirt, with *papillon nœuds* of ribbon to correspond. Long tight sleeve; cambric frill and neck-knot, the latter edged with Valenciennes lace; cambric cuffs of a novel form; drawn bonnet, of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, a small, moderately open shape, the interior trimmed with *marguerites* and violets intermingled; a wreath composed of both flowers ornaments the exterior.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 3.—Blue *pou de soie* robe; *corsage croisée*, and half high; demi-large sleeve; the skirt is decorated with a deep flounce, looped in festoons by knots of blue satin ribbon. *Capote* of pink *pou de soie*, lined with white; a small and perfectly novel shape; the interior of the brim is edged with a very light *rûche* of white ribbon, and the sides trimmed with pink flowers. A full white *rûche* ornaments the exterior, and a knot of ribbon placed above it at the back of the crown completes the trimming.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of one of the new summer silks, striped and figured in vivid colours on a grey ground; the border is ornamented with three rows of reversed plaited trimming. Half-high *corsage*, and tight sleeves, both trimmed to correspond. Pink crape drawn bonnet, trimmed with figured ribbons, and a wreath of foliage terminated by a *gerbe* of roses.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Straw-coloured *pou de soie* robe; the *corsage* draped à la grecque, and short tight sleeve, decorated with a Brussels lace ruffle, surmounted by a knot of straw-coloured ribbon, and a band of fancy silk trimming. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a row of *coques* of ribbon, inserted between two rows of lace; it terminates near the bottom in a full knot; a row of fancy silk trimming round the border completes the trimming. Head-dress of hair ornamented with a lace lappet, and a wreath of roses.

EVENING DRESS,

FIG. 3.—Robe of pale pink striped silk; the border trimmed with tucks; a low *corsage* crossed in full folds, and short hanging sleeve. The hair is dressed in full ringlets at the sides, and ornamented with *gerbes* of roses mingling with the ringlets.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1841.

This month, always so interesting to the fair votaries of fashion, from the new costumes which it introduces, is, as will be seen by our plates, more than usually fruitful in elegant novelties. Foremost among them we may cite the

FASHIONABLE SPRING BONNETS.—Among the most elegant of those that will very shortly appear, are some com-

posed of a new straw-coloured silk material; they are trimmed with shaded bell flowers, of *organdy*, mounted in sprigs in the feather style, and laid upon the brim. The *bavolel*, of quite a new form, is short, double, and, crossing behind, is partially concealed by knots of ribbon of the lightest and prettiest form imaginable. Bonnets of lilac silk, *chinée de blanc*, are equally elegant; they are trimmed on one side by two knots of ribbon, shaded and striped with velvet; they are united by a ribbon, and on the other side are two light *bouquets* of lilac periwinkles, intermingled with exotics, and divided by a *torsade* of ribbons; one of the *bouquets* is placed perpendicularly, the other lies upon the brim. We must not forget bonnets of pale pink *pou de soie*, ornamented, or rather, we should say, partially covered with English point lace, tastefully arranged, and attached on one side by a *bouquet* of hyacinths, of a deeper shade of red than the bonnet. We shall close our notice of silk bonnets by some more distinguished for simple elegance than any that have yet appeared. We mean, those of white *pou de soie*, trimmed both on the brim and crown with a profusion of *rûches* of *tulle illusion*; they are divided by a wreath of small white and rose-coloured pine blossoms. Although silk bonnets are expected to be very much in request, they will not be more so than rice and Italian straw, both which, and particularly the former, will enjoy quite as much vogue as they have for some seasons past. The trimmings of the exterior will be *marabouts*, or wreaths of flowers; but the former will be decidedly predominant; in either case, flowers will be employed to decorate the interior of the brim. Drawn bonnets are expected to be fashionable; we have seen some of lilac *pou de soie*, the exterior trimmed with sprigs of the same, and the edge finished with a point lace curtain veil. There is no doubt that, as the season advances, lace will be a good deal intermingled with other ornaments in the trimmings of silk bonnets. It is yet doubtful how far velvet will be employed for those of rice and Italian straw. We know that it will be adopted in the beginning of the season, with the addition of *marabouts* or flowers; but we have great reason to think it will soon be laid aside; it is not, in fact, calculated in any way for summer trimmings; its appearance, though rich, is too heavy, and it cannot bear either sun or dust. Crape drawn bonnets will appear very early in the month, if the weather permits; the most fashionable will be pink, green, lilac, and *oiseaux*. The trimmings are *marabouts* of the same colours, or wreaths composed of different flowers intermingled, as roses, *mignonette*, *pensées*, &c.

SPRING SHAWLS.—Those of silk, of the square kind, will be very numerous; some have a plain ground of one colour only, with a very rich border; we refer to Fig. 1, of our second plate for a most elegant model of this kind; others are *broché*, or damasked; they have not a coloured border, but are merely finished with a very rich fringe. White cashmere shawls, embroidered in coloured silks round the border, will also be in request; both are of very large size; and, as the season opens, those of lace, either rounded or pointed, with a pelerine of the same kind, turning over, will be much in vogue. But perhaps the most elegant novelties of the season are the muslin scarfs now in preparation; they are really *chef d'œuvres* of embroidery; and the beauty of the work will be fully displayed by a coloured crape or silk lining. We are happy to find that embroidery will be adopted in every department of the toilette in which it can be employed. It is desirable that it should be so; partly, because it is one of the few means by which women can earn a subsistence; and, partly, because it

is at once an amusement, and a means of decorating their pretty persons, to such of our readers as are not too scientific to ply the steel bar.

BONNETS, MANTELETS, &c., IN PLAIN WALKING DRESS.—Straw bonnets, trimmed in a neat and simple style, will, we have reason to believe, be very much adopted. They are indeed very well calculated for summer walking dress in a climate like ours. Drawn bonnets of *pou de soie* also, simply trimmed, are expected to be in favour. Black silk *mantelets*, trimmed either with silk or black lace, will resume their vogue. They are gentlewomanly, and, though they may be made very expensive, are not showy. The same may be said of some of the new summer shawls, both of silk and French cachemire, always of quiet colours and patterns. Plain silks, and *foulards* of small patterns, will be most in favour for robes. New materials of the *mousseline de laine* kind will be brought forward for walking dress.

NEW MATERIALS FOR HALF-DRESS AND EVENING ROBES.—Silks have been for the last three seasons in a majority of both, and the same seems likely to be the case this year also, at least till the weather becomes sufficiently warm for muslins and *organdies* to divide the vogue with silks. We have, however, to announce two materials, composed of an intermixture of silk and wool, which are likely to be in vogue in half-dress, they are *popeline brochées* and *moire d'été*, they unite richness and lightness, and are extremely useful because they never crease. *Foulards*, we are assured, will be in great favour in half-dress; they are of various patterns, both striped and plaided, but none of a very large kind. Plain and shaded *pou de soie* will be equally in vogue; the new materials for the *negligé du soir* are *armure prairie*; the grounds of these silks are either pea green, *écru*, or lilac-figured in very small coloured flowers: *orientale*, a shot *levantine*, thickly strewn with very small orange or *ponceau* points—this is an uncommonly beautiful silk; it changes its hues with every movement of the robe, and is brilliant in every change; it is expected to be much in favour with *demi-corsages* or low *canezous* of embroidered *organdy*, or muslin in evening *negligé*, *pou de soie fleur delisé*, this last is extremely pretty, and the most dressy of those we have cited. Some have a white ground figured in *bouquets* of coloured flowers; others have a blue or lilac ground, covered with a white running pattern of a very light kind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ROBES IN HALF-DRESS AND EVENING COSTUME.—Our fair readers will see by our plates that no remarkable change has taken place in the forms of either. Pelisse robes keep their ground in the first, though not exclusively; they are rendered in some degree novel by a very pretty style of trimming, of which we have given a model in our second plate.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—Those of hair adorned with flowers will be most in request, but caps will not lose their vogue. We have seen some that are about to be introduced; they are as small as those worn at present; but they neither descend so low, nor are brought so forward at the sides; the majority are of lace, but some are composed of *tulle*. The trimming in both instances is lighter; they are decorated with early flowers.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are the light hues peculiar to the season, pink of delicate shades, lilac, both grey and red, pale primrose, azure blue, several light shades of green, drab and fawn, and some neutral tints.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The approach of the promenade of Longchamps has made an unusual bustle among our *merchandises des modes* and *couturières*. We have profited by it to present our fair readers with several elegant models of the novelties that will appear at that grand solemnity of *La Mode*. We shall now lay before them the result of our gleanings during the last month in the field of Fashion.

SPRING CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES are already in great forwardness. The usual favourites, *paille d'Italie* and *paille de riz*, will this season divide their empire with *chapeaux de fantaisie*. We may cite among the most *distingué*, those of *paille à jours*, tastefully intermingled with very narrow bands of velvet of various colours, and also those of fancy straw, wreathed with narrow *filets* of *chenille*. Straw is, indeed, this season likely to enjoy an uncommon vogue: we are assured, that both *capotes* and *chapeaux* of fine sewed straw, ornamented with early flowers will be adopted by our most celebrated leaders of Fashion. English straw, we mean that of Dunstable, is also expected to be in favour; but we should not choose to speak positively on this point, as it is not yet decided. In speaking of fancy *chapeaux*, we must not forget one that has just appeared of a perfectly new and really very pretty kind; the material is called *fillet cordonnet*, it is a kind of braiding, and, in our opinion, one of the prettiest fancy materials that has appeared; we think that its lightness and elegance will render it a very great favourite.

TRIMMINGS FOR SPRING CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES.—All the early flowers are put in requisition, particularly sprigs of lilac of both kinds, violets, crocus, and, in short, all the first flowers of spring; but we observe, also, that those of a later date are in equal request, especially roses. Although flowers predominate, feathers, that is to say, *marabouts*, and white or shaded ostrich feathers, are also in favour, but they are, for the present, in a minority. Velvet will be extensively used in the early part of the season for trimmings—several *capotes*, both of rice and Italian straw, have the *bavolets* composed of it; it borders also the edge of the brim, and ornaments the bottom of the crown in a variety of ways; a *bouquet* of *marabouts* is placed on one side, and tufts of violets or primroses decorate the interior of the brim. We see some other *capotes* trimmed with a velvet *bavolet*, and a band of velvet lightly arched in the centre, placed round the bottom of the crown, and bordered at the upper edge by a wreath of delicate flowers descending in *gerbes* on the brim, and passing below it. We have heard that ornaments, composed of a mixture of straw and *chenille*, will be introduced in the course of the month, but we do not think they are likely to enjoy any great vogue, as, however well they may be made, they can be easily imitated, and as the materials are not expensive, they will soon become common. Another style of ornament, that is expected to be introduced, will, we think, have more success, we mean wreaths of velvet foliage in various shades of green, two, or perhaps three, in the same wreath; the effect will be pretty and certainly novel.

SPRING SHAWLS AND SCARFS.—The most striking novelties among the first are the *châle-bournous*, composed of shot *pou de soie*, either blue or rose *glacée de blanc*; some are bordered with fancy silk trimming; others with stamped velvet, this latter style of trimming is as novel as it is elegant. Scarfs are of various kinds; the most *distingué* of the silk ones are those of

soie nuancée orange and white, and blue and white; they are trimmed with *point d'Alençon*; others of a lighter kind, muslin, *foulards* and China crape, are embroidered in coloured silks in a very tasteful style.

VELOURS OILES DE MANCHE.—Methinks I hear a fair reader exclaim, "What, velvet at this time of year!" Yes, fair lady, it is really a spring velvet; that is to say, the most novel and pretty of all the new materials of the season, it has the downy *satiné* appearance of velvet, and the varied and brilliant hues of a butterfly's wing, when it is expanded in the rays of the sun.

SPRING PELISSES.—We have seen within the last few days several composed of summer silks, and trimmed with *biais*, bordered by a narrow fringe in the colour of the pelisse, or else encircled with small silk *chicorées*; this latter style of trimming will be very much in vogue this spring.

MOUSSELINE ORIENTALE.—A new description of muslin has just been introduced under this title for *canezous*; it is embroidered *un crochel* in elegant and novel patterns. Some of the *canezous* made low, and intended for *demi-parure*, are particularly calculated for the toilettes of young unmarried ladies, as they add an elegant finish to the simple robes that custom prescribes for youthful *demoiselles*; the grand distinction of those adopted by the married and unmarried *belle*, consists in the richness of the lace that trims them.

LINGERIE will be more than usually brilliant this season. We have seen some muslin robes embroidered in a very novel manner; and it is said, but this we will not vouch for, that this style of embroidery will replace flounces; but really it has been so often reported that the latter are going out of fashion, that we must wait a little before we give credit to the report. Some of the new embroidered trimmings are *biais*; others deep tucks, surmounted by *entre deux*, and edged with small running patterns. Embroideries, *en tablier*, will also be in very great vogue; and we are assured that worked *canezous*, *demi-corsages*, and *mantillas* will be still more generally adopted than they have been for several seasons past.

BALL DRESS.—Once more, *Mesdames*, allow us to present to you some of those charming *costumes de bal*, which are at this moment the delight and admiration of our fair Parisians. We shall begin with a white crape robe, composed of three skirts, each bordered only with a hem, and looped on one side by a knot, formed of a small gold and *ponceau* cord and tassels; the knots were tied in such a manner as to place the six tassels regularly one above another; the *cordillère* of the last knot, which was attached to the upper skirt, was raised and fixed to the waist by a jewelled ornament; two corresponding ornaments fastened the draperies on the shoulders: the sleeves were very short, of the double *bouillon* kind, and had no ornament. We shall cite also a *tunique*, and robe of *tarlatane*; the former open over the robe, and both encircled with a deep fringe, quadrilled in *fil blanc*, and small gold beads attached to each quadrille. Nothing can be prettier and lighter than those little gold beads, sparkling among the cool and waving folds of this showy costume. We may cite also among the most remarkable ball robes, those of India muslin, superbly embroidered in gold, or very full trimmed with lace, intermingled with flowers. Equally worthy of admiration, are *organdy* robes, strewn with small patterns, embroidered in silver, and raised at each side of the skirt by wreaths of roses, diminishing in size progressively towards the waist. We may cite, in a similar style, but much less costly, robes of plain *tulle*, either white or coloured; they have a double skirt, the upper one is raised in the style above

described on each side of the skirt, by *coques* of white satin ribbon, very small near the waist, but increasing progressively till they reach the knee, where they are terminated by a knot, the ends of which float over the under dress.

BALL COIFFURES afford an infinite variety, for as yet the decorations of winter are mingled with the graceful and simple ornaments of spring; thus, for instance, we see some head-dresses of hair, ornamented with a *guirlande à la favorite*, composed of *marguerites*, violets, and *myosotes*; this wreath is placed far back, and *bandeaux* of torquoises and amethysts complete the *coiffure*; other head-dresses of hair are ornamented with *marabouts*, placed on one side, and attached by a diamond *agraffe*. A *coiffure* that has been much admired, has the hind hair arraged in a *chou*, formed of platted braids, encircled with pearls; two pearl tassels descend on each side, and are surmounted by tufts of roses without foliage; the front hair is arranged in soft bands, which are retained on the summit of the head by a row of pearls with a diamond clasp. Where the hair is ornamented with flowers only, which, in many instances, is the case, we see it sometimes adorned with two small tufts of roses with velvet foliage; they are inserted low on each side among the ringlets, in which the front hair is dressed. Wreaths are also very much in favour, particularly the *guirlande favorite*, formed of silver grapes and roses without foliage; the *guirlande bacchante* with gold foliage, and still prettier and lighter is a wreath of a very novel form, composed of roses mingled with the small heath blossoms of the Alps. If sprigs or *bouquets* are adopted, we may cite the *rose Tagliani* with a green heart, which forms a charming *melange* with the *fleur de Sureau*, honeysuckle, jasmin, the sweet-scented pea, and a variety of exotics are also in request.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received from our foreign friend, "I de S—," his very interesting "Spanish Tale." We take this opportunity of thanking our talented correspondent for his valuable contribution, which shall appear in our next.

W. HAWKINS.—In our next.

We are most desirous to oblige and gratify H. M. E.; but regret to state, her lines would not suit the pages of the "World of Fashion."

The communications of our fair Correspondent in Birmingham, and of GEORGE W. BURCH, are unavoidably postponed till our next.

H. J. B.'s "Woman's Love," is received, and, when received, it shall appear. It appears to us that our correspondent has derived his historical information from authors who have before now been convicted of ignorance or wilful malevolence. H. J. B. must remember that the "World of Fashion" is not intended to be made the vehicle of polemics no more than politics. We wish to please all—to offend none—and certainly not to gratify any, at the expense of what we know to be the truth.

AMELIA, too late for this month.

BOOKS and MUSIC, for review, are requested to be forwarded, addressed to the Editress of the *World of Fashion*, at the Office, 299, Strand.

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VOL. 18.

THE COUNTESS DE REVOLLES.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Oh, woman! beauteous, generous woman!
Nature made you to temper man;
We had been brutes without you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting hope.—OTWAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOVERS.

Like unto children, who without inheriting the character and habits of their father, have yet received from him a peculiarity of features and complexion, the court of Louis XVI., while it was removed from the traditions of its predecessors, had still about it some of those marks and signs by which it could easily be recognised as that which was the successor to the hero of the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*. The light Count de Maurepas was the point of transition between a reign of gallantry and a reign of somewhat more austerity. Besides, the political essayists and encyclopedists had been at work, and around the capital had grown up delightful villas, that were at the same time the abode of luxury, the retreat of pleasure, and the temples of taste.

Upon the banks of the Seine, the eye glances with delight upon that picturesque hill which descends, by gentle inclinations, from Meudon to the banks of the river. It is no longer Paris, and it is not yet the country; but it is a place in which art has found such assistance from nature, that it is able to work miracles. By the side of its statues of marbles, nature places its poplars; and, while art spreads out its noble carpets of the East, the other lays by their side the green and velvet lawn. There is as if it were a struggle and a rivalry for admiration between the gorgeous flowers of the *parterre*, and those that the painter has produced in decorating the ceilings of the different apartments,—both look beautiful—both appear to have sprung from the same bulbs; but the former have the advantage, for they fill the senses with all the pleasures of perfume.

It was in a mansion so situated, and almost within view of the gates of Paris, that a splendid and numerous company was being received. The amiable and thoughtful hospitality of the Countess Adelaide de Revolles had provided for her friends every species of enjoyment, and every variety of entertainment. A skilful succession of enchantments kept the minds of her

friends perpetually on the alert. They knew not but that the masses of foliage that now appeared as dark and cool as they were silent, might, in an instant, be filled with light and sounds; while the pavilions scattered here and there contained, each, some new surprise, mixed with pleasure, for those who entered them. In this one was a collation; in that, a full band of music; further on a lottery, in which, for every ticket, there was a prize consisting of some of those pretty things that ladies love to make, and are at the same time a specimen of their inventive taste and their elegant industry. Whilst at the grand portal to this fairy palace there were seen arriving, as if in an unbroken file, coronetted carriages and gorgeous liveries, the river Seine brought with its current new guests, that came in splendid barques, that gently glided over the waters, and with their silken streamers and parti-coloured lanterns recalled the dreams and the poetry of the long nights of Venice.

The company was assembled in a large saloon, surrounded with ornamented shrubs. It looked like a vast fairy bower in the deep recesses of a forest. Already the violins of the opera had given the signal for minuets, when a young lady and a splendid-looking officer of musketeers passed openly and without affectation from the crowded company, as if it were their intention to finish, at some distance from those assembled, a conversation that was purely friendly, and had been begun in the ball-room. Such was their appearance, when the eyes of many were gazing upon them—but far different was it when they were alone, for then in their very looks might be seen the deepest, tenderest, warmest affection. They were both young, richly attired, full of intellect, wealthy and noble, for they were Adelaide de Revolles and the Chevalier Emilius d'Avrigny.

They stopped in the very centre of a grove, whose tender intertwining branches formed an ever-moving dome above their heads. They leant against the pedestal of a statue of Love, the features of which were lighted up by a distant illumination, and there remaining, they talked of their happiness, and sought to fix down the future by their wishes and their will.

"You delay the day of our marriage too long," said the Chevalier, in a loud tone of voice, "Have pity, I beseech you, Madame, on a man who loves!"

"Chevalier," observed the lady, "remember that the world imposes upon me severe laws. A widow for two years, I cannot be hurried into a new alliance. Wait yet a little while!"

"Wait, Adelaide! Oh! you have but a cold heart—you do not know how to love!"

"I! but we shall, see," replied the Countess, smiling, "which of the two can love the better, or the longer."

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"Wait!" he continued, "and who can tell, Madame, how many days of peace are left to our poor France; the court sees with the greatest inquietude the Convocation of the States-General. The most abominable things are now printed, and then there is the insolence of the people—"

"The people!" disdainfully exclaimed Adelaide, "it is a base and miserable cur dog that can be easily muzzled—"

At that moment a hoarse laugh was heard behind the shrubs, within which they stood. The leaves and the branches were moved, and the Countess, turning round her head, beheld a face that was completely strange to her. The features of the unknown were impressed with a character of remarkable harshness. Madame de Revolles could not prevent herself from trembling with affright. The Chevalier, to whom her emotion had not passed unobserved, flung himself forward to demand from the stranger satisfaction for the curiosity, which it seemed he had indulged; but the latter did not give him time to question him, for advancing instantly, and, making a bow to the lady, he said, "Madame, I trust you will have the goodness to excuse my indiscretion. Wearied with the noise of your brilliant *fête*, I sought in these retired alleys a little both of darkness and of silence. Your last words excited my attention, and I own to you, that I think your simile upon the people a little too severe!"

"Sir!" said the Countess, in a tone of voice in which might be discerned some hauteur, "I have not the honour of knowing you. Might I then learn how it is—"

"It is but proper, Madame. I was introduced here by one of your friends, Doctor Boehlen, and my name is Fonquier de Tainville."

"Ah!" said the Chevalier, "I have read verses addressed by you to the King in 1781; at least, I think so—"

CHAPTER II. THE ARISTOCRATS.

In ordinary life, and in the course of ages, four years are but as four points marked down rapidly one after the other;—a little time that has scarcely lasted—a day without a thought—the past, without a single fact on which memory can dwell. But in France, from the years 1789 to 1793, at which latter period we now resume our story, life was heavy, stifling, burdensome—it was counted hour by hour, and agony was sure to follow upon pain, as the hour hand slowly but certainly pursues the minute hand on the dial-plate of the watch. Domestic life was calculated by its woes, as the victories of the mob were by the number of heads that fell on the scaffold; then individuals seemed only to exist in order that they might die, and each individual being reconciled to his own fate, was astonished to discover that there lived as yet some friends that he might recognize. Friends—alas! who then dared to have friends? It was then, as during the plague of Florence, guests were affrighted from feasts—brothers from the house of brothers—lovers were as if torn from each other's arms by that Republican Liberty, which—suspicious and terrible—fastened upon the very hearts of families, and there—freezing their courage, and annihilating alike their moral and physical strength—isolated, as it were, the defenders of royalty. It was a time of horror—but it was a period of unheard of—unthought of—devotion. Women, that had until then appeared before the eyes of the world with their brows garlanded by flowers, and whose necks sparkled with diamonds, were in an instant seen to cast aside—without a murmur, and, apparently, without the slightest

regret—those ornaments that were little suited for the long, dreary, and severe political winter to which they were about to be exposed; they became sublime by abnegation, and despoiled of that luxury, which had, in some degree, half-concealed their attractions, they permitted themselves to be admired, by being seen in all the majesty of their simplicity and integrity.

The plainness of furniture of a small mansion in the Faubourg St. Honoré, into which we are about to be admitted, proved the desire to live out of the reach, not merely of the suspicious, but the very looks of all.

A young female might be seen in the principal apartment. With her head leaning on her hand, she appeared to be reading some journals, that were scattered on the small table before her, but her eyes were constantly directed towards the street. A knock was heard, and at the well-known sound, she trembled—raised herself in a half-standing position, and then fell back again upon the sofa behind her, murmuring, as she fell, "It is—it is he!"

In a moment afterwards, the Chevalier, or rather the *ci-devant* d'Avrigny, was in the room, and standing before the Countess de Revolles. His looks indicated more a feeling of deep interest, than of intense affection. The four years that had passed, without marring the beauty of the Chevalier, might be said to have matured it. He was no more the charming Chevalier, whose impassioned words were to be heard amid the splendours of an evening *fête*; but he was a man tried by sufferings, beaten by the tempest, and evidently ill at ease—in the middle of events, the termination to which he could not foresee. The interview that he now had with Adelaide was long and painful to both; if one could have listened to it, they would have heard the words "indifference" and "coldness" repeated by the lady, and they would have afforded a key to the secret of her sadness, as well as the assurances of continued tenderness, which were so hesitatingly conveyed in the vague answers of the Chevalier.

"Oh!" said he, "pardon me, or rather cast the blame upon times such as these. You know that it is necessary for me frequently to repair to Brittany for the purpose of protecting the property of my family, and you are also aware that the court has confided to me many secret and important missions to the sovereigns of Germany, but soon, I trust, the hour for our happiness will come—if, indeed, any one can be happy amid the misery of millions."

"Emilius!" cried the young lady, "sometimes a ray of sunshine, bright and glowing with all the warmth of heaven, penetrates even through the thickest and darkest clouds!"

"Hark!" said he.

"These, Emilius, are but common sounds; they are what is called 'the voice of the people,'—liberty is with us a very noisy goddess!"

"But then do you not hear the words '*conspiracy*' and '*aristocrat*.'"

"It is true!"

Both then listened attentively, and they found that like the hoarse murmurs of the coming tide, the noise continued to increase; the distant shouts became, as they approached, distinct menaces, and these, too, menaces uttered by the mouths of women and even of children! The crowd was momentarily increased by the idle and the curious. The *bonnet rouge* formed a contrast with the dark and demon-like countenance of its wearers; while here and there were to be seen the glimmering steel of pikes which chance had widowed of their accustomed trophies—the heads of those who had fallen victims to popular fury. The crowd poured along—a turbid, filthy, and disgust-

ing torrent, and a voice was heard to exclaim "another plot discovered," while others called out, amid the applauses of the mob, the names of the aristocrats who had just been incarcerated. This fatal list terminated with the names of the Marchioness of Espercieux and her daughter.

The Chevalier, who had until then given to such a scene the attention that might be expected from one who was accustomed to them, uttered a groan, and repeated, while his face became pale as death, "*Mademoiselle d'Espercieux!*" and, without offering any explanation—almost without even having the courtesy to bid the Countess farewell—he rushed precipitately from the house.

Adelaide, with the double penetration of a woman—and a woman, too, who is in love—perfectly comprehended him. Far from stopping to make any unnecessary complaints, she rang the bell for her domestic.

"My faithful Gervaise," she said, "give me a new proof of your attachment and intelligence. Repair to the house of my friend, the Baron de C—. He is one perfectly well-acquainted with all the nobility of Brittany, and ask him if the Marchioness of Espercieux, who has just been arrested along with her daughter, is from the neighbourhood of Nantes. In short, learn everything you possibly can of that family."

At the end of an hour when Gervaise returned, he found his mistress in an agony of grief. "Madame," said he, "the Marchioness is from Brittany; she is a very distinguished Royalist, and this morning she was brought to the prison of Saint Lazarus."

"And her daughter—her daughter."

"Ah! poor child! so soon unhappy, and so young to be cut off—to die, as she is doomed, at seventeen!"

"And is she only seventeen years of age?"

"Yes, madam; not a day more; and then, I am told, she is beautiful as an angel."

"Gervaise, I must see her."

"You, madame! Good God! and how? You will expose yourself to these villains."

"No matter; I repeat it; I must and will see her."

"But you cannot get into the prison as easily as you may imagine. Without an order from the Municipality, or one of the Members of the Committee of Public Safety, it is impossible."

"Well, well; it so happens that I, at one time, saw one of these miserable savages. I will go to him, and he will not refuse me, I think, admission into Saint Lazarus."

"For pity's sake, my dear mistress, reflect well on what you are doing; for this very act may destroy you."

"My poor Gervaise, do you think that any one, at such a period as this, can have any great inducements for clinging to life. But, come, follow me. We must have a hired chaise."

CHAPTER III. A DEMOCRAT.

There were to be seen surrounding the Citizen Fonquier Tainville several men of ferocious aspect, and coarsely attired. He, with an animated voice, gave to them his orders, and enjoined upon them a particular *surveillance* with respect to those suspected of "moderation," as well as those "brigands who were either noblemen or clergymen." At length he was left alone in his cabinet, the only ornaments of which were the busts of Murat and Lepelletier; and he was about to seat himself, when

the door opened, and there was seen to enter a young female, whose form was enveloped in a long mantle of brown silk. Fonquier-Tainville at first frowned upon this person, who came so suddenly upon him; but another look at the unknown, instantly changed the feelings of the republican. He became almost polite; for he said in a jesting tone, "What, you here, *Madame de Revolles!*"

"Yes, Citizen; to-day I return you the visit which you paid me four years ago."

"Eh! do you then remember it?"

"Perfectly."

"Ah! things have changed very much! You nobles, then gave fêtes."

"And now, we weep."

"Each thing in its turn. Good principles have at last triumphed; and it is necessary that the revolution be pitiless, in order that there may be secured for it a lasting triumph."

"And yet, monsieur, I calculate upon your doing me service. Living retired as I am, you know I can have nothing to do with conspiracies; and the favour I now beg of you is, permission to visit, in the prison of Saint Lazarus, the Marchioness of Espercieux and her daughter, who were arrested this morning."

"What! is it to visit intriguers—spies too—for foreigners?"

"Will you refuse me that which I have so openly and so frankly come to request?"

"You are an enchantress! No one can resist you. Hold, then; here is the paper, and remember, if you ever require my services, I am always to be seen at this hour—by you, you alone, good lady-citizen." And then, giving her the permission, he pressed her hand; and, although she was horrified by the odious contact, she so far suppressed her feelings, as to give expression to not the smallest emotion.

In pursuance of the order given by Fonquier Tainville, the Countess was admitted into the prison, and soon found herself in the presence of the Marchioness. But while she was speaking to the Marchioness her looks were fastened upon the young Rosina d'Espercieux—a fair and angelic creature, who, kneeling by the side of her mother, seemed, with her sweet blue eyes and fair silken hair, which shone as if it were gold in the few sunbeams that penetrated the prison, as if she were already a seraphim, who was enthroned in that place where sorrow is unknown, and grief is never heard of.

"Ladies," said Adelaide, "I have just heard the news of your arrest from the Chevalier d'Avrigny, one of my friends and yours, and I wished to brave all perils, in order that I might bring you some consolation."

At the name of M. d'Avrigny, Rosina looked up, and said, "I knew well that he would not forget us."

"The Chevalier is very much devoted to you—is he not ladies?"

"Oh, yes, as a son," replied the Marchioness. "We knew him in Brittany, and in happier times. Why was it that the civil war should have compelled us to seek an asylum in this inhospitable city? Alas! it is not for myself that I am afflicted; but for this, my poor child; so young, so innocent—shall she be condemned, too, to die? Oh, I am about to see her perish thus prematurely—cut down, like a young flower before it has yet experienced the warmth of summer. But, no; sooner than yield her to the barbarians, they shall first tear out my heart."

The tears of the two prisoners then began to flow. The Countess contemplated them almost with envy, for she also was very unhappy, but—she could not weep. Torn, as it were, by

conflicting emotions—divided by the ardent jealousy of one who deeply loves, and the pity of a true christian—a thousand different projects were agitated in her mind. Lost in her own thoughts, she did not notice the door opening behind her, and it was not until she turned round in consequence of hearing the cry of joy that was uttered by Rosina, that she perceived—the Chevalier d'Avrigny!

"You here, Madame!" he muttered forth.

A great effort was required on the part of the Countess, in order that she might appear perfect mistress of herself. She answered a few words in justification of the interest she took in the ladies, and then permitted the Marchioness freely to indulge her grief. At the end of half an hour, a turnkey came to announce that the visitors to the prisoners must withdraw.

The Countess left the prison with Emilius, and when they had both been seated in her hired carriage, she indulged in the reflection of a few moments, while he appeared to be labouring under the feverish agitation of a man who feels that he is guilty. At last, after a violent effort, as if she came to some great and decided resolution, she said to him, "Do not speak to me, Emilius, for I read what is at this moment passing in your own heart; you are seeking for excuses there, and you cannot find any. The only answer that can now come from your lips to me is this—'I have ceased to love you.' Think, then, on that answer, but without pronouncing it."

"Madame—"

"No—no; sir!—the very sound of your voice now makes me sick. I repeat it—I require no excuse—I do not, cannot pardon, but I understand—perfectly comprehend you—that is all. I know well what is love; it is a thing that when we give, we also reserve to ourselves the right of taking it back again. Well—well; all is now over—but you have a friend still left to you—one that when distant from you, far distant, will think of, and pray for, you. That young girl is an angel, and I must save her!"

"Oh, Heavens! you, Adelaide?"

"Yes; I. Is it the difficulty of the undertaking that affrights, or the greatness of the sacrifice that astonishes, you?"

"Mademoiselle d'Espereux cannot so far be of interest to you, that you should compromise yourself on her account. To you she is a mere stranger."

"No, Emilius, since she is not to you a stranger, I will save her."

"But how? and ought I to suffer—"

"What! would you refuse a service being done to you, because it must come through me?"

"Oh! how can you think any such thing."

"At six o'clock, then, to-morrow morning, be near to the prison of Saint Lazarus with a post-chaise. Gervaise will be waiting for you there; he will give you an order for the freedom of the Marchioness and her daughter."

"And can I thus go, and leave you in this city, which terror covers over, as if it were with a cloud charged with death? No, no; for to do so would indeed be most foul and base."

"Emilius, I never asked you for a favour that you refused me; and you must not do so now, when your own life is in peril. Your departure is necessary. Make your mind easy as to my fate. We shall see one another again; but now let us separate, and promise me, my beloved one, that you will keep my name inscribed on your memory."

"For ever, Adelaide!"

"For ever! But, yes; for I believe that friendship is much

longer lived than love; but now, leave the carriage, for I have another visit to pay. Again, then, once again, adieu!"

He descended from the carriage, trembling and shedding tears. He proceeded up the street, and the Countess looked upon him as long as it was possible. When he had passed from her sight, she desired the coachman to drive to the residence of the wild Terrorist, that she had already honoured with a visit.

She had during the entire morning been firm and resolute; but now, so astounded was she with the difficulty of the work she had undertaken, that she was overwhelmed with emotion. Weak, pale, and palpitating, she was compelled to throw herself on the straw-stuffed sofa, to which Fonquier Tainville conducted her. This man in a moment comprehended that she required from him the exercise of those dictatorial powers with which he was invested; and his rule was not to do a service without requiring an adequate reward for it. Harsh, gross, and unfeeling, he fixed his glassy eyes upon the Countess, who appeared to him as a ravishing beauty, and he thought of her as his bride. The interview did not last many minutes; and when it was over the Countess had in her hand a paper, that the public accuser, with a hasty gesture, intimated to her she should that moment conceal, and then whispered to her—

"I count upon your word, my pretty little aristocrat. One good turn deserves another; but then, to postpone the affair until to-morrow evening, appears to me, I own, to be delaying it too long; but let it be to-morrow at eight o'clock. It is, I assure you, my lovely Countess, so long ago as four years, that I have always thought you to be so very handsome."

And, saying this, she felt a hand that had signed so many death-warrants, press her hands—hands, too, that were only clasped in prayer!

CHAPTER IV.

THE VICTIM.

It was about seven o'clock the next morning when Gervaise was seen returning to the mansion of the Countess. From him then Adelaide instantly learned that a post-chaise, containing the Chevalier, Rosina and the Marchioness had passed freely out of the gates of Paris. She prostrated herself on the floor, and seemed to fall into a sort of ecstasy, from which Gervaise could with difficulty arouse her—for she seemed impassible to all that surrounded her. She appeared to dwell in another world; to converse with superior intelligences; or rather to traverse the road, and to accompany in their rapid flight the beings who bore away with them all the joys of her heart. It was indeed a spectacle worthy of admiration to see her kneeling on the floor of her chamber,—her arms resting on the gilded wood of a sofa,—her eyes swimming in tears, and brilliant with a supernatural light—her mouth open, and pouring forth sighs that were so gentle and so soft, that they might be regarded as heavenly music. Not a murmur, not an accusation against her sad fate. She looked like La Valliere weeping with the queen, for the death of the king, her lover.

But this state of physical prostration had its termination. A sudden light shed itself upon the face of the Countess. Gervaise, who was weeping in a corner of the chamber, saw this change with joy, and he exclaimed, "Heaven be praised!"

Adelaide looked upon the enamelled dial-plate of her watch, and said, "I have much to do, and but little time to execute all. Gervaise! paper, pens, and ink, quickly!" She then placed herself at the table, and wrote a dozen of letters to her relations and friends, and, having sealed them, she confided

them to the care of her old servant. She next took out all her jewellery, and, having divided them into different parcels, put various addresses upon them; and, lastly, having collected all the title-deeds of her estates, and her gold, she enclosed them all in a large coffer, and addressed them to "The Chevalier d'Avrigny, London." Gervaise was not forgotten; a provision was secured for him at a distance from Paris; and then, having made all these arrangements, she told him it was necessary for him to leave her that moment, as she had that very evening to set out on a long journey. Gervaise, so directed, did leave the house.

That very evening a man enveloped in a greyish coloured mantle entered the mansion of the Countess. He ascended to the first floor, guided by a bronze lamp which burned in the vestibule. A doubtful light was shed over the room into which he entered. He was already drawing a happy augury from the silence and the mystery that surrounded him, when he trembled to see before him a female dressed in the deepest mourning.

"You are exact to the moment," she observed. "It is well; an hour longer, and you would have been too late. Given up, a prey to mad despair; deprived of all happiness, I might have committed a horrible crime, in taking away that life which God confided to me; but, thanks to you, I shall appear innocently, though prematurely before my Supreme Judge."

"What is it you say? Do you jest? Yesterday you were brilliant and beautiful, and this evening you are dark, dull, louring—almost dying. Is it thus that you repay the confidence that I reposed in you?"

"I have not deceived you. I promised to give to you myself in place of your two destined victims. But how can one yield oneself to a hero of the Commune? How, but as a victim to the guillotine, with their hands tied, and stretched upon the fatal planks that are placed beneath the falling axe. You wished to wed the Countess de Revolles; she is yours—give her to the executioner. I wished for death, and therefore I have addressed myself to you for a passport thither. Since you must have each day a victim, I present you with a fresh one. You see her before you. Adelaide de Revolles belongs to you."

The last words were not heard by him to whom they were addressed. Rage was in his eyes, and hell in his heart, when he quitted her sight; but the vile myrmidons, who accompanied him at all times, were directed to keep guard on the house, and permit no one to pass from it.

The next day the usual convoy of martyrs was seen on its way to the place already stained with the blood of a King. Gervaise chanced to be in one of the streets through which the car of death was passing. He saw amongst the condemned a woman: she was young, she was beautiful, and she seemed perfectly resigned to her fate. He looked again at her, and shrieked out—

"Great God! it is the Countess de Revolles!"

FREDERICK.

CHARADE.

I'm clear and smooth, and sometimes cut,
And often on your table put;
Take off a letter, and you'll find
What to possess I'm much inclin'd;
Take off another, and you'll see
What I trust you'll ne'er call me.

A KISS.

Imitated from Martial, Lib. III, Epig. 65.

Sweet, as are apples taken from the boughs,
Sweet, as the field where tender lambskins browse,
Sweet, as Arabia's perfum'd ambient air,
Sweet, as the garland of thy silken hair,
Sweet, as the mead which summer rain bedews,
Sweet, as the scent which tow'ring pine trees ooze,
Sweet, as the early saffron's tawny flower,
Sweet, as the vine spring blossom of thy bower,
Sweet, as the myrtle, are those lips of thine,
And in thy kiss their odours all combine.

W. B. M.

TO MY FRIEND.

The sacred chain of friendship
Hath link'd my heart to thee;
I feel unbounded pleasure
When thou art near to me.
And if protracted absence
Should keep thee from thy friend,
I count the days in sadness,
And think they'll never end.

If fate at length should sever,
Or death dissolve the tie,
Or chilling coldness ever
Within thy bosom lie;
Yet will I not forget thee,
Though I forgotten be:
I'll feel that friendship still for thee
Thou'lt cease to feel for me.

Yet whether thorns or flowers
Thy future lot may be,
In pleasure and in trouble,
Oh, sometimes think of me!
Though toils and griefs unnumber'd
My lot through life may be,
In death alone excepted,
I'll ever think of thee.

AMELIA.

LINES ON A DEAD CHILD.

I saw thee in thy beauty; bright phantom of the past!
I saw thee for a moment; 'twas the first time and the last;
And though years since have glided by of mingled bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair.

I saw thee in thy beauty; thou wast graceful as the fawn
When, in wantonness of glee, it sports along the lawn;
I saw thee seek the mirror, and, when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight.

I saw thee in thy beauty; with thy sister at thy side;
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride.
I look'd upon thy mother; there was triumph in her eyes;
And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made me wise.

I saw thee in thy beauty ; with one hand among her curls ;
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of
pearls.

She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she
smiled ;

And I knew not which was loveliest, the mother or the
child.

I see thee in thy beauty ; for there thou seem'st to lie,
In slumber resting peacefully ; but, oh ! the change of eye ;
That still serenity of brow ; those lips that breathe no more ;
Proclaim thee but a mockery of what thou wast before.

Chelsea.

W. HAWKINS.

LA EMPAREDADA.

A Spanish Tale.

The war which had for seven years afflicted and devastated the Northern Provinces of Spain had just been terminated suddenly by the convention of Vergara. As if by enchantment the formidable Basque-Carlist Army had laid down their arms, dispersed, and disappeared, each soldier hastening to resign his musket, and to return with loud acclamations of joy, to the cottage of his fathers. Content and satisfaction animated every countenance ; the merry songs of husbandry succeeded to the harsh, shrill clamour of the trumpet, and, in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, the scenes of misery and desolation which had been so frequent during the course of that horrid, unnatural war, were forgotten. The memorable event was celebrated with rejoicings in every town and village ; and the delighted Basques vented their feelings of happiness by feasting and dancing in the market-place, all day, to the sound of their national *tamboril*, or pipe and tabor. In the course of these festivities many former acquaintances were naturally renewed ; and most of those hardy mountaineers, lately the terror of the Christianos, were now, in their turn, vanquished and captivated by the softness of the smiles with which they were welcomed home by the fair daughters of their neighbours. Nothing was to be seen and heard on every side, but the hurry and bustle denoting preparations for immediate nuptials.

It was the latter end of September ; the oppressive heat of summer had abated, and the weather was exceedingly mild, genial, and serene. We had long been anxious to explore the interior of the Basque Provinces, the theatre of the war ; and, having formed a party for that purpose, we started on horseback, accompanied by General J——, one of the celebrated Guerilla chiefs of Mina's school, whose exploits will long be remembered with dread by the French.

We commenced our excursion animated with great anticipations of pleasure, and we were not disappointed in our expectations. The scenery was varied and delightful ; now rural, with neat farms and extensive orchards, the boughs of the apple-trees bending under the weight of the fruit ; again romantic, with dark woods of chesnuts, and numerous ruins of ancient convents and baronial mansions hidden in the secluded valleys ; more frequently, majestic and sublime, when our road lay imbedded between a rapid river and the precipitous sides of high, perpendicular, and thickly wooded mountains, whose dark, rocky, inaccessible summits frowned over our heads ; the roaring of the numerous torrents, which dashed their crystalline

contributions to the river from fearful heights, increasing the wildness of the scene.

Our ride afforded us the greatest enjoyment, from our having been, for the last five years, confined within the narrow precincts of the lines of San Sebastian, debarred from the gratification of anything like a moderate walk, by the fear of exposing our bodies as a target to the very lads who now saluted us smiling, and doffed their *boynas* with the greatest politeness, as they stopped their ploughs for awhile, and scanned us as we passed, maintaining a bold, erect position, betraying their natural pride, and the inward consciousness of independence and power.

As each village, mountain, or valley appeared in succession to our view, the old General would give us a lengthened and interesting account of some engagement or fearful tragedy of which it had been the theatre during the late civil contest, or during the former Peninsular war, which is termed by us Spaniards the war of Independence.

The lively and unceasing conversation of the General imparted animation and a flow of spirits to the whole party ; and as we trotted merrily on, he would every moment pull up his horse suddenly, to answer the cordial greeting of every traveller and peasant we met on the road ; for he appeared to know and be known to every man and woman in the Provinces, and he addressed each by their names, and seemingly felt really interested in ascertaining the fate of every one of their relations. When railed at by us on the torrent of questions he put in Basque to the women, and the satisfaction and readiness with which they were invariably answered, the old General would shake his head gravely, and express his regret that it was only the old women who appeared at all solicitous about him : the young ones he said passed him with only a bashful smile and a modest curtsy.

We passed the town of Aspeitia, stopped to admire the adjoining magnificent Jesuit College of "Loyola," the founder of the sect, and, remounting our horses, proceeded forward in the direction of Azcotia. I was struck with the appearance of a building which stood by itself on an eminence near the entrance of that town. It was a large, square, dark-looking house, with nothing to relieve the barrenness of the high walls, but a few holes with gratings, and which bore the appearance rather of loopholes than of windows. I strove to imagine what it could be. It was scarce strong enough to be a prison ; nor did it either resemble a convent, from the absence of a steeple. I enquired from the General.

"It is a nunnery of royal foundation, and the rules of its order are very strict," said the General. He continued looking for a few seconds in that direction, with an expression of sorrow upon his countenance, and then added, "I can never pass this building without experiencing feelings of pity at the recollection of the melancholy fate of a poor girl within those walls."

"Indeed, General," I rejoined, "your reputation for gallantry towards the ladies is as public as your bravery on the field ; but I would have thought that you would at least have left the poor nuns in peace."

"I understand your insinuation," answered the General, laughing ; "but you are quite mistaken ; for I never knew the young lady in question, although her history was related to me by a friend of mine, who was her companion in the convent for some time."

"Could I request of you to communicate it to us ?"

"No, no," said he, "I would only deprive you of the plea-

sure of hearing it better told. Next time you see Donna Concepcion M——, ask her to do you that favour; for *she* is the companion that I alluded to."

I had been acquainted with Donna Concepcion since my childhood, and I failed not to pay her a visit immediately upon our return from this excursion. A few compliments and attentions had the effect of making the old lady pleased with me; for indeed I had always been a favourite of hers. I then gradually turned the conversation to the subject hinted to me by the General.

As I brought her mind to dwell upon the warm recollections of her youth, I was astonished at the change which came over Donna Concepcion: she sat erect on her chair; her eyes beamed with fire, and she spoke with an energy of manner, of which I would have judged her entirely incapable. She related to me the circumstances which had compelled her to remain for several years immured in the convent of Azcotia, and I regret exceedingly not being at liberty to detail them.

As she spoke she became gradually more animated, and her tone and manner betrayed the intensity of the feelings that were awakened within her breast. After communicating to me the severe trials which she had undergone—trials, the recollection of which the lapse of many years had not sufficed to efface, she proceeded in nearly the following words:—

"There was a lady in our convent, who, during the two years that had elapsed since her arrival, had scarcely exchanged a word with any of the other nuns. She remained constantly secluded in her cell, excepting when summoned by the tolling of the bell to join in the devotions of the community in the choir. She was shunned and avoided by most of the nuns, who generally supposed that some terrible crime oppressed her conscience; for a calm and gloomy despair sat upon her pale brow, and gave a wild yet melancholy expression to her beautiful and dignified features. Her figure was lofty and noble, but emaciated with suffering. Her prayers and religious duties were repeated and performed with unusual fervour.

"Often had I remarked, with feelings of commiseration, her wasted form thrown into an attitude of humble and earnest supplication; her pale though beautiful features formed into an expression of the most poignant grief; her eyes raised to Heaven, and dimmed by burning tears. Thus she would long remain, with her arms crossed upon her breast, and motionless as a statue, with the exception of a convulsive quivering of her lips. Suddenly she would throw herself upon the ground in a paroxysm of despair, and sob aloud, pronouncing some inarticulate words, as if complaining of her total incapacity to quell the fearful tempest raised within her breast by the conflict of opposed and unconquerable feelings. Again would she strive to raise her heart to God; but in vain. She found no relief in prayer; and, in her utter hopelessness, finding that even 'Religion' could not mitigate her torments, she would fall exhausted, and lie extended on the ground, deep sighs rending her bosom, and invoking death to put an end to her miserable and wretched existence.

"Compassionating her sufferings, I essayed to offer her some consolation. She was moved by the sincere expression of my pity, and perceived that I also was unfortunate. The similarity of our feelings and misfortunes instinctively drew us towards each other, and I soon gained her friendship, and learnt the cause of her grief.

"Her name was Amelia; she was the daughter of the Count of B——. Her crime had been the forming of a strong attachment towards a young officer in the army,—a man of strict

honour and principle, but whose family and prospects were unfortunately beneath the notice of the proud Count of B——, who would have thought himself disgraced by such an alliance. He forbid his daughter to speak to her lover, or even to think of him; she entreated; he sternly repeated his commands and left her; he was disobeyed; the enraged Count brought her to the convent, and forced her to take the veil, threatening, if she refused, to cause the officer to be assassinated. This had determined her, and she saved her lover's life at the sacrifice of her liberty and her happiness. For two long years she had struggled ineffectually to *forget*, and to offer to the God, to whom she had consecrated her existence, a heart pure and free from all worldly affections and regret. But, alas! never could she succeed in erasing from her heart the fond memory of her lover; which, notwithstanding all her efforts to the contrary, continued to hold entire possession of her soul. His image haunted and pursued her everywhere. It was in vain for her to seek consolation in prayer; her thoughts would still wander away from her God, and dwell upon her lover. And this constant conflict between love and religion—the fond recollections of the past lost to her for ever, and the torments to which she imagined herself to be doomed for the future—was the canker which wore and wasted her form, and withered her strength, whilst the burning fever within her breast raged on unabated.

"Months flew, and time but increased her sufferings: all hope had long deserted her. One day, she had remained alone in the choir, after the termination of the evening prayers; she was, as usual, imploring for mercy and relief. Her meditation was interrupted by her hearing her name pronounced distinctly, though in a whisper. She listened, and heard it again; she started, rose, looked down into the church, and remained thrilled with emotion; supported by a pillar, to which she clung, for she recognised, by the last gleam of twilight—Yes—she could not be mistaken—she recognised her lover. Fearful of detection, he threw a letter into the choir, over the lattice-work, and disappeared. She was weak enough to read it. It said, that by her father's influence, he had been sent on board of a vessel, which took him to the Havanna, where he was appointed to a regiment. He had petitioned in vain for leave to return to Spain, and even for his discharge from the service. Both had been refused. Unable to live without her, he had, at last, sacrificed everything, even his honour, to see her again. He had deserted, to find her on his arrival in Spain buried in a convent. He told her that it was impossible that God could accept of vows which force and fear alone had extorted from her—they could not be considered as binding. He conjured her, if she still loved him, to fly with him to a foreign land; to repay the sacrifice he had made for her with a similar sacrifice; and, then, they would pass the rest of their days in retirement, in peace, and happiness.

"He promised happiness, when nothing could exceed the wretchedness of her existence—when she felt that even death itself would be unable to erase him from her heart. Was it possible that she could refuse?

"I assisted them in their flight, which was effected with the greater facility, as not the slightest suspicion was entertained of such an attempt being in contemplation. The anxiety of avoiding pursuit made them take to the mountains. Being unprovided with a guide, they lost their way, and wandered until the horse that bore them, fell exhausted. They proceeded on foot, and having at last met with a shepherd, they persuaded him to guide them. They pursued their weary journey, and after walking all day and night, their eyes were gladdened by the

sight of the French frontier. A few minutes more, and they would be safe! At this moment, they perceived with horror a detachment of troops, that had been despatched in their pursuit, upon the discovery of Amelia's escape being made known in the convent. They still strove to go on, straining every nerve; but their wearied limbs tottered beneath them. The troops came up, overtook, and surrounded them. Amelia's lover, driven to madness by this disappointment, began to use his weapons furiously in her defence, but a bullet laid him dead at her feet. She then lost all recollection. Upon recovering her senses, Amelia found herself again in the convent. Before she could collect her thoughts, and awaken from the confusion of what she imagined but a horrid and indistinct dream, she was summoned before the tribunal, assembled in conformity with the rules of the Order, to try and condemn her on a charge of sacrilegiously breaking her vows and profanating the sanctity of the convent."

Fatigued by the exertion she had undergone, Donna Conception fell back upon her chair, and it was in a voice almost indistinct from its weakness, that she added, "You guess her doom?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the poor girl was confined to a comfortless cell?"

A ghastly smile came over the features of the old lady; a smile in which there was something horrible and painful to see. She again sat erect in her chair, placed her head on my shoulder, and approaching her face to my ear, she said, in a low, hissing whisper, which thrilled me to the heart, and made me shudder, "she was built up in the cavity of a wall, and left **THERE**—to die."

J. DE S.

MAXIMS FOR LOVERS.

Upon your first acquaintance with a lady always endeavour to amuse her with pleasant little stories and light jests.

If you wish to be loved, always appear to be amiable. Please, and you will persuade.

He knows but little of love who is always talking of love to his mistress. That which is the most important point to be attained by the lover, is to make himself useful to the object of his adoration; so that, when she is alone, she may be always thinking of him.

When you perceive, or rather when you are quite certain that the lady cannot do without you, find some pretext for leaving her for a few days, pretending that nothing so unfortunate could have happened to you as this removal, and that never yet was there a grief equal to your own on this account.

Short absence fans the flame of love; a long one extinguishes it.

A lover may let his mistress know incidentally that she is not the only woman in the world, and that there *might* be another found who could possess his heart.

He is a clever lover who can so far irritate a lady, that self-love may aid his passion.

With a woman we should employ the arts of a woman.

There is sometimes great virtue in a *billet-doux*: because it spares a maiden's blushes, and she will peruse that readily, which, if spoken, she would not listen to.

If you want to write, write upon something she has done. If

she has not done anything, upon a word that she did *not* say—or, if you cannot think of anything, write upon nothing.

Lovers can find a thousand reasons for writing; but their letters ought always to appear unstudied, light, and gay. The Graces with them ought always to be the orators of Cupid.

Always believe that the lady will love you to-morrow, who would not waste a thought upon you yesterday.

Never treat a lady's maid with inattention; for they can tell you a great deal, and give you the best and surest information.

When you pay your court to a lovely and agreeable lady, you must always calculate upon it as a matter of certainty, that you will have rivals; and when you find you have them, do not pretend to notice them, nor to have even heard of them. You are a lucky man if your rival is so stupid as to abuse you to the lady; but you are particularly lucky if he commands you never to visit her again, under pain of his displeasure.

Little griefs often lead to great happiness; and puny quarrels, that are the offspring of a nothing, are frequently the fathers of a thousand pleasures.

Never endeavour that your wishes should be the rule of a woman's will; for tyrants make rebels.

If you would guide a woman, you must hold the reins so lightly, that she must not feel she is directed.

He is an accomplished lover who has the vivacity of a Frenchman, the facility of an Italian, and the devotion of an Englishman.

Whatever your mistress likes you must be in love with; and the very barking of her lap-dog ought, in your ears, to sound sweeter than the voice of a first-rate opera singer.

If the lady you are paying your addresses to, is somewhat of a shrew, say she argues like an Aspasia. If she write doggerel verses, swear to her that she is the tenth muse. If she is nearly purlind, asseverate that she has beautiful eyes; and in doing all these things you will be perfectly safe; for self-love was born before any other love.

Blame in others the very defects that your mistress has. There are a thousand reasons why she should like you the better for doing so.

STANZAS TO ———.

Oh! when thy thoughts are sweetest,
When moments fly the fleetest,
At some dear sun-set hour;
When soft birds are singing,
And eve a shade is flinging
O'er ev'ry tree and flow'r.

When o'er thy spirit stealing,
There comes a holy feeling,
Like some sweet dream of heav'n;
When ties of love feel stronger,
And foes are foes no longer,
But in thy heart forgiv'n.

Oh! then while Fancy traces
The well-remembered faces
Of friends now far from thee;
Wilt thou, my faults forgetting,
And, but my loss regretting,
Give one sweet thought to me.

ANNE ELLEN WHITE.

MUSINGS OF A SOLITARY.

There is a peculiar interest—a kind of indescribable charm attaching to the spot where our earliest and happiest days have been passed ; a feeling which takes so strong a hold upon the heart, that not all the vicissitudes of life, or the various and wondrous changes of man's chequered existence, can ever totally eradicate. A time which, in reverting to, causes us frequently to forget for a moment, even in the midst of our most active duties, the present or the future, some trifling incident will serve to recall us to those hours, when, and, when alone, we could be accounted truly happy. Yet, it is an indisputable fact, that we can never, at this period of our existence, feel conscious of the extent of that happiness. No ; it is only in after years, when we have long since launched, as it were, upon the stream of life, and become familiar with the toils and troubles, cares, and anxieties, belonging to every condition of the human species, that we can properly appreciate this season of innocence and love ; while the ignorance in a measure is bliss,—yet a true knowledge in the gifts of Providence can only be bought by painful experience. And I think the truth of the assertion as to the early period being the happiest of our lives is fully borne out by the fact of the enjoyment to be found even in the bare contemplation of its joyous age ;—the endearments of home—the loved companions and dear preceptors of infancy—the well-remembered haunts, frequented in the society of a beloved mother, by whose side we may have strolled through many a green shade, and listened to many a pleasing tale, recited by one whose lips are mute for ever. What delightful recollections do these sentiments not conjure up ; every way fraught with interest so dear to us in connection with those who have been our nearest and most beloved friends ; and to have lived to see all these fade away—the home of our childhood, the dear beings whose existence contributed to make that home doubly welcome to the heart, and every spot with which we have been familiarized by some endearing association.

You, gentle reader—yes, you—have, doubtless, possessed all these ; have, perhaps, revelled in all those innocent enjoyments which can only belong to that state I am endeavouring to describe ; you may have had a fondly beloved and affectionate parent, who has long ceased to exist, but whose memory is endeared to your recollection by a thousand circumstances, which may have made an impression on your mind no time can altogether efface. You have had friends—companions of childhood—who have all disappeared from the places they once occupied in the haunts of life, and whose loss has, at some period, created a vacuum in the world, which at the time has led you into the belief could never be filled up, and you have been left like one isolated. Time—yes, time—has effected that which no other power could effect, and the places which these dearly-loved friends once occupied in your affections has been since filled up by some new acquaintance ; and the existence of those beings whose friendship you once deemed essential to your happiness, you have ceased to deplore : yet, when amid the cares incident to our every-day life, a transient pause—a kind of lucid interval sometimes takes possession of us, and we are unexpectedly drawn from the present, in the pleasing contemplation of the past. How infinitely great must be the mind which created all things, to whom the past and the future are ever present, and time has no compass !

Fair reader, the hour is midnight !—all is still—still as the soft beautiful rays of the moon, which now flood the apartment in which I write. You will, perhaps, say I am romantic—

passionately so ; and are you not ?—have you never felt the influence of such an hour ? At this moment, I can hear some beautiful female voice singing, in tones of touching sweetness, a song, replete with feeling ;—all nature seems to have lulled itself into a calm the most intense, as though to give additional effect to the melody. Oh ! it reminds me of those happy hours when a beloved sister would sing, to throw over our domestic circle another charm to render our happiness complete.

Kind reader, I may tire you—for myself I should never tire did I feel conscious that my endeavours to please would be attended with success.

GEORGE W. BURCH.

THE YOUNG LILY.

I mark'd a fair young lily once upraise its beauteous head,
Which as the breeze passed lightly o'er delightful fragrance
shed ;

I saw it into love and life with bashful vigor spring,—
Its leaf as light, as pure, and bright, as is a cherub's wing.

I lov'd that flow'r—oh ! who would not ? I watch'd it and
caressed,

In hope, when it should be mature, to wear it in my breast ;
I saw it ripen, rise, and bloom—to full perfection grown ;
I thought it then—I called it then—my beautiful, my own !

I saw a stranger hand approach, as I stood watching near ;
I saw my timid lily shrink from it in modest fear ;
I saw that hand pluck, place, and wear—oh, wretched—
wretched hour ;
I would have given earth, soul, and heaven, to save my
lovely flower !

Thou wert that lily, dearest love—thou wert that lily fair,
With skin as fresh as Hebe's cheek, with locks of sun-bright
hair ;
Thou wert that flow'r, my Fanny dear—that youthful flower
of pride,
Which I saw spring, and blush, and bloom, and wrested from
my side !

Thou wert that flower of light and life—that love I held so
dear,
Whose step came as the beam of heaven, to gladden, joy,
and cheer,—
Whose breath a roseate perfume flung in magic wreaths
around,—
Whose soft tongue stole the captur'd soul, and wrapp'd it in
sweet sound !

But thou art gone, and all is lost—for ever lost to me !
Oh ! may he be as dear, as true, as I'd have been to thee ;
And may he cherish, love, adore, more ardently than I ;
But no, no, no, that could not be—that I must still deny !

Farewell, be happy !—loving, loved, enjoy the wife's pure
bliss !
And be a husband's kindness thine—a mother's tendrest kiss !
For me the blood has left my cheek—the fire my sunken
eye !
Farewell, let me but see thee blest—I am content to die !
B.

"WOMAN'S LOVE."
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

"Gerald Lorton! Gerald Lorton!" exclaimed a tall thin female far advanced in life, to a young man, who stood dauntlessly before her, "I warn you, as you are my son,—my first-born child—to shun the society of that dark-browed noble. He is a man of deep villainy and desperate designs; he fears neither God nor man; he loves not his country or his Sovereign; he regards not the laws of honor or the land: and, yet, you seek his society and his presence, to the destruction of all virtuous principles, and your present and future welfare."

"Nay, mother, nay," answered the son somewhat haughtily, "you love him not, and, therefore, you speak as a prejudiced woman speaks, without either knowledge or reason; but let me entreat you to go up to the Hall this once, and if he persists in speaking evil of his Sovereign, I will go no more."

"Go not, my child, even for an hour—not for a moment—to meet those desperate men; they will lead you on to ruin, and laugh you to scorn, when they see how easily you become their dupe, and embrace their rebellious designs. My son!—my Gerald!—go not!"

"Mother," was the answer "I cannot stay; my honour—my word is pledged, and were I to break my faith with Lord Manvers, how should I dare to meet Emily again. I seek not Lord Manvers's society for his own sake, but that of his child. Mother, farewell!" and Gerald Lorton raised his plumed hat from off his fine shaped head, and, bowing lowly to his distracted parent, left the apartment and the house, to ride over to Manvers Hall.

Manvers Hall was an irregular building, composed almost entirely of stone, and situated down in a deep vale; and concealed from view by thick trees which grew around. A cascade fell between two lofty hills, and flowed into a small streamlet, which meandered through the domain, and, excepting where a natural pass presented itself from the summit of a grey frowning rock, Manvers Hall was inaccessible. Here it was that Gerald prepared to descend, and, leaping from his horse, caught the reins, and walked gently to the Hall, giving his steed to a groom, who was in waiting at the bottom of the pass. On entering the house, a range of doors met the eye on either side, and a chill air pervaded the whole, for it was then late in the month of October.

A door, somewhat larger than the rest, opened into a spacious room, hung with crimson and black velvet, and lighted by two immense chandeliers of brass, and placed over long narrow tables, which went partly down the room. A thick cloth was folded on the upper table, and here Lord Manvers sat reading a manuscript with great attention, and a smile now and then crossed his hardened and coarse features as he perused it. Close to him sat a man enveloped in a large cloak gathered closely round him, and his dark visage shaded by a cavalier's hat and plume; but, although the feathers were large and heavy, they could not wholly conceal features of no ordinary cast, for on every line was stamped baseness and treachery so legibly that no one who looked on that stern brow could dream that anything but deceit and villainy inhabited the soul; and so it was, that man was one who afterwards played a conspicuous part on the stage of history as the odiously-renowned Guido Fawkes;—a name which will be shuddered at by the virtuous in all ages.

So deeply were the conspirators engaged, one with the manuscript, and the other with his thoughts, that Gerald Lorton's

entrance was unheeded, until he advanced, and laying his hand on the table, exclaimed, "My Lord!" A dark scowl passed over Manvers as he looked up, and said, "By my faith, Lorton! I knew not you were here; business has cast its iron bonds around me, and I am intent on this title deed;" he added, folding up the scroll, "it concerns an estate left to Master Carlton, my nephew; and his interests are mine." Here the deceiver paused, and glanced seemingly at Fawkes, as if to know whether he approved this specimen of wily deceit, but Fawkes did not look up, and Lord Manvers continued, "Business is not for one so young as yourself;—go and find my daughter. We will require your presence again—but not now." Lord Manvers ceased, and gazed for a moment on Gerald Lorton's noble brow as he stood unsuspectingly before him, and he stepped forward to open the door, saying, "Lorton!—can I trust you?"

"Yes!" was the answer. "I would not betray you even on the scaffold!"

"Good!" said Lord Manvers, and he closed and bolted the hall-door. "Now, Guido," said Manvers, throwing himself back in his large arm-chair, "I know that stripling's courage, he can serve our purpose well. We must dupe him by stratagem; he already knows too much, for it was but yesterday we heard Winter speak of destroying that heretic and his nobles."

"Trust him not!" said Fawkes sullenly, "he has a Protestant's eye, and I like not his open forehead, or his proud curled lip. By our Lady, I would not trust him!"

"Guido, he shall be told!" exclaimed Manvers, "mark me, he can serve me a good turn; or if I trust him not our purpose and intent will be frustrated. Zesmond is even now dying! Yes," continued Manvers, "and unless some one quickly supply his place, all is at an end."

"Well—what can that boy do?" asked Fawkes impatiently.

"Much;—he must start for London to-morrow with money, to purchase the house my friends have taken, and also be the bearer of despatches to Catesby and Percy; and, above all, we must keep him from Emily, or, by my faith! young Harrington will not gain his bride, and he comes to-morrow."

"Ah! I see," said Fawkes, raising his dark eyes, "and she is the price of Harrington's share in this project—good. I approve your plot." And here the conversation ended. Manvers resumed his scroll, and Guido walked stealthily away.

During this conversation, a different scene was passing in a distant part of the building, between Emily Manvers and Gerald Lorton, who had long sought for an interview with his idol, and he now found her alone. "Gerald!" she exclaimed, as he entered the apartment, and arose to greet him; "Gerald, I have watched for you this long weary day, and now you are so late, and I am so miserable. Oh! Gerald—my heart will break," and she burst into tears.

"Emily, you are ill," he said, leading her to a chair, "or something has happened;—what can distress you?"

"My father," sobbed the wretched girl, "has betrothed me to George Harrington, and I love him not; yet he will not listen to me, plead as I will."

"By all that is sacred you shall not wed him!" exclaimed Gerald Lorton, "I will die before you are his bride. No!—by heaven! I will see him a cold corpse at my feet before he shall call Emily Manvers wife."

A flush overspread the pale cheek of the weeping girl as she gazed on the animated Lorton, but the knowledge that he

loved her brought also the conviction that she had yet a deeper wound to inflict. "Be calm, Gerald, I entreat—be calm; I have more to tell; my tale is not long, but it must be told, or else you cannot aid me. Gerald! listen, and then leave me to quiet reflection." The agitated young man paused in his hurried walk, which he had commenced up and down the room, and threw himself beside the beautiful girl, little dreaming that in a few moments more and his peace of mind was gone for ever. "Gerald, my brother—my dear friend," at length said Emily, with an attempt at calmness, "you know how I have trusted you,—you will not betray me now?" he pressed her hand, and she proceeded, "months since I went to reside with my aunt Lady Digby, and at her house I met the noble and elegant Lord Monteaule; he came day after day, and hour by hour, we sat together, Gerald; I know not how my heart was won, but, oh! if maiden ever loved a being fondly, it is I,—and if there is a creature worthy of love, it is Monteaule. Now, Gerald," added Emily, as she covered her beautiful face with her handkerchief, "I have told my folly, but as my last request, I beseech you to hear me, and grant my prayer."

"Speak, Miss Manvers," answered Lorton, his whole frame convulsed with suppressed feeling, "speak—I will fulfil your wishes, if they cost me my life, for that is worthless now. I lived but for you—for you I will die; only tell me you look upon me as a brother, and, if I cannot claim a warmer feeling, yet let me cherish and deserve that one."

"It is yours!—dear Gerald," she said, "a sister's warmest love; but, oh! something tells me Monteaule is in danger. I know that my father is linked with desperate men, and he is Monteaule's sworn foe;—then, Gerald, I beseech you, if it is in your power, save him from destruction—save him, as you value the blessing of a sinful girl—save Monteaule from danger and from death. Gerald, will you do this? and all will yet be well," she passionately exclaimed, and uttering a fervent blessing on Gerald's head, the warm-hearted girl rushed from the apartment to seek the solitude of her own chamber,—but Gerald Lorton was an altered and broken-hearted man.

Two hours passed on, and he had not moved, when Fawkes glided in, and beckoned him to follow where he should guide. The traitor spoke not, but, pointing to a flight of stairs, urged Lorton down, and entered a long dark chamber. There sat Lord Manvers, Winter, and Lord Harrington. A few set words were uttered by Lord Manvers, and the oath administered, but his victim neither saw nor felt the importance of their oaths. A smile played over his pale features as he grasped the pen, which added his name to that odious list, and as he glanced rapidly over it, and saw Lord Monteaule's name was not amongst them, the promise he had made to Emily crossed his mind, and he determined to save the young nobleman. The initiation was over, and the only son of a fond and affectionate mother had become a traitor and an assassin.

Daybreak saw Gerald Lorton on his way to London, with many good wishes for his safety and success, but disappointment had rendered him cold and callous. Desperate views entered his mind, and the last sparks of virtue and principle were quelled beneath the torrent of hideous thoughts and overwhelming reproaches which filled his tortured breast.

A fortnight passed on, and the day for completing the treason was close at hand, when, during one of those dark foggy days which visit England in November, a man, enveloped in a dark horseman's cloak, and shrouded in a black velvet cap, which almost concealed his face, walked hurriedly through the streets, and looked anxiously at each house as he passed along, seem-

ingly distracted with care or anxiety, but evidently on some errand of more than ordinary importance. At length his walk ended, and he approached a magnificent mansion, and drew a letter from his pocket. "Give this to your master, Lord Monteaule, sirrah," said he to a valet, who opened the door, "instantly on your peril or evil will happen to you." The man stood a moment about to answer, but it was too late—the messenger was gone, and he remained alone, looking down the long dark street with the letter in his hand. Creeping back through the city with a weary step and broken heart, the bearer of that letter at length reached a small miserable tavern on London Bridge, and, for a few moments, stood as if reluctant to enter, but he conquered his aversion, and asked the hostess for a room.

"The attic is good enough for such as you," said the Dame, contemptuously glancing at his splashed dress. "Go up, and see yourself."

The stranger mechanically obeyed her, walked up the narrow staircase, closed the door of a wretched-looking room, and sat down. A flood of tears fell from his half-closed eyes, as he laid his head against the dark wall, and, giving way to his grief, commenced a long prayer, drawing from his bosom a lock of dark silken hair, he pressed it to his lips. "God bless you, my Emily," he said, "and you, too, my poor mother. God forgive your unworthy son; but, oh! if ought can sweeten death, it is the recollection of one act of mercy. Yes—Monteaule is saved. I have saved him from death." Here the speaker paused, and looked for a moment on the point of his bright stiletto, then drew his finger across the blade, and plunged it into his breast. A stream of dark red blood streamed from the wound, and the once happy Gerald Lorton, the virtuous and the good, lay dead on the floor—a suicide and a traitor.

Need I add more, the contents of that letter are well known, the success of that plot, and its happy termination; but if a thought shall come across my readers as to what saved their country from destruction, I will tell them—Woman's Love.

H. J. B.

CHRISTENING PRESENTS.

The following extract, which we take from the *Storia d'Italia antica e moderna del Cav. Luigi Bossi*, may prove interesting to our readers, as shewing what was the practice in antient times, amongst sovereigns who were invited to take part in a christening. It shews how much fashions have changed even amongst monarchs, from the year 1357 to the year 1841. We do not attempt to decide whether the practice five hundred years ago was better or worse than that which is now universally adopted.

"In this year, Bernabo, Lord of Milan, had a son borne to him, which was held at the font by the Princesses of Este," (an ancestor of her Majesty Queen Victoria) "of Gonzaga and of Oleggio. Amongst the presents that were made to the Duchess, in compliment to her accouchement, was a cup of gold filled with pearls, rings, and precious stones—this was the gift of Aldrovin d'Este; while that of Gonzaga was six cups of silver gilt, and a seventh the base of which was composed of chrystal; and the present of the Visconte d'Oleggio was several pieces of cloth of gold, with rich furs. Thus it is, says Muratori, that the weaker, any one is, the higher is the price he pays for the friendship of the strong."—*Lib. 5, chap. 18.*

OFT ON A CALM.

Oft on a calm and lovely night,
 When not a breeze was heard to play,
 And the moon shed such heavenly light,
 'Twas sweet to feel her cheering ray,
 I've gazed on yonder starry sky,
 'Till fancy painted worlds of bliss,
 And my freed spirit, wandering high,
 Lost the realities of this.

Oh, those are moments of delight,
 Which still, despite of Fate, I borrow,
 When pure thoughts rise, and Hope shines bright,
 And points to realms devoid of sorrow;
 Yet, when my soul had soared afar,
 As if each earthly care were past,
 Thou wert the bright and lovely star
 My young heart worship'd to the last!

When this cold world my soul had chill'd
 With anguish, thou wert dear to me;
 When dreams of Heaven my bosom filled,
 Even Heaven were joyless without thee.
 Though Fate hath torn thy smiles from me,
 I'll prize the last sweet hope that's given;
 And, though on earth we parted be,
 I'll dream that we may meet in Heaven!

B A L L A D.

Oh, welcome ye green leaves of summer,
 That shadow each valley and grove!
 Enraptured I hail thee, more fondly than ever,
 Thou joyous precursors of love.
 Oh, welcome each bud, as its beauties unfold
 With new charms that bring joy to the heart;
 Adieu! hoary winter—ungenial and cold;
 Ye green leaves of summer, oh! never depart.

My soul was benighted in the dark hour of grief,
 And I wandered in silence and gloom;
 While from each tree I missed the green leaf,
 That in summer gives nature its bloom.
 Now the still breath of eve sweeps lightly along,
 And the ear is regaled with its sighs;
 While that music of heaven—the nightingale's song
 From the green leaf of summer replies.

Chelsea.

GEORGE W. BURCH.

LITERARY DISPATCH.—Sir Walter Scott began and finished "Guy Mannering" in a month. Dryden's immortal poem of "Alexander's Feast" was the work of two days; and it is related of Shakespeare that he completed the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in a fortnight; and Dr. Johnson wrote the celebrated tale of "Rasselas" in the evenings of one week.

NAPOLEON ANECDOTES OF 1815.

There are few parts of France that have better preserved the memory of the Emperor than the department of the Isere. It is there that great events have taken place, and there, too, may be found some of the actors in the Napoleon action of glory, when prodigies were performed, and miracles of heroic courage were matters of every day occurrence.

One of the most perilous acts in the life of Napoleon, was that which occurred on the 7th of March, 1815, in Isere. It was in the solitary gorges of the Alps that the destinies of the country were decided. It was when Napoleon, escorted by the Old Guards, attempted to re-enter France. In every other country but the France of Napoleon, might have been dreaded the memorable rencontre that took place at Laffrey, near La Mare, between the Emperor and soldiers ranged against him, under the white standard of the Bourbons. The apparently rash enterprise had placed Napoleon in a critical situation; but his dauntless courage and his presence of mind made him triumph over all obstacles. He alighted to the earth, and marching quickly forward, accompanied by his grenadiers, he advanced to the battalions that had been dispatched to arrest his progress. When he came within the hearing of the hostile ranks, he uncovered his breast, and cried out, "What! soldiers do you not recognize me? I am your Emperor. If there be amongst you one soldier who wishes to kill his general—his Emperor, he can now do it! Lo! I am before you!" At these words, the soldiers on both sides rushed to meet each other—but it was to exhibit their devotion to the Conqueror of the Continent. There was but one exception to this enthusiasm; it was exhibited by a young and intrepid officer, who, faithful to the royal cause, attempted a resistance, which could not withstand the torrent of popular feeling for a moment.

From Laffrey, Napoleon directed his march towards Vizille, where he was received with heart-thrilling acclamations. It was there, that an humble inhabitant, whose face was tanned by exposure to the sun, and who was dressed in a plain blouse, advanced to the Emperor, and boldly said to him, "You are welcome to Vizille. It was here that the revolution was born. It was in that Castle that our representatives demanded our rights and our privileges; and it is for you, Sir, to make them respected. Liberty has again come to life in Vizille. We are the same men who wished to give liberty to all France, and we will now defend it, even to our last breath. We will aid you to restore to France her independence and her honour." After listening with his usual kindness, to this animated address, he proceeded on his way, escorted by crowds that manifested the liveliest enthusiasm.

It was at the moment of his entering Brie, a little village between Vizille and Grenoble, and when the joyous acclamations of the people were mixed with the noise of the drum, and the sounds of military music, that an officer appeared to announce to him, that the seventh regiment of the line, with the Colonel at its head, was hastening to meet Napoleon. Soon after, the young Labedoyere, impatient to salute his hero, arrived, and lowly bowed before Napoleon, who extended his hand to him. It was a solemn and an ecstatic moment, for it was pervaded with an enthusiasm that it would be impossible to describe. Napoleon and Labedoyere—happy again to meet each other—were surrounded by all the soldiers—by those veterans—those old grey moustaches and seared fronts that had witnessed the fall of so many empires—those gallant fellows who had seen the sun of Austerlitz rising, and who had looked upon the

universe as it bowed before their standard. All these soldiers had broken from their ranks; they filled the air with the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!—Long live the Old Guard!*" and they approached in crowds to Napoleon, who appeared at the moment, in the midst of those warriors as they knelt before him, like to Alexander in the field of battle of Arbelles, receiving the idolatrous homage of the Macedonian phalanx.

It was on the same evening of the 7th of March, 1815, that he entered into Grenoble, where his expected arrival had put the entire population in commotion. In despite of all the measures taken by the authorities to resist the march of the Emperor, all their opposition was found to be useless. The very gates of the city were carried away; and this occurred without the slightest appearance of disorder. When Napoleon entered into Grenoble he refused to stop at the Town Hall; for recollecting that there was an old soldier of the army of Egypt, who was an inhabitant of Grenoble, and the owner of a furnished hotel, he determined to make that hotel his place of residence. The epoch was one abundant in interesting facts, the mere recital of which still draws tears from the old soldiers of the Empire, and makes, for the moment, the blood again to redden their long-marked scars.

They still speak in Isere of the touching scene exhibited by the grenadier of the Isle of Elba, who came to Napoleon, in order that he might show him his old father, who had been a soldier at Fontenoy. They still preserve as the most precious of relics, in a small inn at Laffrey, the glass out of which Napoleon drank, and the chair on which he sat. They will still talk to you of the conversation that Napoleon had with a good old woman of Laffrey; and they will still point out to you, at Brie, the little *auberge* that, for the moment, became the hall of audience of the Emperor.

A GRENOBLE BONAPARTIST.

[The preceding communication from a correspondent we have deemed to be the most appropriate accompaniment we could submit to our readers with the interesting Engraving of the Funeral of Napoleon that is, in this month's Magazine, presented by the Proprietors to the Subscribers. It is by the authentic anecdotes of a great man when living, that those who are strangers to his country can best appreciate the devotion that has been exhibited for his memory.—[Ed. W. of F.]

MEMORY.

From the French. By Mrs. George Norman.

The day will come when Memory lingers
Sadly o'er her sweetest dream,
Weaving for aye, with fairy fingers,
Semblance of joys that once have been;
And in our age we fain would see
In that vain dream, reality.

While waiting for that sober time,
With pleasure's tempting path before us,
Gaily pass on, nor fear the ills
Fast-fleeting Time may scatter o'er us;
But lay up Memory's joyous store
To glad the heart when young no more.

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THE SHIPWRECK.

"Christ be about us! 'tis a wild night on the say!" muttered Mary Daly, as she raked together the scattered embers, and added fresh fuel to her expiring turf fire, and drawing a kind of short mantle of scarlet rug more closely round her shoulders, continued a low, crowing song, which one of the gusts of the storm, howling with unusual fierceness over her wretched hovel, had for a moment interrupted. But Mary was too familiar with nights such as the present to experience more than a momentary visit of emotion. The yelling of the unchained wind, and the lashing of the Atlantic's mountain billows against one of the most western headlands on the Irish coast, upon which the lonely cottage of Mary Daly seemed perched, in defiance of all the elements, failed to arouse her from her usual apathetic indifference; or, if a gleam of intelligence lighted her sunken eye, as the sullen booming of the waves betokened a coming gale, it was one of such fiendish delight, as made the beholder turn away with an involuntary feeling of disgust and horror. The replenished fire now threw up pale, fitful pyramids of flame, amidst wreaths of dim-coloured smoke, showing at intervals the outline of Mary's face and figure: the characteristics of the former were malignity and sordid selfishness; a low brow, restless small grey eyes, almost hidden by large projecting cheek-bones, a short snub nose, and thin, skinny lips, completed the portrait; the other portions of her head and face being completely enveloped in the large hood or kerchief, which forms a peculiar part of the costume of the female peasantry in the south and west of Ireland. Of her figure little could be known, from the crouching position in which she sat upon the hearth, rocking herself backward and forward on her heels, in regular oscillations, to the measure of her wild songs. The distant report of a gun, as, rising above the clamours of the storm, it fell with a sudden and death-like sound upon the ear, caused the old hag to start. Leaning forward in an attitude of excited curiosity, she pushed back the kerchief from her cheek, and applying her shrivelled hand eagerly to her ear, listened in profound silence. The next minute brought a confirmation of her conjectures: another and less remote shot boomed mournfully on the blast. The sound seemed to rouse all the dormant energies of the woman; she sprang up to her feet with the agility of youth; and hurrying to a kind of closet or recess behind the projecting chimney, dragged from thence a rudely constructed chafing-dish or lantern composed of iron hoops, which she commenced filling with chips, fragments of cordage, and other combustibles. Scarcely was her task completed, when a loud knocking at the door, accompanied by the gruff voice of a man, demanded instant admittance.

"Is that Shamus?" enquired the hag, before she drew back the bolt from the crazy door.

"Yes, yes; open the door!"

"Who have you with you?"

"Florence Donohue, from the glen. Do you mane to keep us here all night?"

The fastening was slowly withdrawn, and two muscular-looking fellows, in broad oil-skin hats and huge pea jackets, entered. "Woman," grumbled the fellow with whom Mary had been holding parley, "Didn't you know me? A purty time to be kept waiting and a fine three-master off Balvilly Head!"

"Phoo! Shamus; don't be rash a *bouchal*; a poor lone woman like me has need to be timorssome; but what is she like?"

L

"Florence, who saw her this evening, before sunset, trying to work off the land, says she's the cut of a homeward-bound West Ingerman; her decks were loaded with lumber," replied Shamus.

"I guessed right," interrupted the other man, "that the flood-tide would drag her in here in spite of her teeth. Hush! there's another gun; she'll never weather the Head."

"Come, Granny, the light is all ready. There's not a moment to lose!" exclaimed Shamus impatiently.

"Whoa! but you're in a great puff. Here, you long-backed *gomush*, take up the lantern. Do you carry the blue light, Shamus; and now, ashore, I'll go widd you myself, and see the upshot of your work."

We must now carry the reader with us to Balvilly Head; a spot known and dreaded on the coast as the scene of numerous frightful shipwrecks. This was in a great measure owing to the strong influx of the flood-tide into the bay, and the prevalence of the westerly winds, which effectually prevented the egress of any vessel that chanced to come within its fatal influence; but chiefly to the diabolical practices of the peasantry of the country, who, with cruel ingenuity, devised various modes of luring them to inevitable destruction.

On the night we have been describing, a group, consisting of three persons, were seen upon the highest crag of Balvilly Head. In the two muffled figures who stood gloomily gazing on the angry ocean, and another who sat crouching beneath the fragment of a huge rock, might be recognized Mary Daly and her mysterious companions. The lantern, which was now blazing brightly, was attached to the end of a long pole, and elevated and depressed at regular intervals by one of the men.

The storm howled with increasing fury, and sheets of blinding foam flew in dark volumes over the cliff; but the raging of the elements seemed to be unfelt or unheeded by the night watchers, whose whole attention was engrossed in contemplating the motions of a large vessel, whose black hull might at intervals be dimly seen rolling on the crest of a mountain billow like a huge leviathan, and then plunging heavily into the watery abyss. She was now scarcely a mile distant. The crew seemed to have abandoned all hopes of beating out of the bay; for her head was turned to the shore, towards which, lashed by pursuing waves, she hurried with terrific velocity. Mary sat intently gazing on the devoted bark as she neared the rocks, occasionally muttering broken sentences as cupidity or remorse predominated in her mind.

"A brave vessel! Full of dollars, I warrant—and silks, and—Christ pity the creatures, they'll have a could bed to-night! Rowls of tobaccy! Och! och! How she drives! Hold up the lantern, you Omadhawn! There will be plenty of firing this winter, any how. Look, Shamus, there's a signal!"

A blue light, exhibited on the fore-castle of the vessel, shed its pale rays along the white crest of the mountain billow. This the wretches knew well was intended to give notice of the crew's dread of approaching the shore more closely; but, with a refinement in cruel treachery unparalleled in the history of the most sanguinary people, the monsters replied to it by displaying a similar light: thus leading the seamen to imagine that they were hurrying to a safe asylum. A faint cheer from the ship hailed that deceitful signal, as, plunging through the yielding waves, the ill-starred vessel still held on her fatal course. A long, breathless pause succeeded the execution of this infernal stratagem, until Shamus, who for some time maintained a gloomy silence, suddenly said, in a deep, growling voice,

Mary, I don't recollect such a night as this since Mike and myself wracked a Portuguese schooner on this very spot, and divil a much we had for our trouble, barring a few rotten oranges and rubbish that wasn't worth a trawneen; though they sent poor Mike over the sea upon the count of meddling with some bits of things that were lying tossing about in the surf among the rocks below there."

"Hold your tongue! What is it to you if my poor boy got seven years in Botany Bay; there's more nor him deserved the likes, and worse nor the likes, if they had their due."

"Was Mike her son?" whispered Florence.

"In troth was he, Florence; and a handy boy he was on a job like this; but about four years ago the polis caught him carrying off a bit of a trunk from a wreck; and what do you think? but they sent him over the say for seven years for the same. Old Mary as soon as Mike was out of the way, took to the business herself; and there is no use in denying that she is a cute hand at it; but she is a fearful woman, and doesn't value a man's life no more nor a keerogues (a black beetle)."

"What's that you're talking about? Do you think, when my boy comes back he'll be the worse of anything his ould mother does? Wait a bit, he'll hold up his head like a gentleman among ye yet, if goold can do it; he will, he will! Mike, Mike, my darling, I'm selling my soul for yer; but yer'll be a gentleman yet!" She continued to mutter in this manner for some time, till at length her words sank into an indistinct murmur.

The ship was now within a cable's length of the shore. The crew too late discovered their danger. The masts were cut away; but the confusion on deck increased every instant. The screams of female voices came mingled with the hoarse shouts of the mariners, as the vessel, at every roar of the sea approached nearer and nearer to destruction.

Mary and the two wreckers looked breathlessly on. A mountain billow came rolling in, curling more than half way up the cliff, and bearing on its foaming crest the shattered hull of the doomed bark. For a moment her dark outline was seen lying in strong relief against the leaden-lined horizon; then, as the waves slowly retired, a downward plunge—a thundering crash—a wild, thrilling shriek—

"————— a bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony——"

and then all was still save the mournful wail of the storm, that seemed to sing a shrill requiem over the bold hearts and fair forms that lay tombed in that watery grave.

The morning broke slowly and gloomily, as if shrinking from the scene of death and desolation that the solitary shore of Balvilly Head presented. The fragments of a noble vessel lay, like scattered leaves in autumn, upon the narrow strand that fringed the base of a long line of iron-bound coast. Already had the peasantry, like vultures swarming to the carrion, begun to assemble in considerable numbers; and as not a living soul had escaped from the ship, they considered themselves entitled to appropriate to their own use every thing they could lay their hands on. Amongst the earliest, and consequently the most successful of the plunderers, were Shamus, Florence, and Mary Daly; the last had been indefatigably engaged in rifling the persons of those unfortunates whose bodies had been driven ashore. With the sagacity of a blood-hound she seemed to possess an instinctive knowledge of the spot in which to find some of those still warm and mutilated human beings. No

feelings of compunction, no visitings of feminine weakness deterred her from her revolting employment. She had traversed the beach from the time the ship struck until long after sunrise, and loaded with her ill-gotten booty, was on the point of departing to deposit it in her hut, when the sight of another lifeless body drifting slowly in, changed her determination, and she resolved to add the spoils of one more victim to her unhallowed store. For a few minutes she watched it with a tiger-like ferocity; but just as she deemed it within her reach, the under roll bore it out a short distance from the shore. Enraged at the delay, she rushed into the waves, and, seizing the body by the flowing curls of fair hair which floated around its head, she dragged it to the shore. The body was that of a young man in a sailor's dress, and the face, which was perfectly unmutated, still glowed with the fresh hues of life. Mary gazed at the features; a sudden shock seemed for the moment to paralyze her whole frame; then, with frantic haste, tearing open his shirt, she snatched from the bosom of the dead man a rudely carved cross. "My son, my son!" she shrieked; and, flinging herself on the corse, pressed it in her withered arms. The gold for which she sacrificed her child's life and her own soul was flung, like the accursed purse of Judas, to the earth. She stirred not—spoke not; and when they endeavoured to remove her from the body, and to unloose her fingers' rigid clasp, they discovered she was dead. The unexpected return of this unfortunate young man was owing to his having escaped from the ship which was destined to New South Wales. He then sailed to the West Indies in a merchant vessel, where he remained until the memory of his offence he thought had subsided; and then, with a natural longing to revisit his native hills, he embarked for England in the vessel whose fate we have just related.

THE BRIDESMAID.

It was a sunny and cheerful May morning, and the season was as bright and as beautiful as the hearts and hopes of the young and lovely sisters, who, blushing in their bridal attire, were reclining on a rosewood ottoman in the drawing-room of a spacious colonnaded mansion that ornaments one of the most elegant of our metropolitan squares; and yet there was a spark of sadness that chilled and clouded the spirits of both: the severing of the intimacy, the companionship of years, for the first time, probably never again to be relinked—the unknown cares to be endured—drew tears from their eyes, as in silence they clasped each other's hands in a fond and mutual strain.

"Come, Louisa, you must not droop so; remember you are my bridesmaid. If you, my supporter, my confidante, fail and forsake me, who will cheer up my courage, and hand a white handkerchief to the Tragedy Queen?"

"You still will banter, Charlotte. Well, I am glad you can. We will not think—at least, not talk—of parting yet. Here stops a carriage, but not *his—yours*, I should say."

"Well, my Louisa, when the Exile from the East returns—the sallow reckoner of rupees and mohirs, President at Madras, and Director in London, then it will be my turn, and, believe me, I shall not spare you."

"Ah, Charlotte! a long voyage, the ocean and its storms, and hope deferred, make the heart very, very sick."

"You will be happy soon, my sister, and all your fretting, will be no longer remembered."

Poor Louisa looked at her sister, her dress, her new ornaments, the ring, and deeply and hopelessly sighed.

The room soon filled with the invited guests; and favours, gloves, and ribbons, flew and fluttered through the long and splendid line of equipages. A quarter of an hour might have passed away, and every carriage but one had received its freight of fashion, when a thundering and unceremonious peal on the hall door's brazen rapper startled the veiled Bride and her Sister with an electric shock of nervous curiosity and alarm. A domestic hurried up the stairs, and met them on the landing-place.

"A foreign letter, Ma'am."

"Give it me quick!"

"No, Louisa, my love, oblige me, I will first open it and read."

"My God, that black seal! I knew, I knew it would be so all along. I dreaded it. I'll go to him then; *that* no fate or power can prevent now. Read it to me, Charlotte; though, my heart, presaged, it already knows the contents. Poor, poor Edmund."

The characters of woe, which her trembling sister articulated falteringly, supplied painful proof to her strange, and, alas! too true forebodings. Her betrothed had been some months dead in India; and his friend, who wrote the mournful communication mentioned that, on the day that he last wrote to Louisa, scarcely an hour after he had impressed his seal upon the writing that gave delusive hopes, which bloomed only to be blasted, Death sealed his destiny with his most rigid imprint, and the sunset shone upon another grave of a new victim to the Asiatic pestilence.

The Bridesmaid heard the letter read through and finished without a word, groan, or sob. Like a warrior, who, for an instant after the lance has transfixed him, stands sternly and proud, and falls not, she bore up one moment, and then sank back and fainted.

Oh! human happiness, how baseless, how tottering is thy structure. The nuptials were postponed—the feast left untasted; and when the doctor arrived at the house, where "all things were turned to their contraries," he saw the lovely form of the pale and breathless girl supine upon the couch, and her sister, whose horror had rendered scarcely more life-like, bending over her, still holding in her hand the warrant of her fate. The most violent stimulants, the strongest and most powerful restoratives, were for a time applied ineffectually; but at last succeeded in bringing back consciousness, when she turned to her sister, raised the letter, and, pressing it to her temples, dropped one tear, large and agonizing, as if her brain had been scathed into weeping.

It would be a sad and painful task to endeavour to describe the rapidity with which this young and lovely creature sunk into decay. The blow was unerring, and she never rallied even for a moment. The last words which she addressed to her sister were, "We must part, my beloved Charlotte! I sink to rest—rest, quiet and untroubled, where mournful tidings, and letters that bear news of death, will never again break my heart! Raise me, sister, till I listen; angels speak so low. I am sure I shall know him—his spirit's robe cannot disguise him from me—so dazzling they shine, they pain my eyes; but I shall soon, soon close them for ever. Do not weep, my sister. Now, good bye! We have loved each other to the last!" and that night the gentle and beautiful Bridesmaid closed her eyes for ever.

THE FAIR ROSIMOND.

(Translated for the "World of Fashion," from the old Italian Annalist, Bernardino Soria.)

Alboinus was elected for the eleventh King of the Longobards; and he, having been invited, as it is said, by his father-in-law, Narsé, came with all his chattels, wife, and children, into Italy; but, before his passage thither, he had an engagement in Schiavonia, with the King of the Gepidi, who was in that place put to death. And then the son of that King, in order that he might avenge the death of his father, also came in arms against Alboinus, by whom he was conquered, made captive, and decapitated; and his skull, that part of it commonly called the brain-pan, being fashioned into the form of a rich goblet, Alboinus was wont so to use it, and to drink out of it in his grandest festivals. Alboinus also took captive the daughter of this King; she was named for her beauty Rosimond, or the Rose of the World.

In the year of Salvation 588, and on the first of April, when the Christians were celebrating the Pasch of the Resurrection of the Son of God, being then Pelagius the Second, Supreme Pontiff in Rome, and Tiberius Constantius, Emperor, Alboinus, with an infinite number of people, making his way through the Venetian States, passed into Italy, and, having occupied the city of Venice, and leaving in his rear Padua and mount Scelcese, he went straight towards Trento. The Goths then fortified themselves at Ravenna, and the Emperor defended Flaminia, that which in these days is called Romagna. Having thus passed two years, he arrived in Liguria, which he soon entirely occupied, and afterwards he entered into Milan on the 3d of September; and it was by reason of his so doing, that the Archbishop Onoratus fled again to Genoa. After that he proceeded to Pavia, the siege of which he maintained for three years; for that town he had resolved to subdue.

Now there was in Pavia an immense number of Christians—persons that had been so for a long time; for they, by means of the holy discourses of the blessed Dalmatius, a monk, had been brought within the fold of the Christian religion. Alboinus was, it should be known then, an idolator, and he had taken an oath, that if at an appointed time the Pavians did not surrender themselves, that they should all die by the edge of the sword. They did not surrender at that time, and he by force was able to take the city. When there, the conqueror was, by the Old-Gate, about to enter into Pavia; his horse stopped; it stood still; it became as moveless as if it were made of stone, or of some molten metal! and not all the spurring, whipping, or driving that could be employed towards it, could induce it to move. Stupified at such a wondrous circumstance, Alboinus knew not what to do, until a very pious Christian woman told to him that the horse would never move until he had revoked the oath that he had made against the Christians; which doing, his horse instantly pranced forward! and he, without further loss, took upon himself the dominion of Pavia, where he placed his seat, and made it as if it were his palace. Now he was the first King of the Longobards in Italia, and, out of Italy, the eleventh.

Alboinus having thus far succeeded in all his undertakings, he took to him, as his wife, the lovely Rosimond, whom he had hitherto treated as a slave, because she was his captive in war. He, having made peaceful all the tumultuous parts of Lombardy, with a proud apparel returned in triumph, and went to Verona, where he determined to give a grand banquet; and,

in the course it, of becoming warmed with wine, he presented to her, in the form of a cup of gold, her father's skull, desiring her at the same time to "drink with her father." This she did, as she was desired; but with her heart, at the same time, was filled with a mortal hatred against her husband, whom from that moment, by fair means or by foul, she was resolved to put out of the way; and the way in which she accomplished her intention was this. There was belonging to the court of King Alboinus a domestic named Elmigissus, who was also one that had served in the mansion of her father, and of him she took counsel how she could avenge herself for the death of her parent. The result was, that, advised by Elmigissus, she, under the solemn sanction of an oath, opened her entire mind to Perendeus, a very valourous soldier, who had served in the armies of her father. But Perendeus wished to have nought to do with the matter, until he was enticed thereto by the charms and fascinations of Rosimond. By these means Perendeus determined upon accomplishing that crime which he had at first absolutely refused; and, being concealed by the Queen in her chamber, he attacked Alboinus when he was alone, unguarded and defenceless, in his bed, and there slew him.

When then the guilty pair had dipped their hands in the blood of one who was the husband of Rosimond, and the master of Perendeus, they, laying their hands on all the royal treasure, took possession of it, and, crossing the river Adige, they betook themselves to Ravenna, that was not then under the sway of the Longobards; but rather acknowledged as the rightful holder of the sceptre the King Longinus. There then remained Rosimond and the slayer of her husband, whom she had married; but she was not long a spouse, until she fell in love with a most beautiful youth; and, in order that she might be united with him in wedlock, she resolved upon destroying the person who was to her at the time but as a bridegroom. In pursuance of this plan, when she and her husband were one day both taking a bath together, she gave to him a cup containing wine that was poisoned; and he immediately afterwards, feeling himself seized with the pains of death, grasping a dagger and holding it to her throat, compelled her to drink the remainder of the poison from the same cup; and both, having thus poisoned each other, immediately afterwards died, and were placed in the same sepulchre, having this epitaph over them, "*Hic jacet in tumba, Rosimonda, non rosa munda. Non redolet sed olet, quae redolere solet.*"

[Note by the Editress.—We believe that the above extract will be particularly interesting to the English reader, because in the facts detailed will be found a resemblance to the history or rather the romance of the "Fair Rosomond" of the reign of Henry the Second. The particulars of the death of the one, have evidently given rise to the traditions, as to the other. We may observe, that Machivelli, in his History of Florence, states the same circumstances as to the mutual poisoning of Rosomond and her husband; but he makes her lover to be the King of Ravenna himself, namely Longinus, who is merely mentioned by Soria as her host.]

CHARADES.

When out of health my physician told me, in one word, I required something to strengthen me, and in the same word told me what I ought to take for that purpose—what word did he use?—*Sup- port.*

Why is a trunk which is well secured with cordage like a vessel going abroad?—*Because it is outward bound.*

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

The Right Honourable GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, Earl of CLARENDON, and Baron HYDE, is universally considered as the most rising statesman of the day; for he is one who, at a very early period in life, has been called upon to discharge the most important duties, and to fill the highest offices. The first he has performed in such a manner as to win for himself the veneration of his friends, the respect even of his opponents, and the admiration of the public. As to the second, such is the satisfaction that he has given, that each situation occupied by him is considered as inferior to his abilities; and none can be too high, it is believed, not to be a fitting object for his ambition.

The situations that are now occupied by his lordship are those of the "Lord Privy Seal" and "Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster;" the latter, at this moment, rather a nominal than a real office, as considerable alterations are about to be made in that department. The public functions of an Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of Spain were performed by this nobleman at a time when that country was distracted with all the horrors of civil war, and when great caution, judgment, prudence, foresight, and skill, were required in the individual, who at the period appeared as the representative of the might and majesty of Great Britain. When the Earl of CLARENDON arrived in Madrid all was confusion; when he left it, the foundations of peace were placed on a secure footing. He left the Court of Spain, bearing with him the respect of the Sovereign, and the affections of the people over whom she ruled. In his place in Parliament the Earl of CLARENDON was found the advocate of Spain, and the speech that he delivered on the occasion was considered so important, that they had it translated into Spanish, and printed in letters of gold. We have in our possession a copy, in the Spanish language, of his lordship's speech, and with it the panegyrics that were published respecting it by the people of Madrid, amongst whom his lordship was so long a resident.

The Earl of CLARENDON is the son of the Hon. GEORGE VILLIERS, by the only daughter of the said Earl of VERULAM. He succeeded his uncle in 1838, whose wife is now the countess dowager. His is a branch of the noble house of Villiers, Earls of Jersey, springing from William, second earl, through his second son,

The Honourable THOMAS VILLIERS, who married 30th March, 1752, Charlotte, eldest daughter of William, third Earl of Essex, and his countess, Jane, eldest surviving daughter of Henry Hyde, the last Earl of Clarendon and Rochester of that line; and was created 31st May, 1756, *Baron Hyde, of Hindon, in the county of Wilt*, with limitation to the heirs male of his body, by his said wife, and in default thereof, the title of *Baroness Hyde*, to devolve upon her ladyship, and the dignity of baron to the heirs male of her body. His lordship filled, subsequently, the office of joint post-master-general, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and was advanced to the Earldom of CLARENDON on the 8th of June, 1776. He died 11th December, 1786, leaving issue,

THOMAS, his successor,

JOHN CHARLES, the late earl.

GEORGE, married 17th of April, 1798, Theresa, only daughter of John, first Lord Boringdon, and left at his decease, in 1827,

1. GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, born in 1800, the present earl.

2. THOMAS HYDE, M.P.

And other children.

LORD CLARENDON, being ambassador at the court of Berlin, in 1782, was created a baron of Prussia by his Prussian Majesty, an honour which his lordship was permitted, under the sign manual, to enjoy. The earl was succeeded by his eldest son,

THOMAS, second earl; at whose decease, unmarried, in 1824, the honours devolved upon his next brother, GEORGE, the present peer.

LINES

TO MY SISTER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

By Mrs. George Norman.

Time was, when, in the pleasant glades,
My wish of love was born;
Peaceful as those enamelled shades
Came forth thy natal morn;
And life, with ever-gentle tide,
Flow'd noiseless as the streamlet's glide.

Time is, when, on the lonely shore,
I hear a kindred voice no more;
No woods conceal the rocky land,
No flowers upon the pebbly strand;
But, far and wide, the boundless sea,
Comes on in noisy revelry.

Yet still, upon this ocean spot,
One cherish'd day is not forgot;
But many a little tiny sail,
Seeming to founder 'neath the gale,
And then, upon the billow's crest,
Rising again in firmer rest,
Comes as an emblem unto me
Of a lov'd sister's destiny.
As the frail bark mayst thou pursue
Thy course, nor harbour have in view,
Save Heaven's own port, where threatening storm,
Nor billows white the scene deform:
No darkening clouds can daunt thee there;
Thy sail no rushing wind can tear.

Take then Religion for thy guide,
Safe o'er life's sea thy boat shall ride;
With favouring gales shall reach Elysian shore,
And anchor firm when time shall be no more.

IT HAS BEEN said that it costs nothing to use civil language and say courtly things, even when insincere—but it costs much, for sooner or later, we are sure to be paid in the same coin to which we have given currency, perhaps even more depreciated than when we sent it forth.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It has been generally remarked by the public during the present season, that the appearance of the company frequenting this fashionable place of amusement has much improved; and the pit now presents the same air of fashion that pervades the other parts of the house. This is to be attributed to the determination of LAPORTE to allow no orders, on any account, to be admitted; and even the principal singers and others are refused the privilege of giving away the orders. The result has been, that those only who pay their money gain admission; the number of ambiguous-looking persons, who gained their way into the house in previous seasons, are no longer to be seen; and the public have the satisfaction of knowing, that they are more likely to find seats than formerly, and the inconvenient pressure on entering will be in a great measure avoided. This is so excellent a change, as far as the public are concerned, that we have no doubt many will now attend who were previously deterred from the idea of not finding places; for it was well known that the orders were earliest in the field, and their absence will make a vast difference to the public. We are also bound to mention an alteration that has been made in the stalls, at the request of some of the influential subscribers, by which the very great inconvenience caused by the side-flaps has been done away, and the great annoyance of causing several persons to rise has been avoided. The access to the stalls is now as easy as the entrance to the boxes; and those who are prevented by business at the House of Peers or the Commons from an early attendance can enter, at any hour of the evening, without the slightest inconvenience. Several other arrangements have also been made about the house, tending much to the comfort of the subscribers. We do not perceive much change has taken place in the arrangements of the boxes; the Duchess of Caniz-zaro's, which was No. 5 on the pit tier, has of course a fresh occupant, on account of the Duchess's death; the Duke of Wellington retains his old box, No. 3, in the pit tier; the Duchess of Cambridge has retained her own box, No. 32, ground tier, adjoining the Queen Dowager's; indeed, we do not perceive any alterations except Lady Blessington, who has removed from No. 4, ground tier, to another box on the same tier, nearer the bend of the house. The Omnibus boxes and the Melton seem also to retain the same subscribers. In point of elegance, Lord Pembroke's box, Nos. 26 and 27 on the ground tier takes the lead this season; the fittings up are of the most costly description; the richest crimson Genoa velvet having been throughout employed; it is said to have cost several hundred pounds in the fitting up. Her Majesty has been an almost constant visitor since the commencement of the season, and seems to derive much gratification from the performances; and her frequent presence attracts unusually brilliant houses; the *élite* of the nobility appearing to make it a point of being present on those nights when Her Majesty attends. In deference to the wishes of the subscribers, M. LAPORTE has concluded an engagement with TAMBURINI; and, certainly, when we look over the long list of names, some entirely new in this country, the season has every prospect of being the most brilliant that has ever been seen. We hear also that, on the off nights, RACHEL, the Siddons of the French stage, has been engaged at the immense sum of a hundred and twenty-five pounds per night; it is unquestionably an engagement that shows a determination on the part of the Lessee to bring whatever talent can be found to his Theatre; and we most sincerely

hope it will be found to answer his purpose: indeed it can scarce do otherwise; for every one will be anxious to see the first actress of the day, of whom, though report has spoken very highly, has not, in this instance been exaggerated.

LAPORTE seemed determined to show how great were his resources, when he produced *Norma* and the *Lucia di Lammermoor* on the same evening. What a constellation of names to appear on the same evening! GRISI, PERSIANI, RUBINI, LABLACHE, MARIO, TAMBURINI, &c.; the whole talent of Italy centered into one night's performance. We are much pleased to see GRISI resume her part of *Norma*; it seems entirely her own, and is unquestionably one of her best parts. With what soul and expression she gives the beautiful *Cavatina*, *Costa Diva*, one of the happiest of BELLINI's melodies; it is as exquisite a specimen of the pure *cantabile* as anything to be found in the whole range of modern operas, and GRISI gives it with all the purity and chasteness the *molto* so eminently demands. *Norma* is an especial favourite with us; the melodies are truly beautiful, and the richness of scoring constantly excites our admiration. Nor must we look at GRISI in this opera only as a singer; her acting in this is really admirable. MARIO's *Pollio* was a highly attractive feature; his voice is so well suited to the music that it seems almost as if it had been written for him. Nor should we omit LABLACHE's acting as the *High Priest*, picturesque in appearance, and most admirably acted, whilst his deep, full tones are heard to so much advantage. The opera was altogether beautifully played, the various *morceaux* being received with much enthusiasm, most especially the beautiful duet, *Deh Conte*, and the charming *allegro* movement that succeeds it. The whole of the *finale* of the first act, from the *duetto*, *e terzetto*, *sola*, *portiva*, *al tempia*, is alone sufficient to stamp the popularity of this opera. The *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with PERSIANI as the *Lucia*, TAMBURINI as the brother, and RUBINI as the ill-fated Master of Ravenswood, is also an opera that will ever remain a favourite with the opera frequenters: it is one of the happiest of DONIZETTI's compositions; and the beautiful and melancholy nature of the story so admirably characterises the music. What, indeed, can surpass RUBINI's concluding *aria* in the last act! it is one of those truly exquisite *morceaux* that touches by the intensity of feeling which it displays, and to which no one can do justice but RUBINI; he seems to enter into the full spirit of the composition, and gives it with so much soul and energy that we almost fancy the unhappy Master of Ravenswood is before us. PERSIANI made her first great hit in the *Lucia*, and she is still as exquisite as ever in it; her singing throughout is perfection itself. TAMBURINI was most warmly received, and it affords us much pleasure to see matters so amicably arranged; he is far too good a singer to be absent, and it has been entirely his own fault that the least misunderstanding has ever existed. We are very glad to see the very great favourites, the *Turco in Italia* and *Marino Faliero* again produced; they come with all the freshness of novelty, and must afford a rich treat to the subscribers. The *Fausta* of DONIZETTI enjoys much celebrity on the continent, and we have little doubt it will enjoy the same popularity here, as the cast is much superior to when originally produced.

La Fille de L'Esile is an admirable subject for a ballet; the same brilliant scenery, pictures, costumes, and striking and original dances, that characterized BENIOWSKI, will be found here to perfection.

GERMAN OPERA.—We have nothing to notice here in the way of novelty; the manager relying on *Der Freischütz* as his

chief feature. That the German Opera can succeed with the talent at present at the Italian Opera seems to us quite impossible, particularly when we consider the prices are almost as high, and the attraction much less. As yet they have not found the speculation a very good one; the nobility being mostly at the Italian; and fashionable society hangs so much together, that they are little like to desert their comfortable opera boxes for the gloomy-looking, half-filled German *Salle*.

COVENT GARDEN.—There is a spirit and charm about all VESTRIS produces that no theatre has ever surpassed. Fairy tales with her, embody the day dreams of our youth, and all the gorgeousness of our wild imaginings seems to stand before us. The Fairy Extravaganza of *Beauty and the Beast* is the most successful piece of this class she has yet brought out; it abounds with the most magnificent scenery, splendid costumes, and admirably managed *tableaux vivants*. Nor is the eye less pleased than the ears; the selection of music is excellent; all the popular authors seem to have been laid under contribution, and to the best advantage. VESTRIS was the *Beauty*, and looked it right well; she was in charming voice, and sang with excellent taste from a nigger melody to the celebrated aria in the *Sennambula*. We do not pretend to give the plot; it is made specially to be laughed at, and must be witnessed to be duly appreciated.

HAYMARKET.—WEBSTER seems determined that neither pains nor expense shall deter him from making the Haymarket Theatre one of the chief attractions for the fashionable world, and has so entirely remodelled it, in order to make it the handsomest in London, that we could scarce recognize it again. The whole of the decorations are of the most splendid description, and stand out in a boldness of relief and richness of gilding that nothing can exceed. The proscenium is one of the most elaborately finished specimens of decorations we have ever seen; the Royal arms are emblazoned in bold relief of *papier maché*, and present an appearance, both of novelty and elegance, unequalled. The boxes and roof also correspond, and fully justify us in calling it the handsomest interior in London. The wishes of the nobility have also been consulted: gas being banished from the theatre, and wax candles and oil are alone employed. CELESTE is engaged here, and made her first appearance in *St. Mary's Eve*. She is still as excellent an actress as ever; her action is not that of the stage, but nature itself. Her agony at her brother's danger was truly beautiful, and the burst of applause it excited was most heartily deserved. *The Rent-day* brought back our old friend WALLACK and an excellent company; and, with the promise of MACREADY, CHARLES KEAN, and a succession of first-class novelties, it will be hard if WEBSTER meets not the encouragement he well deserves.

FASHIONABLE LOUNGES.

KINEORAMA.—This is one of the most interesting exhibitions that has been opened in London for some time; it is on an unusually large scale, extending over upwards of ten thousand feet of canvass; and, being painted in oil, instead of opaque colours, affords ampler scope for every variety of dioramic effect. The Views (which are not seen through glasses, but are as large as the dioramas at the theatres) commence at Constantinople, running along the coast to the late seat of war in Syria, where the action is most vividly depicted, and, after embracing an immense line of coast, terminates with a view of Alexandria,

and Mehemet Ali reviewing the Egyptian troops. The whole was designed and painted by Mr. Marshall of the Haymarket Theatre, upon whom it reflects the highest credit as a work of art. The views are admirable, and a more agreeable lounge for an hour need not be desired, since it conveys the best ideas of eastern manners and customs that can be imagined.

DIORAMA.—The new view at this exhibition is the Cathedral of Auch, in the south of France: it is cleverly painted, but not equal to many views that have preceded it; particularly those that were painted by the Chevalier Bouton. The prices also are too high, especially when so much is to be seen elsewhere at a lower rate.

DIORAMIC VIEW OF THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.—We do not imagine this to be a subject likely to interest our readers much; the subject depicted seemed not to have created the interest expected in Paris, and could scarcely be expected to be received with much favour here. The Views are four in number; well painted, but without calling for any particular notice.

COSMORAMA.—This is a very agreeable morning lounge; a series of entirely new views being opened. They are quite equal to any that have been previously exhibited here; and the way the various views are managed, so as to exhibit the different lights, is very clever.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Poetry of the Olden Time. By Charles Mackay, Esq.

The following exquisite specimens of the minstrelsy of England are taken, by the permission of Mr. Mackay, from his Romance of "Longbeard, Lord of London." We may observe, that they are introduced in the Romance, as being the production of one of those travelling bards, such as might be found in the times of Robin Hood, Will Scarlett, and Little John. The character to which they are assigned is one of the most interesting and original to be met with in any work of fiction of modern times, those of Sir Walter Scott not excepted.

"Two beautiful sisters in London there were,
The eldest was dark, and the youngest was fair;
The one was serene as a Midsummer moon,
The other as fresh as a morning in June.

Alas, that the tears of the aged should flow!
In the house of their sire there is wailing and woe;
Broken-hearted he pines, with his hands on his breast,
For the spoiler has stolen his doves from his nest.

His grief for the oldest is bitter and strong;
But he mourns for his youngest one all the night long;
And the flood of his sorrow no friend may assuage,
For the pet of his heart and the hope of his age.

The lovers lament, but no tears may they shed;
But they vow deep revenge on the ravisher's head:
One wears a green vest, and has buskins of brown,
And the other is ruler in London's fair town.

Let the spoiler beware! while the maidens repine,
A torch in the distance shall suddenly shine;
Brown buskin has tracked him; the chase has begun;
And the arrow shall speed, and the work shall be done.

THE COURT.

The Queen and Prince Albert left town on Wednesday, 7th of April, for Windsor Castle, there to enjoy the festivities of Easter. Her Majesty was escorted by a party of Hussars.

A carriage and four with outriders, containing the Princess Royal and her usual attendants, followed.

The Royal party arrived at Windsor Castle at a quarter past five o'clock, under an escort of the 1st Life Guards, commanded by Sir Charles Kent.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent arrived at Windsor Castle on the same day on a visit to her Majesty.

On Easter Sunday her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the Members of the Royal suite, attended Divine Service in the private chapel of the Castle, when the Very Reverend the Dean of Windsor administered the holy sacrament to her Majesty and Prince Albert.

Immediately after the service, her Majesty and Prince Albert walked out on the slopes.

On Wednesday afternoon, in Easter week, Viscount Melbourne arrived at Windsor Castle, on a visit to her Majesty.

The Princess Royal has taken an airing in a close carriage each day during the Royal sojourn at Windsor. The Royal infant, we are happy to announce, daily progresses in health and beauty.

On Wednesday, April 22, at twelve o'clock, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by Col. Wemyss and Col. Bouverie, rode into the Home Park, Windsor, on horseback, and reviewed the 60th Royal Rifles. The Queen and her distinguished suite observed the evolutions of the regiment from one of the windows of the castle.

At a quarter-past three o'clock her Majesty and Prince Albert proceeded to London under an escort of the first life guards.

The Princess Royal, and the whole of the distinguished suite, followed in three travelling carriages. The Royal and certainly beautiful infant was held to the window, much to the delight and gratification of numbers who had waited to see the Royal parties.

The Queen, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, it is expected will return to Windsor on or before the 1st of June, to be present at the Montem.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

The Queen held her first Drawing-Room this season on Thursday afternoon, April 22d, at St James's Palace. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, attended by the Royal suite, arrived shortly before two o'clock from Buckingham Palace, escorted by a party of the household troops, and were received by the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward, who conducted her Majesty and his Royal Highness to the Royal closet.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Anne Maria Dawson and Colonel Couper, C. B.; her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Caroline Legge and Colonel Sir Samuel G. Higgins; his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Major Stephens, Equerry in Waiting, and Lieut.-Colonel Jones, arrived at the Palace, and were received in the Royal closet.

Before the Drawing-Room, her Majesty (according to annual custom) received a deputation from Christ's Hospital in the Royal closet.

The Queen and Prince Albert passed from the Royal closet to the throne-room, and took their usual station in front of the throne. By the side of his Royal Highness stood the Lord Chamberlain, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; and on the right of the Queen were Lord Lilford, Lord in Waiting, and Lord Alfred Paget, Equerry in Waiting.

The Duchess of Bedford and the Countess of Mount Edcombe were the Ladies in Waiting on the Queen.

At the Drawing-Room the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers were received in a diplomatic circle before the general circle commenced.

LADIES' DRESSES.

HER MAJESTY.—Dress of white satin, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and pearls, and the skirt elegantly trimmed with gold blonde; train of white Irish tabinet, richly brocaded in gold, trimmed with gold blonde, and lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.—A white satin dress, richly brocaded in gold; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train of rich Royal plaid velvet, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.—Train of rich crimson velvet, lined with satin, trimmed round with a revers of silver blonde; *berthe* and *sabots* to correspond; petticoat of silver lame, with a silver blonde flounce. Head-dress, lappets, diamonds, and feathers, with tiara, necklace, and earrings *en suite*.

DUCHESS OF INVERNESS.—A superb train and corsage of white Irish tabinet, brocaded with gold, lined with white satin, and richly ornamented with guipure blonde and gold *passementerie*; a petticoat to correspond, elegantly trimmed, en tablier, with guipure blonde and *nœuds* of white and gold ribbon; a rich *berthe* and *sabots* of blonde. Head-dress, guipure blonde lappets and feathers; ornaments, *parure* of diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF THOMOND.—A rich violet brocaded Irish poplin train, with bouquets of coloured flowers, the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, looped in front with *nœuds* of ribbon; corsage à la Sevigne, with Gothique blonde *berthe* and *sabots*; a rich white satin dress, trimmed with rich blonde flounces. Head-dress, plume of feathers, rich blonde lappets, and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF ANTRIM.—Costume de Cour, composed of fancy tulle, over white satin, handsomely trimmed with blush roses and a blonde guipure, and a handsome stomacher of diamonds; train of white-figured satin, trimming to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and a superb set of diamonds.

The above dresses were the most novel that appeared at the Drawing-Room.

The attendance at her Majesty's Drawing Room was very thin, and, although the assemblage in front of St. James's Palace was very numerous, there was but little to demand their attention. The equipages of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and Duke and Duchess of Argyll, were very splendid. None others deserve mention.



*Modest, of Ladies of the Court of P. France
Fashionable Head Dress, 1800*



(2)
The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Morning & Evening Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Evening Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESSES.—COSTUMES DE LONGCHAMPS.

FIG. 1.—*Robe redingote* of rose-coloured *gros d'été*; the *corsage* half high, displaying a richly embroidered *chemisette* of the *demie-cœur* form; the *corsage* wraps a little to one side, and is very full draped on the bosom. Tight sleeve, ornamented with a tight *mancheron* of two pointed falls; they are bordered by fancy silk chain trimming, terminated by tassels; pointed cuff, edged to correspond; the front of the skirt is decorated *en échelle*, with similar trimming and tassels. Rice straw bonnet, a very open shape, trimmed with white ribbon, edged with green, and flat shaded ostrich feathers. Green velvet scarf.

FIG. 2.—*Oiseau pou de soie pelisse*; the *corsage* made high, and trimmed with a heart *pelerine* of the falls, each edged with fringe. Tight sleeve, with a cleft *mancheron*, bordered as is the cuff with fringe; the front of the skirt is decorated *en tablier*, with *rouleaux*, bordered with fringe. White satin bonnet, a moderately open shape; the exterior trimmed with white ribbon, and a wreath of roses; sprigs of these flowers decorate the sides of the interior.

FIG. 3.—*Robe* of pearl grey silk shot with white; a low *corsage*, trimmed with lace standing up, and long tight sleeve. The front of the skirt is decorated *en échelle*, with *râches*. Pink crape bonnet, the brim edged with a *râche* of the same, and the exterior ornamented with white *tulle* folds, and light sprigs of pink flowers; the *brides* are white *tulle*, edged with *blonde* lace. Scarf of muslin *bouillonnée* over pink crape.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Green *levantine* robe. Scarf of white *pou de soie* of a large size, and bordered with a rich fringe. Straw-coloured *pou de soie* bonnet, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, velvet flowers, and black *éfilé*.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Robe amazone* of shaded silk peach colour shot with black; the *corsage* is made quite up to the throat, and trimmed with a lappel, which forms at once a lappel, and a cleft *mancheron*; it is bordered with a new kind of fancy silk trimming. Tight sleeve, the lower part ornamented with buttons; three tucks, each edged with fancy silk trimming decorate the skirt: the head-dress is a *demie-coiffure*, composed of lace lappets, and green velvet ribbon.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 3.—White muslin robe, the front of the skirt is embroidered in coloured silks, forming a *tablier* of a novel and elegant kind. Low *corsage*, nearly covered by a heart *canezon*, formed

of muslin *bouillonnée*, and ornamented with *coques* of pink ribbon. *Demi-gigot* sleeve. The bonnet, composed of white *pou de soie*, gives a front view of Fig. 1.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Shot *pou de soie* robe, a high *corsage*, tight to the shape, and the front trimmed in the hussar style with braiding and *brandebourgs*; the trimming descends to the point of the *corsage*, and thence goes down the skirt *en tablier*. Tight sleeve, with a cleft *mancheron*, which, as well as the lower part of the sleeve, is trimmed *en suite*. Azure black crape *chapeau*, the interior is decorated on one side with *blonde* lace, set on full; a flower and sprigs of foliage ornament the other side; the edge of the brim, and the entire of the exterior is arranged *en bouillonnée*.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Spring green *gros d'été* robe; *corsage en amazone*, half high, and finished with a broad lappel, bordered with fancy silk trimming. Tight sleeve, the upper part ornamented with a very broad *bouillonnée*, and the wrist with a double band of the same trimming that decorates the *corsage*; a band of it is continued *en tablier*, from the point of the *corsage* down each side of the skirt. *Capote* of pink *pou de soie*, a round open shape; the brim and crown closely drawn; the trimming consists of a twisted *rouleau* of ribbon to correspond, ornamented on one side by a *bouquet* of white *marabouts*, and terminated on the other by a rosette.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Robe redingote* of *organdy* over white *pou de soie*; a low *corsage*, tight to the shape, and very open on the bosom; it is ornamented on each side of the front with fancy trimming, composed of white silk, and terminated at each end by tassels of the same. Tight sleeve, trimmed at the top with similar ornaments, disposed in the style of pointed *mancherons*; the bottom of the sleeve is ornamented *en suite*; the front of the skirt is decorated in a style similar to the *corsage*, but the trimming is reversed and forms a splendid *tablier*. A superb cord and tassels also *en suite*, completes the ornaments of the dress; the *coiffure* is a green velvet toque, trimmed with white feathers.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Tulle* robe à *trois jupons*, the openings of the three skirts are ornamented with roses, and the round of the dress trimmed with tucks and *rouleaux*; the *corsage* is very low,

and square at top, and pointed at bottom; it is draped *à la Tyrolienne*; the drapery ornamented with a rose in the centre. Short full sleeve, trimmed with ribbon. *Coiffure à la ville Ferronnière*; the hair is dressed in a profusion of loose ringlets, and ornamented with a gold *ferronnière*, and white feathers.

BRIDAL COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—White *pou de soie* robe, a low *corsage en cœur*; superbly trimmed with Brussels lace; two full *volans* of the same cover the short tight sleeve: the skirt is trimmed down the front by lace and roses; the lace is laid on flat, and it turns round the skirt in a similar style; the hair is dressed in full ringlets at the sides, and ornamented with the bridal veil of Brussels lace; a wreath of roses, and a *bouquet* of orange blossoms placed on one side.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pale orange satin robe, a low tight *corsage* and short sleeve; both very full trimmed with English point lace; two superb flounces of it ornament the skirt. The head-dress is a back view of Fig. 1.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Summer *bourgeois* of India muslin, lined with rose-coloured silk; it is embroidered in large stripes at a considerable distance from each other, and bordered with a similar embroidery, finished by worked muslin trimming; knots of ribbon ornament the hood and the arm-holes. Green crape bonnet, a very small round shape; the interior trimmed with white flowers; the exterior with a *bouquet* of *têtes de plumes*. Green *pou de soie* robe.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Blue striped *foulard* robe, half high *corsage*; trimmed with a lappel, cut in sharp points; this trimming is continued down the skirt. Tight sleeve, and *mancheron en suite*. The bonnet presents a side view of the one just described. Summer silk shawl.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Robe of one of the new *foulards* in striped and shaded patterns. *Corsage grandmère*, and tight sleeve; the skirt is trimmed with two very deep tucks. Fancy straw bonnet, ornamented with a *bouquet* of *épis*, and heath blossoms.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1841.

This is a month in which the ORDINANCES OF FASHION, our Sovereign Lady and Mistress, are more than usually gratifying to her fair subjects, and never were they more so than at present; for they were never more distinguished by taste, elegance, and simplicity. We shall begin with the first of the great changes which the month has produced, and describe the most attractive novelties in

BONNETS.—The shapes are made with low crowns; that is, in fact, the crown and brim are all in one; by which means the former is quite flat to the head; but there is a good deal of

variety in the forms of brims; some being quite square, others round; many are of a medium depth, and a still greater number very small. In one point, however, they are all alike; that is, descending very low at the sides of the face. Those made with a *banole* have it shorter, and rather more full than they have recently been worn; but a good many have a plain piece attached, and turning up in a soft round at the bottom of the crown. We may cite among the most elegant of the new bonnets, those of pea-green *pou de soie*, shot with white, the exterior trimmed with a wreath composed of green shaded ribbons, arranged in *pompons*, encircled with velvet foliages; the *pompons* were each united by a *cordon* of foliage, also of velvet. This simple but elegant style of trimming is decidedly the most novel of the month. We may cite also, as exceedingly novel, some morning bonnets of *gros de Naples*, partially covered with a veil edged with a triple row of blonde, and attached only by a knot of taffetas ribbon. Some bonnets, remarkable for their simply elegant style, are composed of white *pou de soie*, the exterior trimmed with ribbon, the interior with two camellias of moderate size at each side under the brim. A good many rice straw bonnets are trimmed with wreaths of early flowers. Others, with *plumes de chine panachées* in different colours, and several of fancy straw are ornamented with a small *bouquet* of *myosotis* placed very low. A style of trimming much in favour for rice straw bonnets, consists of ribbons and *marabouts*, shaded in white and salmon colour for the exterior, and *coques* of lace intermingled with small salmon-coloured roses for the interior. *Violettes* form an essential part of the trimming of several coloured crape bonnets; they are placed in some instances inside, in others, outside of the brim, and retained by flowers: this style of decoration is as novel as it is elegant. We may cite among the most *distingué* of the bonnets of *poult de soie glacé*, those of straw colour, ornamented with a *bouquet* of *têtes de plume paille*, placed on one side of the brim, the interior of which is ornamented, we may say lined, with a *voilette* of English point lace, which falls *en écharpe* on each side of the face, and is intermingled with small blue and yellow daisies. We must not forget the rice straw bonnets ornamented in the interior with *tulle* scarfs. This is a style of trimming admirably calculated to set off the complexion, as the colour of the scarf is always adapted to it. Drawn bonnets, both of crape and *poult de soie*, have regained all their vogue. A particular description of the generality is unnecessary, as we have given so many exquisite models in our plates; but we must say *un petit mot* for those of pink crape, trimmed in the interior with several rows of *tulle rûches*, and on the exterior with a *bouquet* of pink *marabout panache de blanc*.

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.—We may say that a decided revolution has taken place with regard to the first, for they are adopted this season even for bonnets of the most simple form; but then they are dressy or plain to suit the bonnet; for there is a marked distinction between *plumes parées* and *plumes négligées*. We may class among the latter some of the fancy feathers, and also short ostrich ones of the colour of the bonnet, when that is of a quiet kind. *Marabouts*, long willow feathers, long ostrich ones, several dressy fancy feathers, and the *bouquets*, formed of white or light-coloured *têtes de plumes*, belong to the former. This is not the case with flowers; there is no aristocracy, if we may use the phrase, with them; and even the humblest children of Flora, as the violet or crocus, are often employed, with a small *bouquet* of *marabouts*, to ornament dress bonnets. The catalogue of flowers *à la mode* is so numerous, that we can only select a few of those considered

most *distingué*: they are wreaths of white and grey lilac, rose-buds, white heath blossoms, jonquils, Bengal roses, red camellias, *gerbes* of oats, the stalks gold, and the grain either beads or pearls; cactus and daturas of velvet, some exotics, and the most of the early flowers. The majority of the bonnets trimmed with them are also adorned with lace, and the flowers are generally partially concealed by the lace. We see a great many bonnets trimmed with tufts of heath blossoms, or honeysuckle, and *point d'Angleterre*. In speaking of feathers, we have forgotten to notice wreaths composed of them; some are green, imitating foliage, and have really an excessively pretty effect. Others are of black and fir colour, these latter are more striking certainly, and promise, notwithstanding the time of year, to have a great run.

HALF DRESS ROBES.—We cannot do better than refer, generally speaking, for the forms to our plates. We observe that almost all the *corsages* are made high, and ornamented with fancy trimmings and *biais*—the former decidedly predominate. We call the attention of our fair readers to the novel and elegant style in which they are employed to decorate tight sleeves, on which they are disposed so as to represent a *mancheron*, corresponding with a deep cuff, both pointed; this is really a novelty of a striking kind; it is adopted not only for silk dresses, but for those of muslin and of *organdy*. We have presented an exquisite model of it in the third figure of our fourth plate. It will be seen that tight sleeves keep their ground, but Fashion is, in this respect, very lenient to her fair votaries, for we may say with truth, that there is no sleeve exclusively *à la mode* in half dress, for though tight ones are certainly the most numerous for silk robes, yet we see the demi-large, the Victoria, the *demi-gigot*, and the half bishop, also adopted for silk dresses; but it is very rarely indeed, that we see a tight sleeve adopted for a muslin robe. Several of these latter have sleeves that offer a sort of compromise between the modes, for they are *bouillonnées* from the shoulder piece to the wrist.

ROBES IN EVENING NEGLIGÉ.—We may cite among the most *distingué*, those of India muslin, with a square *corsage à l'enfant*; it is made low at top, and rounded at bottom, and trimmed with a falling tucker of lace laid on with very little fulness. *Manche à la laitière*, it is a short full sleeve, negligently looped by a knot of ribbon, or a flower; these robes rarely have any other trimming than a very broad hem round the border. Muslin and *organdy* robes, lined with rose or blue silk, are also much in request in evening *négligé*. Some are made in the pelisse robe style, and trimmed down the front with lace disposed *en tablier* at the sides, but looped at regular distances, so as to form large scallops, by fancy silk ornaments or knots of ribbon. We have reason to believe that an attempt will be made during the summer to put down pointed *corsages*, and bring in round ones. We think it will not succeed.

SUMMER JEWELLERY.—The *bijoux* most in favour are a gold or jewelled key and smelling-bottle attached at the side of a gold chain. One, two, or even three, fancy bracelets may be worn on the same arm. Brooches are now made much smaller. The fashion of having a portrait in the brooch is no longer adopted, but they are very much worn in bracelets. Gold and fancy jewellery pins continue their vogue for the hair.

PARASOLS are now become necessary; the most elegant are those of white *poult de soie*, with the stick richly ornamented. It appears that the very small ones will not be adopted.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are the same as last month, but we have, in fact, several new shades of spring colours, particularly

some beautiful shades of light blue, and green; there are also several new shades of yellow, this last colour is very much in favour, it is *à la mode* from its lightest to its deepest shade, for orange, though by no means a summer colour, mingles with other hues in the patterns of silks, ribbons, &c., &c.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Adieu to winter! its reign is completely over; furs, mantles, in short all its rich but heavy paraphernalia has disappeared. The spring fashions opened in the most brilliant style at Long-champs, and they have since progressed rapidly. We do not recollect a season in which we have had, at so early a period, such a number of elegant spring *toilettes* to present to our fair readers. A glance at our plates will confirm the truth of our assertion, and it will be farther illustrated by our notes of the month. Let us see what these say of

CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES.—The latter, composed of crape, are much in favour; they are indeed remarkably pretty, and the light style of their trimmings, always flowers or *marabouts*, harmonizes admirably with the fragility of the material. White rose and jonquil are the colours generally adopted for these *capotes*; where the trimming consists of flowers and ribbons, they are disposed in the interior in small sprigs of the lightest possible kind, drooping on the front hair, or mingling with it, if it is in ringlets. The flowers may be disposed on the exterior either in a *gerbe* or a *bouquet*. If the exterior is adorned with *marabouts*, then the flowers are placed in the interior in small tufts, instead of sprigs, at the sides. *Chapeaux* of *paille à jour*, of the *capote* form, are much in vogue in morning dress; they are ornamented only with knots of ribbons, and lined with *tulle bouillonné*. Some of the prettiest *capotes* for *demi négligé*, are those of *paille d'Italie* ornamented with a *bouquet* formed of three *petites têtes de plumes*. Nothing is more elegant in *demi toilette* than *chapeaux* of *paille de riz*, ornamented with a large point lace lappet, retained by a *demi couronne* of roses.

FLOWERS.—Those of the most simple kind are the most *à la mode* this spring. Some of the prettiest trimmings for *chapeaux* and *capotes* of rice and Italian straw are composed of lilies of the valley, either white or rose colour, intermixed with blades of different kinds of grass. Others are formed with elder blossoms intermingled with roses; another favourite mixture is composed of blue bells and *myosotis*. A great variety of flowers are disposed in *bouquets*; roses, particularly moss roses, and others half blown, are greatly in request. The flowers of the double-blossomed peach, and others of a small kind, are also greatly in favour. *Gerbes* for the exterior of *chapeaux* and *capotes* are usually formed of sprigs; lilacs, both red and white, honeysuckles, jasmins, &c., are most in request.

SHAWLS AND SCARFS.—A mode has just appeared which promises to continue during the season. We mean that of a scarf of the material of the robe; it is adopted in the most costly as well as the plainest style of dress, and answers equally well for both. We should observe, however, that it can be adopted only with silk or muslin dresses; never with *mousselines de laine*, or any materials of mixed wool and silk. The trimming of the scarf always corresponds with that of the robe; those of silk are bordered either with black lace, fringe, or a wreath of *chicorée*; those of muslin always lined with coloured

silk, are bordered with *biais*, embroidery, or silk, according as the dress is *négligé* or *demi toilette*.

NEW MATERIALS FOR ROBES.—Silks are in a decided majority, though we do not mean to say that they are exclusively fashionable; the *cachemire d'été* and the *popeline brochée* mentioned in our last number, enjoy a certain vogue, and so do some of the new *mousselines de laine* and the *bareges*; but none of these materials enjoy anything like the vogue of silks. We shall present our fair readers then with a list of those most in request: foremost in it will be the different kinds of *foulards*; those for morning dress and the promenade are *foulard Zelia*, double-sided *foulards*, and also those printed, and *broché*. Plain *poult de soie*, *gros d'été*, and *levantine*. For half-dress, we have *taffetas chinés*, *taffetas Ida*, so called from the last romance of the Viscomte d'Arlincourt; it is a colour somewhat similar to the *solitaire*, formerly brought into fashion by a work of the noble Viscomte. An immense variety of striped and shaded silks; others in lozenges, or in small patterns borrowed from those of the Turkish and Chinese silks. The *Pekins d'été satins renaissance*, *Louis XIV*, and a variety of either; others are for evening dress; as are also plain *poult de soie*, and shot silks of light colours. *Redingotes* are, without dispute, preferred for the promenade; those most in favour at present are the *redingotes Amazones*; these dresses have the skirts rather longer than others; we had almost said awkwardly long. The waist is also very long. The sleeves are tight from the wrist to the elbow; they increase in size from thence gradually up to the shoulder. The border of the skirt is rarely trimmed; but the *corsage* and sometimes the front of the skirt are ornamented with *passementerie*, the rage for which still continues. The *redingote* form is also very much adopted in half-dress. Some of those of *poult de soie* have the fronts ornamented with two *montants* in *passementerie*. Others are trimmed with *bouillons*, and a good many with *brandebourgs* composed of beads. This is a very elegant style of half-dress trimming, and particularly in vogue for *redingotes* of *moire*, or shot silk. The *corsage* and front of the skirt are trimmed with a triple row of these ornaments.

LINGERIE is this season more than usually brilliant. *Canesons* are very much the mode, and will be more so as the season advances; lace *centre deux* are very much in request for them. Muslin *canesouts*, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, are very much in favour in morning dress. The *manchettes* always correspond, and so also should the embroidery of the *mouchoir de poche*. Such an *ensemble* forms the harmony of an elegant morning *toilette*. While we are on the subject of morning dress, we must not omit the pretty little *bonnet à la paysanne*, one of the most elegant morning caps that have been seen for some time past; it is composed of an English point lace lap-pet; the ends form three *coques* on each side; they are divided from one another by a row of small *coques* of pink or blue ribbon, placed so as to raise the lace a little; the centre of the lap-pet is arranged so as to form a very small curl, placed very backward; the edge of the lap-pet is laid flat, and thus forms the front. But the triumph of *lingerie* is this year in the *mantelets* of embroidered muslin, which are indeed in a style of novelty and elegance hitherto unequalled; they can be worn at all times of the day; for they are executed in a style to suit every sort of *toilette*: those adopted in *négligé*, are composed of muslin trimmed with three *biais*, surmounted by a very narrow embroidery. A ribbon of the same colour as the lining of the *mantelet* is sometimes passed through each *biais*; lilac is the colour most generally adopted in complete undress. Seve-

ral of those for half-dress have the trimmings composed of embroidered muslin festooned at the edge, and surmounted by blue or rose ribbon, disposed in *Pompadour coques*. The majority of these latter are not lined; they are a good deal adopted for open carriages, and are considered *très distingué*; but the *mantelet of mantelets*, the superlative of novelty and elegance, is that entirely strewn with embroidery, and encircled with Mechlin lace and knots of ribbon. Several are lined with rose-coloured, blue, or apricot taffetas, three colours, particularly the latter, that are very much in vogue.

ROBES DE SOIRÉE.—We are still in the season when balls and parties will continue for some time; we must therefore give a glance at some of the elegant *toilettes* adopted for them. We have observed at a late very elegant ball several robes composed of white satin, figured in pale pink, the border trimmed with a double row of *tulle bouillonnée*, the *bouillons* formed at regular distances by dahlias; the *corsage* and sleeves were ornamented to correspond. Some other robes that were much admired were composed of *gaze de Turin*, made with two skirts, the upper one, disposed *en tunique*, was trimmed with a wreath of half-blown roses; a full *gerbe*, formed of *épis*, intermingled with rose-buds, ornamented each corner of the tunic. The *corsage* was draped *à la Grecque*; the draperies fastened by small sprigs of roses; similar ones were employed to loop the short, full, sleeves. The under dress was bordered with a *bouillon*, through which a rose ribbon was run.

SPRING.—The influence that the spring has upon the blood, and indeed upon the general system, is well known, and not less commonly felt. A very frequently remarked effect to this cause is the diminution of both beauty and health that takes place in those most essential attributes of our frame—the skin and the hair of the head. The first, at this period of the year, generally displays a sallow hue, from the degenerated mass of the fluids, that peculiarly call for correctives; while the hair becomes, from the same cause, drooping, dry, and discoloured. In stating these well-known facts, we beg to call the reader's attention to those admirable and unique discoveries, ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, for the Skin, and ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the Hair. The many years of public trial, and consequent approval, which these friends to human beauty have experienced, must necessarily give them first rate claims to notice. ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is a mild, innocent, and yet most efficacious preparation, that dispels all irritability from the skin, gently assists in opening the pores, relieves the secretions, and gradually establishes a white and perfect skin of transparent beauty. ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is not less felicitous in its results with the Hair, into which it infuses fresh nourishment and life, giving it a beautiful gloss with a graceful tendency to curl!

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—Ladies of Haut Ton are wearing very large Cashmere shawls; they descend almost to the ground, with very deep borders, and are worn in a variety of colours. We are not surprised at the preference given to India shawls; which, certainly, for elegant designs, and valuable appearance, are unequalled, and, in our estimation, more calculated to distinguish the lady than any other part of her wardrobe. An India shawl is as indispensable to the 'tout ensemble' of a well dressed lady, as the 'bien seigne' appearance of the coachman and footman is to her equipage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A more than ordinary press of matter obliges us to defer answering the numerous communications of our correspondents till our next.

BOOKS and MUSIC, for review, are requested to be forwarded, addressed to the Editress of the *World of Fashion*, at the Office, 299, Strand.

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VOL. 18.

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

We'll take a flight
Towards Heaven —,
And leave dull Earth behind us.—*Moore.*

It was in the year 1805 that there lived in Altona, the capital of Holstein, a very learned person, named Ludwig Klopstock. Now, when I say, that he was "a very learned person," I do not by any means give expression to the general opinion of his fellow-citizens with respect to him, for they asserted that the poor man did not possess any other merit beyond having the glorious name of Klopstock. His only title to interest, according to them was, that he was the nephew of the poet who wrote "The Messiah."

Ludwig, in his personal appearance, justified the low opinion entertained respecting him: for he was always musing when alone, and absent if in company. His great delight was in the most solitary places, where he might be seen, for hours together, with his eyes raised to heaven. He had no settled hours for his meals, and he did not know how to earn a crown by his labours. He lived upon the rent of a small farm, that he had in the village of Oltenzen, and he had an income of about eight hundred livres, the produce of a capital placed with a merchant in the Rue Pallmail. It was affirmed, that neither his meditations in the open air, nor his studies for twelve hours' continuance at home, had ever produced the least known result. When he was asked what it was he had learned amongst his instruments, and what it was he saw through the large telescope, erected on the roof of the house, he blushed, stammered, and was thrown into confusion; while the questioner invariably left him, shrugging up his shoulders, and saying, as plainly as a shake of the head could tell, that "Ludwig was little better than an idiot."

This was an opinion not only universally entertained, but almost unanimously expressed, when it was known that Ludwig Klopstock was going to be married. His marriage did indeed appear to them to be a very singular thing; for the young girl that the poor scholar was about to wed, was a little orphan seventeen years of age, that the sudden death of her father had left absolutely destitute. In spite of all the gossip, and even of the sneers of his acquaintance, Ludwig persisted in his resolution, and he *was* married.

Immediately after their marriage the wife, Ebba, took upon herself the management of the Philosopher's household, and soon order and neatness, that had been a long time banished from beneath his roof—if indeed they had ever before been per-

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mitted to dwell beneath it—soon reappeared, and gave to that small house the appearance of joy, and the semblance of the purest pleasures. Even Ludwig himself was soon seen with a white shirt, stockings that had no holes in them, and with a coat that not only showed no stains upon it, but was actually freshly brushed, and perfectly neat! His face, which had been once remarkable for its pallour and thinness, looked fresh, clear, and even exhibited an approach to *embonpoint*. He was still to be seen, not only in the evening, but to a late hour at night, taking long walks in the country; but instead of wandering wherever chance might lead him, he was guided or rather led by Ebba. Her eyes were directed downwards to the earth, while his were lifted towards the sky; and she, it might be said, sustained him, as if she were one of the angels of whom the Psalmist speaks, in order that his feet might not stumble over the impediments that lay in his path.

Thus passed away their lives until, one morning, the Philosopher was told he was a father; and he felt himself to be a new being when the feeble cry of an infant—of his own child—reached his ears. From thenceforward the student thought less of science, and he was even known to forget his telescope to dandle his baby in his arms; and he watched, with more of patience, and far more of happiness, the first smile of his little daughter, than the mysterious conjunction of two stars.

The child grew up; it was beautiful as its mother, and it had the full, broad, and intelligent forehead of Ludwig himself. It would be difficult to tell the thousands of projects that were formed around the cradle in which that fair little angel rested. Ebba looked at it unceasingly; her eyes were for ever resting upon the face of her baby, and Ludwig frequently made miscalculations, when he heard the least cry from the rosy lips of his daughter. But, alas! one night the breath of the infant became as if it were half smothered; its eyes glared as if it were with a strange flame; its cheeks became purple. The croup had fastened on its victim; and, when the sun arose, there rested on the bosom of poor Ebba—a corpse. It was thought she would have died herself; and better would it have been had she at once expired, and that it had been the will of God to join together in the same tomb, on earth, the remains of child and mother, when already their souls were united together in heaven; for the soul of Ebba never again redescended to earth. Her body was moved as chance directed; her voice uttered forth words without connexion—Ebba was an idiot!

The friends of Ludwig urged him to send his wife to a lunatic asylum, where, for a moderate sum of money, he might be able to save himself from contemplating the ruin and the misery that the presence of a fool must constantly occasion. Ludwig

M

was indignant with those who attempted thus to advise him, and he persisted in treating the poor maniac with all that tenderness and devotion he had ever evinced for her while she was in possession of her reason. There were no more of studies for the scholar; he lavished his thoughts, his time, his nights, his days, in gratifying the whims and complying with the caprice of a lunatic; and the world finished with believing, when they saw him act thus, that he was a fool himself.

Nothing could cast down the spirit of Ludwig. For five years he never relaxed in his devotion to Ebba; at the end of that time he was exposed to a new trial. The merchant to whom he had confided all his ready money became a bankrupt and fled. This event left Klopstock without any other resource than the small revenue of his paltry farm of Oltenzen. This would have been quite sufficient for a student, who had never cared for his personal privations; but then these privations would have reached the poor Ebba; and to save her, he wished to obtain the chair of astronomy in the college of Altona, that was then vacant.

What afflictions, what annoyances, what disgusts, was the poor man exposed to, when he became a candidate! He, too, who was naturally timid—excessively diffident—who had very few acquaintances, and not one sincere friend! No one condescended to examine into his qualifications, and the good people of Altona, instead of listening to him, sent for a professor to Drontheim. When Ludwig heard this, he sold his small house in Altona, and, taking with him his telescopes and other instruments, he set out for his farm of Oltenzen. Ebba mechanically followed him thither, and without knowing anything of the change; for her mind and thoughts were not of this earth; they were with her child in heaven.

The farm-house of Ludwig at Oltenzen was near the church, and, from the windows, he could see the tomb of his uncle, the great poet. Ludwig sent away his steward, and began himself to cultivate his lands, with more of intelligence and of activity than could be expected from him. The country people first laughed at his innovations in husbandry, and at length they imitated them. The time that Ludwig was not engaged in the fields he passed in study. The telescope, which occupied so large a space on the roof of his house, engaged his nights; for Ludwig slept but little, as sleep is like friends, and seldom to be found but in company with those that are happy. While he was engaged in studying the stars, the head of poor Ebba rested on his knees, and she dozed away her nights as well as her days, in a torpor that was like to that of death.

At length, one morning, Ludwig, who was usually sad and absent in his manner, exhibited an unusual joy. Subsequently he employed six nights in writing a single letter, with which he never appeared to be satisfied. He recommenced it, re-altered, wrote it out plainly, then scratched it over, and then again consulted his telescope. At length the important work was finished; and, carefully sealing up the letter, he put it himself in the post-office of Altona. It was addressed to the director of the observatory at Hamburg, and it contained the discovery of the revolution of Saturn in ten hours and thirty minutes. This was the answer he received to his letter:—"If your letter be not a joke, I beg to inform you, sir, that you are too late to lay claim to the honour of making a discovery, which has not only been made before you, but published a fortnight since by Mr. Frederick William Herschell." Upon hearing of this cruel disappointment, which took away from him that glory of which he had been dreaming, Ludwig did not exhibit his chagrin, but by a sad smile which was habitual to him.

The truth, however, must be told: this poor man, obscure,

trembling, and diffident as he was, was eaten up with the desire of celebrity. Night and day he dreamed of making a name for himself. He felt within himself a mysterious strength that raised him above the vulgar, and which only required its exhibition to shine for ever. But then, misery and misfortune rendered its manifestation impossible; and when, two years afterwards, he announced that it was possible to solidify carbonic acid, no one would read his essay, nor look into the designs he had made for a machine to carry his project into effect. Several years after this passed away without Ludwig's leaving the village of Oltenzen, or making any new attempts to publish the results of his studies.

One day, whilst the aeronaut, Bitorff, was in the midst of an immense concourse of spectators, and preparing to set out from Hamburg on an aerial voyage, he saw approaching towards him a little man, clothed in a suit of rusty black. This man, without any introduction, proposed to accompany him in the excursion he was about to make in his balloon. Bitorff at first believed that the man was a fool; but as the unknown insisted, and even offered him his handful of gold to obtain what he desired, Bitorff consented; and he the more willingly did so, because he perceived the discussion created a very general curiosity. The only thing he stipulated for was, that the ascent should not take place for a fortnight, as the balloon, he declared, was not sufficiently strong to carry two persons. Ludwig consented to the delay, and returned quietly to Oltenzen, from whence he came back upon the appointed day.

During the two weeks, there was nothing spoken of in Hamburg but the project of Ludwig Klopstock. People talked over again the old story of the revolution of Saturn discovered by him a month after its publication by Herschell. They made a thousand jokes about it, and never had Bitorff before so many persons to see his ascent, as on the day when he had Ludwig as his companion. Ludwig, intimidated by the gaze of the multitude, approached with great awkwardness to the car of the balloon, and he was near destroying it by some of the instruments that he had brought with him for the purpose of making experiments. To his great regret the aeronaut compelled him to leave behind him a part of his luggage. Both then took their places; the cords were let go, and the balloon rose into the air as lightly and rapidly as a bird.

Ludwig's first sensation, upon feeling himself carried by so frail a machine, was that of terror. The immense abyss, yawning, as it were, at his feet, dazzled his eyes, and gave to him strong qualms of sickness. To this soon succeeded a species of perfidious fascination. He leant out towards the earth, as if attracted by a mysterious force, and he was on the point of flinging himself out, when his companion seized him by the arm and retained him in the car. This crisis once passed, and Ludwig was completely restored to himself. His resolution came back to him, and he looked about him with a coolness, and a perfect freedom of spirit, that astonished the long-practised aeronaut. It would be impossible accurately to define his sensations. In proportion as he moved from the earth, it might be said, that his soul was separating itself from its clayey casnet, and bursting from the bonds of the body. An indescribable happiness seemed to penetrate every pore; a gentle warmth vivified him; his mind exercised its full powers, and he forgot all his miseries, all his sufferings, and all his humiliations in this lower sphere: he was at last himself. Around him sparkled a sort of light which was like to the gleams reflected from the opal; while over his head was extended the immense azure of heaven: beneath his feet was to be seen the earth, momentarily retiring from him. He saw, at a single

glance, all the windings of the rivers—houses and cities seemed to come out, as it were, from the land—the sea stretched out, like a vast drapery of silk agitated by the winds—the fields strewed their escutcheons of gold, and their quarters of verdure and purple—the forests, with their dark mantles, were spread out before—while men were no more than puny points that moved here and there—a vain and almost imperceptible dust! And then there was no noise—no movement around the aerial travellers; there was a profound—an absolute silence;—not the dull and dismal silence of human solitudes; no, but a silence almost deserving of the name of melodious. It seemed as if the distant sounds of celestial worlds were wafted to earthly ears.

During the time that Ludwig was indulging in these new and sublime impressions, Bitorff, who was already habituated to them, was directing the balloon, and trying various experiments, the programme of which had been regulated with his companion before quitting the earth. When he ascertained, by his calculations, that they were six hundred metres high, he mentioned it to Ludwig, and his voice, that had at such a height a supernatural power, and seemed to be no more human, made Ludwig tremble. The atmosphere began to be extremely cold. To the ineffable happiness that Klopstock had experienced, there succeeded the annoyance and the inconvenience endured during a hard frost. The voice of Bitorff lost its extraordinary vibration. Buzzing noises began to sound in their ears. They were at a height of twelve hundred metres.

Ten minutes afterwards, Ludwig fancied he could hear something like a low murmuring sound. He wished to ask Bitorff if he had said anything to him, when, to his astonishment, he could no longer hear his own voice, and he had to make an immense effort—one that made his chest and throat sore—to utter the question.

At last he understood Bitorff to say that they were two thousand metres from the earth, and that the expansion of the hydrogen gas contained in the balloon, which became the greater, the more they ascended, would soon be so great as to burst the balloon, if not allowed to escape. While he was saying this, a thick veil, like to a fog on the banks of the Thames, spread itself over the earth, and soon rendered it invisible to the eyes of the travellers. Soon hoarse and dreadful roarings were heard down—down far—far below the balloon. Broad flashes of lightning cast their wings of fire across the chaos. The flaming serpents of the thunderbolt darted upon all sides. It was an awful thing to witness this revolution of the elements, and think that those who contemplated it were only saved from death by a thin veil of silk, puffed out by a small quantity of gas! Bitorff felt fear creeping into his heart, while Ludwig's sensation was that of a wild and savage joy; he laughed strangely—he clapped his hands—he shook with delight—he might be regarded as the spirit of the storm in the midst of his hateful triumphs.

The balloon ascended upwards—upwards—upwards still with a regular and imperceptible movement, and soon the storm was seen at a vast distance below them—a mere black and noiseless point, and even that point, little by little, seemed to lose itself in the air, and at length, to disappear. The earth could then be seen again, but it was all a confused mass, in which could, with difficulty, be distinguished the high roads like blackened threads, and the great rivers as if they were mere hairs of silver and gold. Over the heads of the aeronauts, the heavens shone with a serenity, of which none can have an idea, even by gazing from the highest mountains.

"Four thousand metres," cried out Bitorff, whose voice began to resume its strength, and he spoke to his companion, who was almost moveless from the cold. The voice burst forth in deafening vibrations, when a quarter of an hour afterwards he announced, "Six thousand metres."

They saw no more upon the earth, but large masses. Bitorff flung into space two birds that he had carried up with him in his balloon. The poor things stretched out their wings to take flight, but they fell down heavily as if they were masses of lead—the air was too much rarified to support them. The breathing of Ludwig became more and more difficult; his chest became oppressed; the cold froze him; and yet he felt himself excited by a febrile agitation. His heart beat quickly, his breathing was rapid; two birds and a rabbit, which still remained in the car, were seized with convulsions, and for want of atmospheric air they soon died.

"Eight thousand metres!" said Bitorff.

His voice had become hoarse, and with a gesture, he directed the attention of Ludwig to the fact, that there appeared no more to be anything below them: the earth and the clouds had disappeared. The immensity of space on all sides surrounded the balloon. As to the cold, it was intolerable; and their panting respiration seemed scarcely to suffice for animal heat. Blood started from the eyes, the mouth, and the nose of these adventurous mortals. Their words could no longer be heard. Below them was the blue of heaven and above them darkness, strange and unknown, through which the stars might be seen to cast a dull, sparkless, and funereal light. There finished physical nature: there was found the barriers placed by Providence against the daring curiosity of man. The gas became condensed, and the balloon ceased ascending.

"Sir!" said Bitorff to Klopstock, "if we do not wish to die, let us hasten now to descend to the earth. You perceive that here the Divine hand has written in awful characters the words, 'Thou shalt go no further!' But what is it you are doing? Are you out of your senses! Why do you cast off your garments?"

"It is because I wish to go further!" cried out Ludwig with enthusiasm. Yes, I wish to bound over these barriers that have been imposed upon men. See! the balloon now disembarrassed, is still mounting upwards. Let us break the car—attach ourselves to the cordages of the net, and thus we may reach to heaven itself!"

He was about to put his project into execution, when Bitorff opened the vent of the balloon, in despite of all the struggles, and even the despair of his companion. The balloon descended—the air became less cold—the earth reappeared, first, as it were, a greyish and indistinct mass—then little by little, it resumed its precise form—its rivers and its roads became distinctly marked—men and animals appeared to increase in size, and the balloon, at length, touched the ground, within about two leagues of Hamburg. Bitorff burst out into transports of joy, while Ludwig Klopstock wept with rage and disappointment.

"We should have passed over the darkness of infinitude had you but persevered," he repeated to his companion.

"We must have perished," replied Bitorff.

Ludwig, without paying the slightest attention to the transports of the crowd, who surrounded him,—without even giving an answer to the Members of the Academy of Hamburg, who came to request of him to draw up an account of what he had seen and observed during his excursion, betook himself to the city of Altona. There he made large purchases of gummed

cloths, and from thence brought them to his small house at Oltenzen, from which he never came out again for an entire month. No person could get to speak to him during that time. He would see neither those who were engaged in his service, nor the deputation of the Hamburgh Academy, nor even the pastor of the village. He would not condescend even to answer them at the door, which he refused to open; and if it was not that he was seen at nightfall walking alone with his wife, and that some food was bought for them, it might be supposed he was dead.

It is unnecessary to say, that this mysterious retreat gave rise to many strange conjectures. Some declared that Ludwig had lost his senses in his aerial excursion; others, that he was engaged in some sort of witchcraft. This latter supposition did not appear to be very far from the truth, when it was at last known that Klopstock had constructed a machine of a very strange form—it was one that resembled a fish, having large oars, like to fins, and that by a combination of wheels, at once simple and excellent, were moved with the greatest facility. This the inhabitants of Oltenzen could fairly judge of, when one morning they perceived Ludwig in the air, seated upon what seemed to be a large fish, and that he managed with as much ease as a cavalier can ride and turn a will-broken steed. In spite of the violence of the winds, Klopstock brought his fish first to the right, then to the left, now made it advance, now back, and now ascend, and the next minute to descend. He finished by going down with it into the court-yard of his farm, and this court was so narrow, that the two ends of the machine could touch its sides.

The pastor of the village was a very well-informed man, and when he heard of this miracle he ran to Klopstock's residence, and so earnestly begged to be admitted, that the student could no longer resist his entreaties. He brought the priest into the court-yard. At the very first glance, it was manifest that Ludwig had discovered the secret of directing balloons.

"My friend!" cried the pastor, "your name is henceforth immortal. The entire universe will soon repeat it with enthusiasm. What glory will be yours!"

"The earth!—glory!" repeated Ludwig, with a disdainful air, "What do I care for them? It is heaven that I sigh for; Eight thousand metres is nothing!—I shall ascend twenty thousand!—I shall go to two hundred thousand!—I shall go to the very stars—I shall go into the very stars!—I shall go beyond them! I will study nature. The Immense and the Unknown belong to me. I have found out the means of directing, guiding, and controlling my ærostatical machine. That was a problem easy to solve. But I have done still better; the hydrogen gas, that is in my machine, can be dilated, or compressed, and this without loss, as I wish it. These bladders also contain the means of procuring me vital air, even where it would be impossible to breathe, I have conquered cold itself; it can do me no injury!"

The pastor remained confounded before this mixture of genius and folly.

"Adieu!" resumed Ludwig, "here is my last bequest. If I fail in my enterprise, or if I do not deign again to return to this earth, I leave to you the care of watching over this poor woman. Adieu!"

Without listening to the remonstrances of the worthy ecclesiastic, he mounted upon his balloon, and was about to fly away, when, on a sudden, Ebba, who had looked upon him with a wild and haggard eye, ran to him, and, grasping the machine, shrieked, "Do not—do not forsake me."

"You are right," said the student, after a moment's reflection, "Come, you shall share my fortune and happiness!"

He took her—he seated her by his side. He then saluted the pastor, and flew into the air.

The pastor saw him for a considerable time managing the machine with the greatest ease, and then he rose up directly and rapidly, until he soon appeared to be no more than a black point, which, in a few moments afterwards was confounded with and lost in the azure of heaven.

The worthy ecclesiastic waited in great anxiety for the return of Ludwig Klopstock.

Ludwig Klopstock never returned!

FRANCIS.

TO MARY.

Oh! cease not to smile, thou loveliest one;
I would woo thee in the sunshine of mirth;
For thus shall our loves, amid joyance begun,
Live on with the brightness that hallowed their birth!
Oh! heed not the doctrine of cold hearted sages,—
That darkness and light each alternate must be;
I could live in the light of thine eyes for whole ages,
Then smile, dearest Mary, for ever on me.

I loved thee, dear girl, when moments of joy,
Fast filled and illumined the gay hours as they flew;
Can I love thee less now, because sorrow's alloy
Has mixed with thy fortunes, and altered their hue?
Oh! no—through the gloom of those moments of woe,
There's a glimpse to be caught of pure happiness high;
When like flow'ers in spring from their shrouding of snow,
Thy smiles shall arise, and thy sorrows shall die!

TO HARRIET.

Little beautiful being!—how glorious thou art!
What a lustre springs up to thy eyes from thy heart;
As if thy young spirit, enamoured of light,
Would settle for ever in dwellings so bright.
Round thy lip the rich smile that in ecstasy glows,
Adds a still deeper tint to its exquisite rose;
The freshness of spirit, bestowed at thy birth,
Has yet caught no taint from its contact with earth;
A halo of heaven seems round you to shine,
As if thy pure soul made thy body divine.

Oh! still as you pass through this valley of tears,
When time o'er thy form flings his vesture of years,
Preserve the young glow of thy spirit, which now
Sheds a gladness so holy and pure round thy brow;
Then whate'er may betide thee—of pleasure or pain
The best of all treasures—*content*—will remain.
With that you may laugh at all time—at all change,
At foes, who may frown, or at friends who grow strange;
Let the world pass what judgment it may—on thy part
Thou hast still thy appeal to an innocent heart.

J. O. L.

THE CATHEDRAL BELLS.

Fair garden of the south—delightful vale of Florence!—what classic associations are recorded in thy name! Who could gaze on the lovely Val d'Arno, tread the classic top of Fiesole, or wander through the gardens which tradition points to as the scene of the Decameron, without recalling the memory of Dante, Milton, Byron, and Boccaccio, whose deathless writings have consecrated these spots. Amidst this scene of beauty, the eye knows not where to rest; hills upon hills, crowned with lofty pine forests, and bounded by the rugged Appenines, rise in the distance; while around and beneath us handsome villages, and white cottages, overshadowed with vines, are seen gleaming through orchards on either side of the road.

In one of the most lonely spots in this romantic valley lived the peasant Giulio; his parents were humble tillers of the soil: a small vineyard and a few sheep, which latter it was young Giulio's duty to tend in the fields, composed their whole earthly store; and while they pursued the

“Even tenor of their way,”

undisturbed by the feudal contentions which deluged the streets of Florence with the blood of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, they sought not to occupy a higher station in life than that into which fortune had thrown them. Not so with their son Giulio—the boy nursed a spark of that Promethean fire in his bosom, which wanted but a fostering breath to kindle into a flame. Sixteen summers had passed over his head, and already had he begun to feel the restless workings of ambition in his mind; his home became distasteful, and his light labours wearisome; he sighed to distinguish himself in that world where his fellow-men were toiling for fame, riches, and honour, but he knew not how to emancipate himself from his degrading thralldom.

There was, however, a stronger feeling than the half-defined workings of natural enthusiasm operating upon Giulio's mind. Marietta was the loveliest maiden that ever trod the shores of the classic Arno; her raven hair floated over a brow of marble whiteness, and her large black eyes softened into an expression of such melting tenderness, when, by chance, they encountered those of Giulio at the village festivals, that the fascinated youth, from at first thinking often of those dazzling eyes, at length could think only of them and their beauteous possessor. Need it be told that Giulio was soon steeped to the lips in love; but Marietta was rich, and Giulio poor, and he knew enough of mankind to be assured that with her family his case was hopeless. Day after day he devised wild schemes of realizing wealth sufficient to entitle him to lay claim to Marietta's hand; but none appearing feasible to his mature consideration, they were all in turn rejected as soon as formed.

One lovely summer evening, when the Val d'Arno's olive and ilex groves were covered with the blue and purple shadows of evening, as Giulio was leading home his flock, inwardly repining, like the prince of the happy valley, at the fate which chained him there in inglorious ease, his attention was arrested by a strange voice hallooing him to stop. The person from whom it proceeded soon appeared at a short turn in the road above him, leading, or rather dragging a jaded mule down the rugged path.

“Confound your weary mountain ways! Santa Virgine! if a day's journey by one of them be not worse than a barefoot pilgrimage to our lady of Loretta, my name is not Nicolai Lamberto,” said the stranger, in no very complacent tone, as

he approached Giulio, who saw in the person who addressed him so uncourtously, a middle-aged, stout-built man, habited as a burgher of the middle rank, save that his cap was of the richest Genoa velvet, and that a gold button, in which sparkled a large jewel, looped it up on one side; in other respects, his dress differed little from that of any unostentatious trader.

“Young man,” said he, addressing Giulio with a frankness of manner, which bespoke an acquaintance with the world, “can you guide me to some neighbouring cottage, where I may refresh myself and my tired mule?”

“If you may be content with a shepherd's simple fare,” replied Giulio. “my father's roof stands amidst yonder group of olive trees; there, Signor, you will, at least, find a secure shelter for the night.”

“More I seek not, good youth; and so, if it please you, let us hasten thither, for the day's toil hath given me a marvellous keen appetite.”

Thus saying, they descended the narrow pass together; Nicolai lugging at the bridle of his mule, and Giulio driving before him his flock of sheep. Nicolai received on that night the cheerful hospitalities of the shepherd's cottage—coarse bread, dried fruits, olives, and cheese furnished forth his table, and if his bed wanted the downy softness of the couches of the great, it was also without its thorns. In the morning, after a plain repast with the shepherd's family, Nicolai Lamberto prepared to depart; but before he had put his foot in the stirrup, he called Giulio to his side.

“Giulio,” said he, “you have showed me a kindness, and it is but meet that I should return it in some sort. Your industry and genius are buried in these mountains; come and live with me, and I will place you in the high road to wealth—not by the sword or the pen,—for I am a free citizen of Florence, as good a brass and metal founder as any in Tuscany; for that is the trade whereby I have made a fortune that would not be altogether despicable in the eyes of the proudest merchant princes of Florence!”

Giulio's heart throbbed tumultuously on perceiving the road to independence thus suddenly opened to him; eagerly grasping the stranger's hand, he pressed it impressively to his lips, and thankfully promised to accept his generous proposal.

“Well, then,” replied Nicolai, as he turned his mule's head from the cottage door, “when you arrive in Florence, enquire for Nicolai Lamberto, the brass founder, and I warrant you will not be long till you find me out.”

The following morning saw Giulio quitting the paternal roof. His step was, indeed, more elastic, and his eye more confident than usual, as he sprung down the rocky path, which led to the high road; but he could not, at intervals, avoid turning to gaze on the humble home, which had sheltered his infancy, and a shade of deeper melancholy passed over his manly brow, as he paused before the white walls of a neat villa, bosomed amongst trellised vines, and almost shrouded by the veil of crimson flowers that overspread its roof—it was Marietta's dwelling. Entering the paradise in which his every hope was centered; he approached the house—all was still, save the ceaseless dropping from the dew-laden shrubs around. Plucking a single blossom from a climatis, whose truant branches had wandered luxuriantly through a half-opened lattice, he pressed it passionately to his lips and his bosom, and with a fervent aspiration to heaven for her whose happiness was dearer to him than his own, rushed from the spot, as fearful of trusting his resolution, should he linger long in that seductive scene.

Three years rolled away before Giulio re-appeared in his native hamlet; and then the slender joyous youth was transformed into the firmly knit serious man. Nicolai had not been unmindful of his promises. The old man loved Giulio as a son, and, under his care, he had become the cleverest artist in Florence. Lamberto, however, died suddenly, but not without leaving to Giulio a sufficient independence to entitle him to aspire to Marietta's hand, who still remained unwedded, although numerous advantageous proposals of marriage had been made to her. An offer from a person of Giulio's expectation for his daughter's hand, stood little chance of being rejected by Marietta's father. The young man was admitted as the formal lover of the beautiful donzella, and before a month had elapsed, it was whispered among the gossips at the fountain, that Marietta's bridal garments were preparing in a style of magnificence, which bespoke the wealth and the attachment of her future lord. One circumstance alone delayed their union;—Giulio had exhausted all the ingenuity and skill he possessed in making a ring of bells, and he only waited their arrival from Florence, to present them to the church of his patron saint. They at length arrived, and were hung in the tower of the village church; and on the day in which Giulio received at the altar the hand of his lovely bride, he heard those bells, whose sweet tones he prized next to the music of Marietta's voice, ring out their first joyous peal to celebrate his nuptials. Every wish of Giulio's heart was accomplished; his pride and love were gratified, and he felt, as the rain of roses from the hands of their bridal train descended on his and Marietta's head, that heaven had filled his cup of happiness to the brim. For six years the sunshine of content shone upon the peaceful dwelling of Giulio and his happy partner; boys and girls, with cherub locks and rosy cheeks had climbed his knees; the sound of the matin chime had stirred his heart to gladness, and the vesper bells at evening's solemn hours attuned his spirits to calm delight;—they were his—the work of his own hand, and their clear tones came like the voice of old friends upon his ears.

But man is not born to enjoy uninterrupted felicity. Internal warfare, which had so often rendered the sunny plains of Italy desolate, again spread her banners over the Tuscan hills. Alessandro Medici (afterwards first Duke of Florence) who had been banished by the republican party, endeavoured, with the assistance of the Imperial troops) to regain his authority in Florence, whose territories he entered with a large army. Giulio, prompt at his country's call, flew to join the republican bands, who were collecting to resist the tyrant's efforts; and as he kissed away the tears from his Marietta's streaming eyes, and clasped his beautiful children to his bosom on bidding them adieu, a dark presentiment crossed his mind that he was doing so for the last time.

Giulio foreboded rightly; when he next crossed the threshold of his home, it was lone and desolate; the door swung idly on its hinges, and the lattice flapped mournfully in the blast;—war's ruthless hand had turned his paradise into a hideous wilderness—slaughter and rapine had rioted in the abode of peace and innocence—his wife and children had perished, and Giulio was alone in the world. He stood by his cottage porch, contemplating, in gloomy silence, the scene of ruin which surrounded him;—the setting sun, poised upon a distant mountain's ridge, seemed to linger for an instant to take a parting glance on those vine-clad hills and valleys, and then plunged downwards into the dawn of another world. Giulio started—'twas the Ave Maria hour!—

“————— the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where he so oft,
Had felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft;”

and his ear sought to catch the familiar tones of the vesper bells from the village church—but he watched in vain; deep purple shadows overspread the vale below, but that long-loved chime, which had oftentimes called the pilgrim and the mountaineer to repose or prayer was silent. “They, too, are gone!” he exclaimed, “and their merry peal will never more gladden my heart. The hand of the spoiler has taken all;—he has torn the branches from the tree, and it is meet the withered trunk should perish also.” As he spoke, he rushed from that scene of desolation; fleeing, with the blind speed of a maniac, down the perilous path, and never returned to the deserted walls of his once happy home.

* * * * *

One evening, at the close of the summer of —, a foreign-looking bark was seen slowly drifting up the noble stream, a few miles below the city of —; the last breath of the day-breeze was dying away in her flapping sails, and it was quite evident she would be unable to reach the quay that night. A few boatmen, who had been watching her progress from the shore, at length put off, in the expectation of getting some employment, as pilots or assistants, from the stranger. Upon reaching the bark, a grave-looking man, habited in black, whose sun-bronzed brow and quick black eye, betokened him a native of a more southern land, leaned over the vessel's side, and anxiously enquired if they would row him up to the town without delay, at the same time offering them a liberal compensation for their trouble. The business was easily settled; and the stranger, stepping into the stern of the boat, threw himself along the seats, so totally absorbed with his own secret communings, that he seemed to view unheeded the picturesque scenery, by which they were gliding every moment. The rowers bent to their oars, and the light boat shot rapidly through the water, leaving behind her a glittering line of broken light upon the broad expanse of the tranquil river.

At length the dusky towers of the Cathedral became visible in the distance, as the last rays of the sun burnished the still waters, which lay like a broad mirror around them. At this moment the bells of the old Cathedral rung for a solemn chime—the stranger started from his lethargic trance—his sunken eye kindled with unusual lustre, and his sickly cheek became flooded with a dark crimson tide;—he listened for a moment, as their clear tones came mellowed by distance over the calm tide. “They are mine!—they are mine!” he shrieked, and sunk backwards, overpowered with the violence of his emotions. The rowers, who imagined he had fallen into a swoon, hastened to support him—they raised him up—HE WAS DEAD.

The rest of the tale is easily told: Giulio had wandered from his country, alone and desolate, through many a foreign clime; his name had been forgotten in his native village, or only spoken of as the young artist, who had manufactured the fine set of bells, which in the civil wars had been destroyed or carried away, no one knew whither. And such is the history of the ill-starred Italian and the Cathedral Bells.

P.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

Weep not for me, thou lov'd of my soul,
The affection that binds thee may cease to control;
That heart may soon learn to cherish another,

While, in absence, I languish for thee:
Adieu, then, in sorrow—perhaps 'tis for ever;
Yet this heart is unchanging as mortals can be.

Weep not for me, though those tears of regret
Are a boon of affection I ne'er can forget;
When no longer I view thy soul's deep emotion,
And time shall have mellow'd that grief,
I may frequent recall thy tender devotion,
To give to my sorrows a transient relief.

Weep not for me, though this hour may sever;
The time of our parting may not be for ever;
Yet a few years of constancy, absence, and truth,
And joy shall illumine that face with its rays;
On the pinions of time the affections of youth,
Shall return with the joys of love's early days.

Weep not for me, thou lov'd of my soul,
The affection that binds thee may cease to control;
If, 'mid the allurements of life still unshaken,
The freshness of girlhood that love shall retain,
Then joy will be ours; confide in that heaven;
The decree that now severs can unite us again.

GEORGE W. BURCH.

LINES IN REMEMBRANCE OF ———.

Thou wert a stay upon my roving soul,
In the dull hour of solitude and thought;
But now I quaff alone the tainted bowl,
That all my folly has too dearly bought.

I once in thee could ease my throbbing breast,
And sooth my sadness in thy milder charms;
But like a bird departed from its nest,
I can no more return me to thy arms.

Departed dream, how sweet thy memory still!
But yet, how sad to think on past decay,
Without a hope the aching void to fill,
And bear my spirit from the past away.

Another's arms now twine around my neck,
And in her love my spirit would forego
The dark remembrance of my Bosom's Wreck,
Since peace no more can in that bosom flow.

But all is vain! that dream of youth is past;
And, like an exile from my native shore,
My heart still pants of its own burning thirst
For that dried stream which it can drink no more.

But all is gone, and I am desolate!

My eye can shed no tear of cold regret;
A lonely wanderer still I smile at fate,
And in another's arms seek to forget.

But what Elysium is there for the heart,
That bears the image of its Idol still;
The chain is broken; but there hangs a part
Within the void thy semblance cannot fill.

RIO CASTON.

THE LUCKY FORTUNE-TELLER.

A TRUE STORY.

"Il consiglio stava con silenzio aspettando quello a che si determinasse."—*Il Congresso di Citera*.—ALGAROTTI.

"Why then, Paddy, my jewel, but aren't these very hard times with us?"

"Hard!" exclaimed Paddy; "begor, though its the middle of summer, they are harder than a hard frost."

"Yes," said his poor wife Judy Brien, an old peasant woman, who with her husband was thus talking over their past misfortunes and their present griefs; "yes, it's mighty hard for us, in our old days, to think that we are so soon to be turned out of our cabin, because misfortune has come upon us, and that we have not only no rent to pay, but not a praty (potato) in the house."

"The devil a rent I have," says Paddy, "but the rent in the back of my coat, that I'd give any money you had a haporth of thread to mend it with. And its I that, if I had the rent, would let the master go whistle after it, before I'd let him see a *tester* (sixpence) of it. Sure we aren't more than two years in arrear; and what's the use of a man being a freeholder, if he's not free to hold the land he has once put his spade into."

"Well, well, there's no use in talking, Paddy; a change will come soon in ourselves, as there will be a change in the weather; for although it's now as dry as powder, we'll have powers of rain *powderin* down on us before morning."

"Oh! by dad, Judy, if there's as little chance of our good luck, as there is of a shower of rain for the next twenty-four hours, neither of us will ever live till the harvest comes round."

"Well, Paddy, I wish I was as sure of a fortune, as I am of the weather. It will break—and it will be the more like ourselves; for we are breaking ourselves."

"Why then, for an old woman, you are the biggest fool I ever saw. I tell you there will be no rain."

"And I say there will."

"Oh! then that I mightn't; but only I'm thinking that you got neither breakfast nor dinner to day, I'd give you such a leathering."

"Is it for telling the truth? For, as sure as you're standing there, we will have rain in the morning, and, I tell you, I know it," exclaimed Judy, rubbing her left knee, which was a little rheumatic.

The poor old couple retired to rest, and long before the hour for work next morning, the dropping rain, that poured like a flood through twenty holes in the straw-covered roof of the cabin, proved, if not to their satisfaction, at least to the utter

conviction of Paddy, that his wife had prophesied truly. He looked in amazement at the thin threads of water, that were fast forming themselves into pools upon the mud floor, and then, shaking his wife's arm, he exclaimed—

"What the devil makes you be sleeping there, Judy, and the rain making a water-fall into your old brogues at the foot of the little bed. Get up I tell you, and dress yourself, and let us be off out of this; for with *the power* you have, we ought to be living with slates over our head, and a real chimney to let the smoke out of, not to mention the grandeur of glass windows. Why, Judy, you're a fortune-teller, and I never knew it before! Well, well; there's no end to miracles! Get up, I tell you, and we'll go all over the world for sport, telling fortunes; that is, you'll tell them, and may be I wont spend a fortune for you. I flatter myself I'm able to do that, although digging for twelve hours upon two pints of butter-milk and a skillet of praties is beginning to bother me. Be up with yourself, Judy, I say, and I'll set you up as a fortune-teller."

"Ah! then, none of your nonsense. Sure, you know well enough, I'm no fortune-teller."

"What! is it after telling me last night that there would be rain this morning, and that too in the very face of the moon, that was shining as bright as a horse-soldier's helmet. Be gar, it was the heighth of fortune-telling, and I never knew any thing to equal it."

"Ah! then, sure Paddy, it was the rheumatiz that told it to me."

"The rheumatiz! Does the rheumatiz talk as if it was a Christian? Oh! but I understand you; it was a fairy called the Rheumatiz that whispered it into your ear; and, by my sowkins, I now find you know every thing, so let us be off with ourselves. Why should we stay here and starve, when we have only to walk abroad and make lashins and lavins of money?"

Judy knew but too well the sanguine and arbitrary disposition of her husband, to think of contradicting him; so she immediately obeyed his commands, and, having blessed herself, she prepared to set out on her travels. They had not proceeded more than a hundred yards from their door, when they were encountered by a wealthy farmer, followed by some of his working men. The farmer was a very rich man, who had considerable property about ten miles distant from Paddy's cabin. He now rode up to them greatly excited, and said—

"My good people, there has been stolen or strayed from me, in the course of the night, a black horse and two grey mares; and if you can tell me anything about them, or where I am likely to find them, I shall pay you very handsomely."

"Upon my word, sir," replied Judy, I know nothing about them."

"Don't you mind her, your honour," exclaimed Paddy, and catching hold of the saddle of the farmer's horse, and drawing him down so as to be able to whisper in his ear, "Don't you mind her your honour; for that I may never sin, but that she knows every thing. She is the greatest of fortune-tellers that ever you heard tell of; but then, she's horrid stingy; and the dickens a haporth she'll ever say, until you have paid her well for it first."

The farmer took the hint, called Judy over to him, placed a five-shilling piece in her hand, and observed, "Take that as earnest of what I will do for you, if you can tell me where are the two mares and the horse. Just give me a hint of where I am sure to find them, I wont stop at gold."

"Upon my sowl, I don't know," cried Judy.

"Don't mind her at all, at all. Just give her another crown, your honour, and see what a guess she'll make," observed Paddy.

The farmer took the hint. Poor Judy looked completely bewildered when she felt the money in her hand, and heard her husband saying, "Come now, Judy, out with it at once. Just tell us where you think they are."

"Why then, how should I know, when I was asleep all the time?"

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Paddy; "speak out, and tell the gentleman where they are, or you never got such a mollaoguing in all your life, as I'll give you."

"Oh, murder, murder!" shrieked Judy, driven to desperation. I really don't know where in the world they can be, unless it be in the field on the other side of the hill."

"There, you hear," says Paddy, "and now be off with yourselves."

The farmer took his advice, darted off, followed by his servants, as fast as he could; while Paddy, rejoicing in the prospect of a full breakfast, of which he had not partaken for many a month, started off in the opposite direction. He had not, however, advanced more than a quarter of a mile, when he heard the voices of the farmer and his servants hallooing after him and his wife; and was about seeking some place to shelter himself, when he happened to turn round, and beheld that the farmer had recovered the animals that he had lost, and was riding with them as fast as he could, to overtake the fortune-teller. The farmer came up, and placing five golden guineas in the hand of Judy, he said, "My good woman, take these, and you are heartily welcome to them; for I would not have lost this black horse alone for a hundred guineas. I found him and the two mares in the very spot you described."

"Didn't I tell your honour, she was a great fortune-teller?" asked Paddy.

"You did indeed, my good fellow, and only told me the truth; for she is, in my opinion, the greatest and the best fortune-teller that was ever seen in Ireland."

There was no one more surprised at the success with which chance had enabled her to guess, than poor Judy herself. She knew that it was chance. Paddy believed the opposite, and insisted upon her setting up as a fortune-teller, and she was afraid to refuse him. But almost at the commencement of their career, a very awkward accident nearly occurred to them; for the fame of her exploit reached to the ears of the only magistrate of the district, who was a proud, ignorant, obstinate, and selfish man, and hearing from the farmer of how he had been told by Judy Brien, of where his stolen steeds had been conveyed, he sent for the old couple, and directed they should wait upon him at his mansion-house.

Paddy and Judy Brien did appear there, for they were escorted by the constable; but just before they entered the house, a favourite game-cock of his worship, that had been accidentally killed was brought to him. He placed the dead bird under a large three-cocked hat, which he usually wore, and then desired the old couple to be admitted.

"I understand," said he, "that you are going about the country, telling fortunes. Now, I wish to let you know, that I suspect that you are a pair of impostors, who are in collusion with all the rogues and vagabonds in the country; and if you are such I will have you transported. If you are not, I will reward you as highly as, on the other hand, I intend severely to punish you. But I shall put you to the proof this moment."

If you can tell me what is under that hat I will give you a guinea; if you cannot tell it, you shall go to jail."

Paddy looked a little perplexed at this proposition; but still he had sufficiency of impudence to brazen the thing out. Such was not the case with his poor wife; for she looked utterly bewildered, and exclaimed to him, "I told you the dirt would soon come out;" but as the magistrate was one of those gentry who thought it vulgar to speak or know their native language, she said it in Irish thus, "mahac! magellanagh Kocgh!"

The instant the sound of "magellanagh Kocgh!" came to the ears of the magistrate, he took the hat up, and exclaimed, "Upon my word, Judy Brien, you have guessed right; it is a cock, and nothing else; but how did you come to know it?"

"Don't ask her, your worship," said Paddy; "for she can't tell you, nor I either, that's her born husband; but the fact is, she is the greatest woman in the world, and there's not a little that's happening under the sun that she cannot tell you."

"Indeed," said the magistrate; "then there's one thing more, that if she can tell me, will be the making of her fortune, and save her from doing anything for the rest of her life. My wife is about to be confined; and if she can *now* tell me whether it will be a boy or a girl, I will settle £20 a year upon you both, with a house and three acres of land, rent free."

"Ah, then, just tell his honour's glory, at once, what it will be," said Paddy, with perfect confidence.

"Oh! millia murther! it's worse and worse you're getting every day, Paddy. You will be the ruination of me. I can't tell it."

"That is, your honour's reverence," said Paddy, "she can't tell it to-day; but do you just feed her up with the best of every thing, and you see what she'll tell you on Saturday."

"Very well, then, on Saturday," remarked the magistrate, "that will be time enough, and in the mean time I will confide you to the care of the servants, who must give you every thing you order."

"But mind," said Paddy, "the sarvints are not to be bothering her with no fortune-telling in the mean while."

"The first that does so will be dismissed," remarked the magistrate."

The Saturday came, and Judy, who by this time had received a hint from Paddy, called for a bowl of eggs; selected, after a long examination, two from the mass, broke them each into a glass, and then, taking up the two glasses, she looked at them for a long time, and then said, "Well, of all the puzzling things I ever met with, this bates them all hollow! Oh! I see plain enough, I can't tell it until next Saturday."

"Very well, very well," said the magistrate a little impatiently, "let it be next Saturday; but why can't you tell anything to-day?"

"Because, your honour," answered Judy, when I look into one glass it is a boy, and when I look into another, that I may never skin a praty, but its a girl! It's the curiousest thing I ever saw."

Before the next Saturday came, the accouchment of the magistrate's lady took place; and here again fortune aided poor Judy Brien, for the lady presented her husband at the same time with a son and a daughter!

The magistrate kept his word with the fortune-teller, while he, upon hearing the news of the double birth, snatched up "The Life of James Feny, the Robber," which was the only bound volume to be seen in the magistrate's kitchen, and kissing it as reverently as if it were a Bible, exclaimed, "By this book, I will never tell a fortune again as long as I live!" B— S—.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.

There was formerly in Dublin a good-natured sort of fellow, a member of the Irish bar, named Emery Hawkworth, who was about as remarkable for the ostentation of his manners, and the pomposity of his appearance, as he was for the redundant and bombastic style of his forensic orations.

It happened upon one occasion that Hawkworth was counsel in a cause tried at the assizes of Limerick of very minor importance; he occupied the time, if not the attention, of the Court and jury for upwards of two long hours, with one of his grandiloquent harangues. At length, wiping his perspiring brow, and arranging his much dishevelled wig, with ponderous importance he resumed his seat, satisfaction and complacency at what he had performed beaming from his eye.

Curran, then a young man at the bar—and young or old ever a bit of a wag—was the only counsel opposed to our friend Emery. He arose to reply, and looking with a sort of woe-begone expression of countenance at the still panting and perspiring Emery, thus began:—

"Emery!—Emery!—Emery Hawkworth!

Not *one copper* is all your talk worth!"

The Court became convulsed with laughter at Curran's comical commencement, in which the jury joined; and, without leaving the box, gave forthwith a verdict in his favour.

B— S—.

THE HAUNTED TOWER OF ENTRAGES.

(Freely translated from an old Provençal Ballad.)

Night and its dismal sounds fill the air; the stars grow dim; the spirits of fire wander in the plain; the wind moans, like an evil-doer whom remorse has deprived of repose.

Adieu! ye hills and ye vallies that encircle the plain of Lançon. Adieu! thou marble throne of Callisone, where at evening time, the sun, like a wearied king, rests before he dips his gilded locks in the waves. Adieu! ye sweet waters of the Touloubre, which, like a serpent of a thousand folds, sometimes slowly glides away to the murmuring sound of its dimpling waves as they play around sweet-scented herbs, and richly-coloured flowers; and that sometimes, too, like the serpent bristling up, burst into the plain,—that, in its fury, it invades, casting out foam, and hissing as it advances.

Green-covered hills, rustic dwellings, haughty castles, noble forests, secret groves, mighty woods, that are filled with a thousand harmonious sounds—ye all—all are at rest;—your slumber is that of an infant in the cradle of night. There is agitation—there is disquiet—there is grief in one place alone—it is in the high tower of the castle of Entrages! Across the strongly barred front of the loftiest loophole in that tower may be seen a snow-white veil. Is it a phantom?—or is it a living person? Hark! a pale and beauteous maiden can be seen, by the glimmering light of the stars, weeping within that high tower. With both hands she grasps the barred window of her prison; around her figure floats a snow-white robe, that shades but cannot conceal her charms. Her fair pale face appears to shine out from the jet-black locks, in which it seems to be set, like a sweet picture in an ebony frame. Her look is fixed upon heaven and its countless stars. Beauteous being! fragile rose! that the storm of grief has pitilessly shattered!

She trembles!—is it with fear as to the future or from sorrow for the past? Is it because she thinks of her mother,—of the days of her infancy, when, in her childish admiration, she

looked from her little tower upon the stars sparkling in the sky, or that at sunset, she listened to the murmuring of the old oaks that invested her father's castle? Calls she to mind the cascade and its waters that sparkled like diamonds—the loved park, and the plashing brook? Adieu! park, brook, and happiness! Adieu! the paternal roof; for war has wasted her home, and the blood of seven human beings cries aloud for vengeance!

The ferocious Aquilar has laid on her his hand, that is red with the blood of her brothers; with the light of the same torch with which he fired the roof of her father's hall, he led her to the foot of the altar—the claws of the remorseless tiger have torn the reeking entrails of the timid gazelle. And then Moriglio!—where?—oh, where was he? What ails thee, noble and beautiful lady!

A gush of tears has dimmed her eyes; her forehead has become cold and pale as marble. Alas! what name is that which the night has seemed to syllable in her ear? Is it an echo of her heart—of darkness—or of heaven itself? “Moriglio,” beware! lady beware!—the walls of your prison can whisper thy gentlest sigh into the ears of the jealous Aquilar!

And now—list!—the sound of a hasty step may be heard in the hall of *his* castle. The stars have fled from the sky; the night has become dark and tempestuous, and rolls its thick, heavy, choking clouds over all the horizon. The wind shakes the old tower, and its passionate blasts strike with frequent blows upon the parapet.

Pray! noble lady—pray!—fix thy pale lips to the golden crucifix, on which your mother breathed out her last sigh. Pray! for the thoughts of thy childhood are now fled to heaven with the stars. All now is sombre and dark, and there is nought for thee but fears, terrors, and the abhorred voice of Aquilar;—the heavy sound of bolts—the fierce howlings of the tempest—and the cry of owls as they hoot out their funeral notes. Alas! the knees of the maiden tremble—her hands can no longer cling to the bars of the window; a sudden shivering seizes her—and she falls. Pray for the noble lady!

The bolts of the tower are moved! It is—it is not the wind that shakes them in their rusty sockets!—The door opens, and by the lurid trembling light of a torch may be seen a hatchet suspended over the head of Amelia. “Mercy—mercy!—pity, in the name of heaven, Aquilar!—Help!—help!—I am dying! Assassin, yes—I love him!—Moriglio! Moriglio!—my poor mother!—Moriglio!—oh, my God!”

The next morning there was seen descending to the vaults of the tower, a dead body, that was covered from head to foot in black crape! Pray for the repose of the soul of the lady!

Twice since that fatal night have the buds of spring been changed into blossoms; twice since then have there been leaves and flowers and warm sun-beams. Golden harvests and purple grapes have covered the bosom of the fruitful earth since then—but still the cup of Aquilar is embittered with the venom of snakes; a poisonous fire has blackened his disdainful lip, and a slow fever wastes him away. Remorse has darkened and wrinkled his visage.

He is a man of giantlike strength. None can be more excellent—none more adroit than he in arms; he is protected, too, by mighty ramparts. How then is it that the fall of a leaf—that a slight whispering breeze amid the vine leaves that cling to the walls of the outward court—that the mere twittering of a sparrow—that the unexpected voice of a trembling serf—the opening of a door—can shake and terrify him?—that his stalwart limbs tremble—that his very steps seem to awaken

subterranean noises, and that his voice calls forth to his ear shrill cries, and choking groans, and the rattling, piercing shriek of death in its agony?

A voice *does* call upon him, and Aquilar darts from his couch. It is a voice the sound of which he can never forget. It is that of one who cries to him, “Mercy! mercy!—pity in the name of heaven!” Aquilar, to escape from that voice calls upon his page, and bearing with him a flambeau, both traverse the mighty fortress. All is silent—naught can be heard, except the wind whistling through the battlements of the old tower, and shaking the bolts of the iron-door that have now become rusty. It is at that door that Aquilar stops. Ah! who can tell what is passing in his heart? There is a brief trembling in his nether lip; but his relentless eye attests the savage energy of a soul that finds even a pleasure in the distractions of grief; his mouth represses as it arises a smile; he becomes mute, pale, and lowering. Days and nights descend upon the earth;—they crown the life of man with pains and pleasures; with frosts and garlands. What matters it to Aquilar? He loves not life—he dreads not death—he awaits his hour!

A troop of Moorish knights traverse the plain and the flowery banks of the Touloubre. At their head is to be seen a blue-eyed, fair and silken tressed warrior, whose proud steed seems delighted to tread upon an enemy's land; and as the vine-dresser tramples upon the beloved grape thus do the feet of the ardent courser dabble with pleasure in the blood of the slain. It is said, that this young chief has become a traitor to his God and his creed; that Provence is the country of his aged father, and his infirm mother; that Christ was his God, and that on the banks of the Touloubre he has often sat, as a boy-dreamer. There—there it was that he dreamed of a fair maiden who sighed for him;—there he had received the vow of love, and the farewell kiss, when he was about to depart for the Holy Land. Since that day, the eyes of the young girl lost their lustre, for they saw Moriglio no more!

It was in the camp of the Crusaders, that a minstrel was heard to sing of the ferocity, and savage-like love of Aquilar, and immediately an avenger was found. The flame that instant was lighted up, and it spread soon its devastating fires over the lovely land of Provence, until at length it has settled down with all its burning rage concentrated upon the castle of Entrages. The Saracens, led by a renegade, have desolated the fields of the south.

It was under the burning ruins of his own castle, that Aquilar was entombed in fire, and then Moriglio, the renegade, cut off his fair locks; he let grow his beard, he became a penitent, and he passed away to his God.

Of the castle of Entrages naught more is now to be seen than an old tower, that seems to rise out of its ruins, and that looks like a blackened skeleton from which the fire has consumed the flesh; and each night the spectre of the noble lady mounts to the summit of that old tower. She appears in a robe of fire, and then she whirls, whirls,* around in a sparkling blaze as long as the chilly hours cover earth with darkness.

Good Christians, pray for the repose of the soul of the lady of Entrages!

PAULINA.

* Es madamo d'Entrageo
 Qué quan ven la nuech
 Mounto su seis estageo,
 Emé sa raoube dé fuech,
 E puis viro, viro, etc.

THE STRANDED BARK.

BY MRS. COOMBE.

Stormy blew the breeze of night,
Hoarsely roared the ocean surge,
One pale ling'ring line of light,
Marked the far horizon's verge.

Lonely watch-tower flashed its rays,
Starry guide to anxious bark,
Ploughing through the pathless ways,
Safety's steady course to mark.

But obscured the beacon grew,
Lightnings darted bright on high,
Stronger, fresher night-winds blew,
Thunders rolled along the sky.

Hark! in pauses of the gale,
Dismal sounds each minute break,—
Quivering cloud-flash shews a sail,—
Hark, again! a piercing shriek!

“Have mercy, Heaven, save, oh, save,
Hapless vessel, hopeless crew,
Preserve them from a wat'ry grave,—
Help and protect the sailor true.

The voyager, or soldier brave,
Comprising yon imploring band,
Threatened by the yawning wave,
Stretch to them thy helping hand!”

Such the prayer by Waldegrave breathed,
As he leapt the rugged rock.
Round him forked lightnings wreath'd,
Caverns echoed thunder's shock.

Nearer the devoted bark,
By the angry storm was driven,
Shrouded in the gathering dark,
All her fluttering canvass riven.

Guns fired quicker,—screams increased,—
Suddenly they came no more!
Every fearful sound had ceased,
Silent was the fatal shore.

All, except the sullen moan
Of the gluttoned conquering sea,
Was it thought, or did a groan,
Mark a sufferer near to be?

But more decided grew the sound,—
Convinced, young Waldegrave traced a sigh,
Fearlessly braved the dark profound,
Shouting, “Courage, help is nigh.”

Long time he rushed amid the gloom,
All was still, but now on high,
Gleamed a pale—a crescent moon,—
Through the drapery of the sky.

And partially her cold beams shed,
On the soul-appalling scene;
The wreck, the dying, and the dead,
Shared alike her mournful beam.

The night-winds, too, a solemn dirge,
Sighed as the stranded bark they past,
And the dark-swelling ocean surge,
Joined the wild requiem of the blast.

With cheering voice and anxious haste,
Young Waldegrave neared the quivering wreck;
Nor time in idle fears did waste,
But sprung upon the parted deck.

And scarcely on it had he stepped,
Before a cry—no human sound—
Bespoke his ear, and to him crept,
A trembling, weak, and wave-washed hound.

The youth carressed with generous care,
And dried, with kind, attentive hand,
His coat of soft and silvery hair,
Then followed to the wreck-strewed strand.

The little mute, but faithful guide,
Now feebly led the way before;
And soon he crouched and fawned beside,
A white veiled object on the shore.

Waldegrave advanced, and quickly raised,
Its slight protection from the storm,
And then beneath in wonder gazed,
Upon a fair and beauteous form.

That in the deep repose of death,
Some friendly wave had borne to land;—
Oh, no—she is not dead, her breath
Is slightly felt on Waldegrave's hand.

To his warm breast he strained the fair,
Then traced the sands with joyous bound;
Not she *alone* was nestled there,
But her fond saving little hound.

His castle gained, to gentler aid
He gave the mistress, but her friend
Himself each kind attention paid,
That a true pitying heart could lend.

Thus both were saved.—The lady, then,
Her story told:—“A truant, she
Fled from the power of ruthless men,
Who ruled and planned her destiny.

Whither she cared not—any shore
Was dearer to her than her own;
And any lowly cottage door,
More welcome than her splendid home.

For one dwelt there, who sought her love;
Decreed she was his bride to be.—
Never! the world she'd rather rove,—
All ills endure, to still be free!

Beneath the gloom of night she fled,
With her poor faithful little slave,
That shared her toil, her crust of bread,
Her perils of the land and wave.

And she had many, ere was found
A refuge from her cruel state,
In that fair bark for England bound,
To meet upon its shores, her fate.

Ill-starred, but brave, who now below
The rolling waters calmly lie,
For you the grateful tear shall flow,—
The earth accord its faithful sigh.

And justly may the voice of fame,
Proverbial round the wide-world send
This proud distinction to his name,
'The British tar is Woman's Friend.' "

The stranger lady ceased,—but still
She felt where *else* her thanks were due,
Such her heart prompted, but the will
It's kind intention overthrew.

In blushing silence stood the maid,
But in her dark eye was exprest,
More than a trembling tongue had said,
Had it in eloquence been drest.

Nor did young Waldegrave wish to hear
Her words of studied praise, oh, no ;
That silent glance was far more dear,
Than any thanks she could bestow.

My tale is ended : hall and bower,
A bridal scene will shortly mark ;
May neither party rue the hour,
They met beside *The Stranded Bark*."

TO AN INFANT.

Dear playful, lovely, happy creature !
Unknown the cares of life to thee ;
Sweet *innocence* illumines each feature ;
Unmarr'd be thy felicity !

By wise and good men be thou e'er surrounded ;
Ne'er may the pseudo-race of friends be thine ;
Oh, be thy joys, like God's own love—unbounded—
A star of virtue may'st thou ever shine !

Ne'er may'st thou give thy parents cause for sorrow,
Nor ill requite their pure spontaneous love ;
More fervid thy affection grows each morrow,
Till thou with them shalt join the blest above.

THOMAS BARLOW, Jun.

STRIKE THE HARP.

Strike the harp's melodious strings,
Whence the power of music breathes,
That mounts up on golden wings,
Mingling with the hallow'd wreathes
Of enraptured thoughts, that roll
In the orbit of the soul !

Sing the song the Bard composed,
Lady, for thy melting tone,
When the founts of sorrow closed,
And bright Hope on Pleasure's throne
Shed unutter'd blessings round,
On the flowers of plebeian ground.

Woman's voice, and woman's love,
Music, and the gift of song,
(Save the longings for *above*)
In life's changeful giddy throng
Are to man the richest store,
Dug from Time's polluted ore.

G. B.

REMEMBRANCE.

When smiling Spring with joy appears,
And the birds are blithe and free ;
When the trees are decked with leaves—
Oh then, remember me !

When the Moon casts her pale beams,
On a summer's eve, o'er the lea,
Oh, think of one who loves that hour,
And then remember me !

In Autumn too, when the burning sun,
Is shining bright on thee,
And the rich harvest is gathering home,
Then, then remember me !

And when the cheerless Winter comes,
A single flower you see ;
Then think you of my lasting love,
And still remember me !

C. M. D.

THE RULING PASSION.—Two French naturalists having a very serious dispute with regard to the existence or non-existence of an animal between a horse and a mule, called an *Inmard*, one of them, when on his death-bed, cried out, "*Laissez moi mourir dans la douce persuasion qu'il n'y a point de Inmard.*"

WITH THOSE who are sincere with us we must be as candid as the day ; but when we are sadly taught the fallacy of words, and the fragility of promises, we must, of course, shelter ourselves under some reserve.

MEN SUCCEED less by their talents than their character.

MUSINGS OF A SOLITARY.
No. II.

EARLY LOVE.

Let us endeavour to retrace through the dim obscurity of years the days of our youth; and, if our indulgent reader will accompany us, we will together fall back upon the march of time, and leave awhile

“—— the sear'd and yellow leaf,”

this autumn of our life, and wander back through the oblivious space of half an age, to greet once more the joys of childhood's rosy hours, ere the mind or the heart has yet been exposed to the ills that too frequently attend the riper state of existence; that time when the ideas are engrossed only by the present, and the future is unheeded, or, if heeded at all, it is in connection with the brightest hopes and fairest prospects that the fervour of a youthful imagination can conjure up. Those indeed whose after years have, in a measure, realized the romantic speculations of childhood, seldom recur to infancy with any degree of interest or regret; but, on the other hand, when fostered with kindness and cherished by love, fed perhaps in the lap of luxury, we are led, in our anticipations of the future, to indulge in extravagant hopes and ideal fancies; and when the world as it begins to unfold itself to our view, in sober reality, and the veil is withdrawn which had hidden its defects, and withheld from us all the wondrous changes, and the cares with which it abounds, then we know the value of a state never to be enjoyed again. That heart indulges with more satisfaction the review of the past, who has most experienced the vicissitudes of the world. We will not longer dilate upon this point; but launch into the subject intended as the leading feature of the present article.

It was on the occasion of one of my sea-side strolls, while on a visit to a relative who possessed a beautiful villa on the borders of the coast adjacent to the village of S——, in H——shire, that I first became acquainted with a lovely and amiable young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring vicar, Fanny C——. It was the first visit that I had made to the place, and, one morning I arose very early for the purpose of enjoying a silent ramble on the sands before the sun had gained its ascendancy, and while the air was yet cool, and the sea-breeze refreshing, I had a book—and a book on these occasions was my inseparable companion, a sweet companion too, for one who delights in sea-side rambles—I was intent—absorbingly intent in the perusal of my volume, and had not perceived the approach of another, until a soft, sylph-like voice accosted me with, “Pardon me, sir!”

I looked up, and, fair reader, judge of my confusion (I was but then a stripling); I met the gaze of the most beautiful pair of eyes that my own had ever looked upon. “Pardon me, sir,” was the exclamation of this enchantress, “but you appear to be a stranger here, and I would remind you that your further progress will be attended with danger, as the sea which you may perceive is rapidly approaching, will overtake you ere you can return.”

I stammered out my thanks but very imperfectly, and, closing my book, retraced my steps in company with the fair creature who had given me such friendly advice. I ventured to converse with her, and she gave me to understand that, like me, she had wandered forth to inhale the fragrant breath of morning, and was returning when she so fortunately encoun-

tered me, and became, in all probability, the means of saving my life, as the cliffs, rising perpendicularly to a great height, precluded the possibility of an escape.

We parted; and on the following morning met again. Morning after morning our meetings were renewed, and I need not detail the subjects that most frequently engrossed our attention; let it suffice, we loved each other with all the intensity of first love. She numbered sixteen summers, and I just eighteen; and reader! if ever I knew real happiness, I knew it then! The sea-side wanderings and the morning stroll, in the sweet companionship of her I loved, are now—the subject of a tale.

Three months of the summer season of the year was thus spent. One morning we had met as customary, participating in the pleasures derived from the enjoyment of each other's society, and sketching out romantic plans for the future, when, on turning the angle of a rock, we encountered a tall figure enveloped in a cloak. Fanny suddenly relinquished my arm, and exclaimed in a tremulous tone, “Father!”

She stood abashed, trembling. He came upon us like an apparition, and we stood as it were bewildered. At last, turning to me with a proud air, and drawing his figure up to its full height, he said—

“To whom, sir, am I indebted for the protection thus afforded to my daughter?”

I had in a measure recovered my first surprise, and replying respectfully but firmly, I gave him my name, and was about to enter more particularly into the circumstances which had led to my acquaintance with his lovely daughter, when he interrupted me, and regarding me with a look in which the most intense curiosity and surprise were mingled, “Young man,” said he, in a tone very different from that in which he had at first accosted me, “Young man, if you will do us the honour of your company to breakfast, we may perhaps give such explanations as will prove satisfactory to both of us.

I thanked him for his invitation, and with a light heart accompanied himself and lovely daughter to the vicarage, being at once astonished and gratified at the sudden and agreeable change in his demeanour. We entered into conversation, and he, in a very little time gave me to understand, that he had been an old college chum of my father's, a piece of intelligence that I received with no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction, inasmuch as it gave promise of a continuance of that felicity which now appeared so essential to my happiness. The good man, with a kindness which could only be equalled by the tone in which it was conveyed, gave me a general invitation to his house, which, as may be supposed, I joyfully accepted, and my visits were repeated again and again, and with each visit increased the warmth of our affection. The parsonage house of my newly-acquired friend was beautifully situate at the distance of about a mile from the ocean, and the luxurious grounds stretched by a gentle declivity towards the sea shore. Amid these umbrageous shades, then, we spent the still hours of evening. We read, conversed, sang to each other, and, when tired of these innocent enjoyments, from the delicious arbour in which we sat, we gazed far over on the waters of the British Channel, till the last lingering rays of a setting summer's sun warned us to return.

I was seated one morning at the breakfast table of my relative, when a servant entered with a letter; the superscription bore my name, and it was placed in my hands. The black seal caught my attention immediately, and I opened it with a degree of nervous trepidation which was speedily changed into the

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deepest grief; that letter brought me the mournful intelligence of the death of my only parent. I was summoned to the metropolis to pay the last tribute of affection to the memory of her who in life had looked on me as the dearest tie of existence; in whom she confided all her earthly hopes, and centered all her warmest affections—I was her only son.

The last sad duties paid to the memory of my beloved parent, and, after the first ebullitions of grief had subsided, my mind grew comparatively tranquil, and I began to think of the loved being whose charming society I had so suddenly quitted.

The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious and wonderful! Oh, you, who have dregged the cup of sorrow, and partaken of the essence of human woe in your relations with the world—to you I appeal, and your sympathies, or the consciousness that I possess them, may soften down the asperities of age.

To return: I left the metropolis, the scene of so much woe, and allowed my mind to dwell with a mournful pleasure on the delight I should again experience, and the sweet resources I should find from the contemplation of my griefs, in the society of that being who now constituted the sum of all earthly happiness. I was still a minor; but enjoyed the prospect of an ample fortune, which I should succeed to on attaining my majority, a time not far distant; and I might indeed revel, as I did, in the bright vision of the future, with some reason. Young, in the enjoyment of good health; blest with a competency, and the love of one of the fairest of God's creation, I looked abroad upon the face of nature, and exclaimed in the fullness of my heart, "Oh! am I not indeed happy?" And so I truly was.

How transient are the enjoyments of this life! I journeyed on towards the point of my destination, and, late in the evening of the first day, arrived at the goal of all my hopes, the parsonage house. I entered the gate, and proceeded up the rustic avenue that led to the porch, and there I met the well-known face of an old and faithful servant. "Well, Peter," I exclaimed with an anxious look, "and how is your young mistress?"

"Oh, sir! do not ask me," replied the old man, evidently in deep sorrow, and eying me with a half-averted look of deep commiseration.

"My God!" I exclaimed in a voice half choked with terror; "say what has happened!"

"Oh, sir! my mistress"—he sobbed—"my mistress—died last night!"

Yes, gentle reader, she had; this angel of my hopes, in my absence, sickened and died. 'Twere vain to tell you all: the madness of my grief—the years of woe that time has mellowed into calm. But let me exclaim in the beautiful words of Scripture, "Give not your mind too much to the things of this earth; and remember, man is like the flower that fadeth, and the grass of the field, which drieth up."

GEORGE W. BURCH.

NO KNAVE CAN be a great politician; but every knave thinks himself so: the mistake they make is between wisdom and cunning. The knave prides himself on deceiving others; the wise man on not deceiving himself.

Why is my servant, after having received my commands, like a clergyman? *Because he has taken orders.*

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LADIES' DRESSES.

It is very well known that the first lady who ever thought of dressing herself was our great grand-mother Eve; but what was the fashion of her robes, even tradition does not venture to tell us, but we may very well suppose, that she did not patronize wide or narrow sleeves, and that she never thought of wearing a veil, nor of converting a palm-leaf into a fan.

Descending, then, from that honest, but too curious, woman—Eve—we find females covering themselves with the skins of animals that had been killed in hunting, either by their husbands or their brothers. At a later period, they learned the art of spinning wool and sewing; but as some of them dwelt in very warm countries, and were, fortunately, able to discover plants that gave them threads ready made; they manufactured robes out of these that were better suited to the climate. The Jews did not, for a very long time, wear any thing but a linen-dress, on account of the heat of the climate. The Greeks wore a robe of wool and a linen tunic underneath. The Babylonians had a tunic of linen and one of wool underneath. It was about the time of the Babylonians that transparent dresses were first invented. None but a certain class of females could decorate their persons with these in Rome; but the fashion of wearing them soon became prevalent amongst the ladies of the Roman nobility.

From Rome, which was the mistress of the world, we must pass to France, which has ever been the mistress of fashions, and has, on this point, set the laws to ladies of all countries. In describing, then, the changes in ladies' dresses that occurred in France, we tell of those that soon spread over Europe, and that came, of course, to England, with the boats that crossed from Calais to Dover. The earliest knowledge that we have of the French ladies' dresses, present them to us exactly as they were used in Rome; but, with this difference, that the French ladies carried canes, the top of which were like a gentleman's umbrella at the present day, ornamented with the carved head of a bird, a cat, or some other animals. These canes were not mere ornaments with the ladies of Gaul, for history tells, that Constance, who was second wife of Robert, King of France, being one day vexed with her Confessor, father Stephen, knocked out his eye with a blow of her cane!

The dress of the French women, for a very long time was a long and broad tunic, that concealed the neck, and was closed at the wrists. It was called a *cotte hardie*. The great distinction between the nobility and the Royal Family in those days was that the latter wore a long mantle, which had a double border of ermine.

Under the reign of Saint Louis, and during several of the succeeding reigns, the titled ladies, or those who belonged to noble and distinguished families, dressed themselves up something like our Garter King-at-Arms and other heralds, for they had their coats-of-arms embroidered upon their robes. The widows wore over those dresses a white scapulary, on which were worked black tears; while married ladies displayed a girdle made of gold, and set with jewels.

It was about this time, that the luxurious and magnificent dresses of the ladies became so costly and expensive, that Philippe-le-Bel thought it necessary to pass laws for the purpose of repressing this wasteful extravagance. Even dukes, earls, and the richest barons could not afford to give their wives more than four dresses per annum, and those who had less money to spare, were not allowed to present their ladies with more than one. That, certainly, was not the time for such a periodical as *The*

World of Fashion. Philippe ordained, that it was only the ladies of the great lords of his court who should be permitted to use stuffs that cost thirty pence a yard; and the citizens' wives were forbidden to have any cloth that cost more than ten sous. Such were the laws attempted to be laid down for ladies' dresses; but the ladies, very properly, soon put them in abeyance.

It was under the reign of Charles the Fifth, that a ladies' tailor in Paris, made for a lady of Galenais a *cotte hardie*, in which there were not less than five ells of cloth! It had a tail or train, that was three-quarters of an ell long, and the sleeves "*a bombards*," descended even to the feet! And yet, the good lady, who had this dress made, knew very well that at the close of the twelfth century, a council, held at Montpellier, had forbidden, under the pain of excommunication, dresses which have trains to them, "like the tail of a serpent." But, what have churchmen more than kings to do with a lady's taste in dress?

In the time of Charles the Sixth, linen *chemises* were very rare. They were most commonly made of serge. The Lady Isabella was, in those primitive times, much censured for her extravagance, because she had two articles of this description made of linen. They were then so great a luxury, that in order that they might be seen they were drawn out at the wrists and at the neck. It may be interesting to the reader to know, that this gave rise to the fashion, both as to "*manchettes*" and "*jabots*."

It was in the fifteenth century that ladies began to show, in full dress, their neck and a small portion of the bust. They then wore collars of pearls, and large diamond ear-rings; the sleeves were then closed at the wrist, and their robes trailed along the ground.

The reigns of Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, combined with the constant wars in Italy, gave a taste to France, and, consequently, to this country, for the Italian style of dress. Then were first seen the arms uncovered, the petticoat began to be shortened, and the tip of the toe to be seen.

Francis the First, and Charles the Ninth married princesses of the house of Austria, and the Spanish style soon superseded the Italian taste in dressing. Then were used "*vertugadins*" or "*guard-en-fons*," the models of the modern "*paniers*," or hoops but still more ridiculous, (if a lady can wear any thing ridiculous?) and with them came, too, high collars and broad ruffs. The ladies of the court then called themselves "*dames à la grande gorge*." Their sleeves were of an extraordinary breadth, and each of a different colour! Men, and even the king himself wore his sleeves in that manner. At that time velvet was excessively dear—so exceedingly costly that great lords might be seen with the front of their dress made of velvet, and the back composed of a material, a sort of light stuff, called *ostade*. Pins, which had been invented in this country, were about that time introduced into France. Before their discovery, ladies used little spits or splinters of wood, (that were thin, and neatly formed for the time) to fasten their robes. It was, too, at the same era, that the use of masks spread amongst the ladies; these masks were made of black velvet, lined with white satin; they were held to the face by means of a little piece of steel, tipped with a glass button, that the lady kept in her mouth, and which had the effect of changing the sound of the voice. In France they called them *loupes*; and, in England, there is no fashion so frequently found to be referred to by the ancient dramatists, as the use of the mask.

The first lace used in France was brought from Venice and Genoa: the use of lace came so much into vogue that, in 1629, Louis the Thirteenth published a law by which it was forbidden to wear any lace that cost more than three livres the yard; but as all foreign lace sold for a much higher price, they established lace-factories in France—this was the origin of the manufactories both at Argentau and Alençon.

Under Henry the Fourth, the "*paniers*" became so big, that the Chancellor de l'Hospital forbade them by a sumptuary law; but that, like every other law of the kind, was set at defiance by the ladies.

Lestock's journal states that in 1594, the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrees appeared at the christening of the son of Madame de Sourdis, in a robe of satin, and so laden down with jewels and ornaments, that she was not able to walk. A little later, the same writer states seeing a handkerchief, intended for Grabielle, which had cost 1,900 crowns ready money!

It was under Louis the Thirteenth, that the fashion for the *vertugadins*, or immense hoops began to decline; but then the robe was raised both behind and before, in order that the dress underneath might be seen.

The reign of Louis the Fourteenth is not so remarkable for his victories or his defeats, as for the tasteful introduction of diamond brilliants.

It was under the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, that the *loupes* gave place to the fashion of wearing of patches. It seemed as if the ladies had cut up their velvet masks into minute parts, and placed them piecemeal on their faces! Each of these patches had a particular name; for instance, there was the patch "*passionnée*," at the corner of the eye; the patch "*majestueuse*," in the middle of the forehead; the patch "*enjouée*," on the dimple of the cheek; the patch "*galante*," on the middle of the cheek; the patch "*baiseuse*," at the corner of the mouth; the patch "*effrontée*," on the tip of the nose; the "*coquette*," on the lips, &c. &c. The ladies then wore oval hoops, and they neither could get through a narrow door, nor attempt to pass a crowd, unless like crabs, they walked sideways. At that time, even the women belonging to the working classes wore hoops, and the actresses and dancers at the opera, when they wished to personate the women of Greece, of Rome, of Scythia, or even the heathen goddesses, appeared upon the stage with hoops!

The ladies of the courts of Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth used canes to help them to walk, so difficult did they find it to move, from the weight of their dress, and on account of the very high heels, that they had to their shoes.

During the time of the French Republic, and while the Emperor Napoleon was on the throne, the fashions of the Greeks came into much use, but modified, in some degree, so as to suit the climate of France. Then it was that they sought to force nature, by placing the waist immediately beneath the bosom—a most detestable and hideous fashion, and how ungraceful may be guessed by any one who sees the portraits of two such lovely women as the late Princess Charlotte and Miss O'Neill in any of our print-shops, or who has had the opportunity of seeing the pictures of the bewitching Empress Josephine at Versailles. It was the making the prettiest of women deformed! And yet it was the fashion. It is well that not a vestige of it is now remaining.

In the times of our grandmothers, our great-grandmothers, and our great-great-grandmothers, the almanac was the regulator of a lady's dress. In such a month, on such a day, at such an hour, they put on their winter, spring, summer, and autumn

clothing. It was woollen, cloth, velvet, or silk, according to the Almanac, no matter whether the wearer was perishing with cold, or stifled with heat. But now, we dress as the temperature of the day tells us, and our taste direct us. Now, we have arrived at the very perfection of elegance. Reader, do you wish to know what it is?—then look to the plates in this month's *World of Fashion*.

M.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF FITZWILLIAM.

There is no member of the peerage, who at this particular moment may be said to occupy so large a share of attention, in the eyes of the community generally, as the Right Hon. CHARLES WILLIAM WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM, Earl of Fitzwilliam, Viscount Milton, D.C.L. The noble Earl has taken that position in the House of Lords, which was for so many years occupied by the late Lord KING. He stands perfectly independent of Ministers, as well as the Opposition, and is quite ready to praise or to blame both, as he conscientiously believes either entitled to applause or censure. It may be said, that his opinions are given upon all subjects, at all times, and ever unreservedly. This brings his name so very frequently into the newspapers, that a French editor, finding he had to translate the noble Earl's speeches very often, and being, at the same time desirous of giving information to his readers, gravely assured them, that this noble orator was called Fitzwilliam, "because he was *the son of the late King William*."

The father of the present Earl lived to a great age; and, it may with truth be affirmed of him, that he was, beyond all others, the most popular Lord-Lieutenant that ever visited Ireland. He remained there but a few months—he was suddenly withdrawn—and to this day the Irish people believe that his recall produced all the scenes of horror which accompanied the rebellion, and that covered with blood and misery its suppression. From that time, which was at the close of the last century, the name of the late Earl, to the very day of his death (in 1833), was the theme of eulogy, of affection, and of admiration. The eldest son of that venerated nobleman is the subject of our present brief sketch. His lordship is now in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He married, in 1806, the fourth daughter of the first Lord Dundas. The present Earl is not an aspirant for political honours or distinctions, although it is not improbable that he may soon be seen holding high office.

The Earl of FITZWILLIAM traces his family to that of King Edward the Confessor, of whose descendants we give the following particulars as being likely to interest our readers.

SIR WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, who, being ambassador at the court of William, Duke of Normandy, attended that prince in his victorious expeditions against England, as marshal of the army, A.D. 1066, and for his valour at the battle of Hastings, the Conqueror presented him with a scarf from his own arm.

SIR WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, Lord of Elmley and Sprotborough, living in 1117, as appears from a grant made by him of a piece of the wood in Elmley to the monks of Piland. To this

grant, in a round seal, is represented a man on horseback completely armed, and circumscribed, *S. Willmi Filij Willmi Dni de Emmalaia*: and on the reverse, the arms of Fitzwilliam, viz. Lozenge. This Sir William, or one of his descendants, caused a cross to be set up in the high street of Sprotborough, with these words engraven on brass:—

"Whoso is hungry, and list, will eate,
Let him come to Sprothburgh to his meate;
And for a night, and for a day,
His horse shall have both corn and hay,
And no man shall ask him where he goeth away."

Which cross was pulled down in 1520. From this Sir William, we pass to his descendant,

JOHN FITZWILLIAM, Esq., of Milton and Green's-Norton, in Northamptonshire, married ELEANOR, daughter of William Villiers, Esq., of Brokesby, in the county of Leicester, by whom he had three sons and two daughters, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, of Milton, of Gainsparke, in the county of Essex; and also of the city of London, of which he was sheriff, in 1506, and subsequently alderman of Bread Street Ward. He had been for some time in the train of Cardinal Wolsey, and retiring afterwards to his house at Milton, there gave his old master, the cardinal, in the hour of his disgrace, a kind reception; for which conduct, being brought to task by King Henry, he replied, that he had not acted in contemptuous disobedience of his Highness's orders, but in gratitude to the fallen minister, who had been his master, and partly the founder of his good fortune: at which answer the king was so pleased, that he immediately knighted Mr. FITZWILLIAM, and made him one of his Privy Council.

SIR WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, was lord-deputy and lord justice of Ireland, from 1560 to 1594. This eminent person is thus noticed by Fuller in his *Worthies of England*:—"Sir William Fitzwilliam was five times lord-deputy of Ireland, a sufficient evidence of his honesty and ability, Queen Elizabeth never trusting twice, where she was once deceived, in a minister of state. And she also preserved him in the power of his place, that sending over Walter, Earl of Essex, to be governor of Ulster, the Earl was ordered to take his commission from the lord-deputy."

THE MIND OF a pure and high-souled woman is the most terrible touchstone which the conversation of any man can meet with. If there be baser matter in it, however strong and specious may be the gilding, that test is sure to discover it. We mistake greatly, when we think that the simplicity of innocence deprives us of the power of detecting evil. We may know its existence, though we do not know its particular nature; and our own purity will, like Ithuriel's spear, detect the demon under whatever shape he lurks.

THE VISIONS WHICH we have formed upon the best grounds, and which are consequently often realized in all their parts, are not unfrequently those productive of the utmost misery to ourselves, even when we thought them the most hopeful, the most happy. A thousand other things mingle with the realization of our dreams, which in our dreams we dreamt not of, turning, as with a fairy's wand, the pure gold to dross, rendering the sweetness bitter, and changing wholesome food to poison.

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

Mdlle. Eliza Rachel Felix was born at Münf, in the canton of Arau, in Switzerland, March 24th, 1820. Her father, M. Felix, was a native of Metz; her mother's maiden name was Esther Hava. Her father, at the time of her birth was, like most French Jews, a hawker; he travelled from fair to fair with his numerous family. A person who saw them at Beaucaire, in 1829, relates that Mdlle. Rachel was then a very feeble child, but that her deportment was not deficient in either grace or dignity. After remaining for two years in Lyons, the family established themselves in a humble habitation in the Place de Greve, at Paris. In 1831 she was sent by her father to take lessons of M. Choron, a teacher of singing. Being desirous of devoting herself to the tragic drama, she bade adieu to her fellow pupils at Choron's at the end of ten months, and proceeded to join a class for the practice of declamation, under the professorship of a M. St. Anlaire. He gave her some minor parts, which she played with success, first on the little stage of the Prado, which had been granted to him for the use of his scholars, and afterwards at the Salle Moliere. Mdlle. Rachel was then fourteen years of age. In the part of Esther she first succeeded in gaining considerable applause, and began to reveal the resources which she afterwards developed. M. Vedel, director of the Theatre Français, saw her play *Andromache* at the theatre of the rue St. Martin; and perhaps it was on that evening that he first conceived the idea that there was that in her capable of rendering her a star of the first magnitude. At length, on the 27th of October, 1836, Mdlle. Rachel was admitted to attend the lectures at the Conservatoire, and was there placed in the class of dramatic studies, directed alternately by Michelot Samson, and Provost. In January, 1837, she quitted the institution voluntarily, and entered into an engagement with the Gymnase Dramatique, where she made her *debut* April 24, 1837, in a *drame vaudeville*, entitled "La Vendéenne." The following notice of her performance appeared the next day from the pen of M. de Burat de Gurgy:—"Mdlle. Rachel Felix is a very young person, displaying one of the finest dramatic organizations that we have ever seen. Her voice is earnest and penetrating, and, in the moments of passion, the gravity of its tones, is softened and lost in tears. The success of Mdlle. Rachel has been, if possible, greater than that of 'La Vendéenne,' which had been selected in order to give prominence to the peculiar talent of the young *debutante*. She was called for and repeatedly applauded. The Gymnase will repeat, with this youthful actress, the brilliant days of Mdlle. Leontine Fay." M. Poirson, the manager of the Gymnase, had a right to the services of Mdlle. Rachel at a very moderate salary, and could have commanded them for a very considerable time; but the conscience of this excellent man refused to allow him to take advantage of his position. One day when Mdlle. Rachel arrived at the theatre enveloped in her humble red tartan for the rehearsal of a new part, Poirson sent for her to his room "My dear child," said he, "I am proud of having made you known, at a moment when every body deserted you. I have no doubt that my theatre would be indebted to you for a series of brilliant nights, but I cannot prevail upon myself to keep down, for the sake of my pecuniary interest, your soaring flight, to refuse you the air which your genius requires in order to expand its wings. You are a statue too grand and too beautiful for such a paltry pedestal. Rachel, tragedy is dead at the Theatre Français—go and recal Lazarus to life."

"What do you say, sir? Do you dismiss me?" said she, with

tears in her eyes, the poor girl, who was now beginning, for the first time in her life, to taste, if not the luxuries of fortune, at least the happiness of ease. "But what will become of me?"

"I will place you in the position which you are born to fill. You belong to me for three years longer. I dissolve this engagement, which is solely to my advantage. You are free; but I shall continue to pay your salary till the day of your *debut* at the Theatre Français. With respect to your appearance on the stage, do not trouble yourself about it—confide in me."

The celebrated Samson of the Theatre Français, undertook the finishing of her dramatic education, and it was with the most laudable zeal that he superintended her studies and practice. After some months of persevering preparation and of valuable instruction, the bills of the Theatre Français announced the *debut* of Mdlle. Rachel Felix in the character of "Camille," in "Les Horaces." It was on Tuesday, June 12, 1838. Rachel made her first appearance, and in an almost empty theatre, before a few idlers who had come to seat themselves on the benches or in the boxes, like souls in purgatory, seeking refuge from one kind of *ennui* in another. The very first entry of the *debutante* caused astonishment. Her gait was not the movement, more stiff than noble, consecrated by stage tradition. Her recitation was not the usual diction in musical notes. At the end of the third act the audience began to discuss with astonishment the unforeseen revolution which was now to take place in the theatre. The fourth act proved a brilliant triumph for the youthful tragedian. In spite, however, of the brilliant commencement of her career, she had to wait some time for the approbation of the crowd, and for the honours of established distinction. In every new character in which she appeared she astounded and delighted the public.

Mdlle. Rachel is said to be a person not of merely histrionic talent, or of tact for theatrical declamation, but of an elevated, ardent, susceptible (though externally cold), and richly endowed nature. The following are a few amongst the anecdotes respecting her which have of late years abounded in the Parisian journals:—

On one occasion whilst dining at the house of a distinguished patroness of letters, and on its being observed that few fortunes are larger than those of theatrical favourites of the public, she said quietly—"As for me, I do not want money; I desire but two things—glory and friends."

Mad. de ———, who was present at this party, solicited Mdlle. Rachel so urgently to honour one of her *soirees* with her presence, that the young actress could not resist the flattering earnestness of the invitation. The evening arrived, and M. de Chateaubriand made his appearance in the *salon*. After having heard Mdlle. Rachel, he said to her, with the solemn melancholy peculiar to him—"What a pity, Mademoiselle, that one can only see such things rise at the moment when one is about to die!"

"Monsieur," replied Mdlle. Rachel, with a sweet accent of affection, "there are men who never die."

On one occasion, after a performance, some passages were pointed out to her which she had pronounced less happily than the rest. She was advised to repeat them on her return to her lodgings. "Evening studies are the best," some one said to her.

"With me," she replied, "nothing can compensate for my morning studies;" and on saying this, she held out her hand to her preceptor, M. Samson, with whom she passed her mornings in studying. Notwithstanding this affectionate declaration,

we may observe that it is whilst in bed, mentally and by reflection only, that Mdlle. Rachel prepares herself for those splendid and powerful effects which agitate her audience, and forces them to enthusiastic applause. Some person, hoping to flatter her, observed that the actors who played with her placed her talents in relief, whilst she, on the other hand, rendered their defects more prominent.

"I am sorry for it," she replied; "when I am on the boards of the Theatre Français I could wish that only one thing were evident—viz., the kindness which every one has shown me." She appreciates very properly, the objection of want of sentiment which has been made to her acting. "I seek," she says, "but when I wish to reach the accentuation which corresponds to the sentiment as I conceive it, my voice is false."

In speaking thus she is musically correct. Talma had the same defect. Mdlle. Rachel is an affectionate daughter and a generous sister; she has shared her fortune with her whole family. She interests herself with a touching solicitude in the education of her brother and her sisters. According to some French accounts, her home is a nursery ground of tragic actors. Her brother, it is said, is on the point of realizing the hope of succeeding on the stage, which he conceived on witnessing the brilliant success of his sister. As a pupil at the school of a M. Chataing at Belleville, he is stated to have been the terror of his schoolfellows, from the tremendous effect with which he declaimed passages from the part of Orestes. Time will show whether or not these indications are fallacious, and whether, in reality, the French will be able to boast of a Jewish Talma, in addition to the fervent vestal of the dramatic art, who has been raised up for them among the descendants of Jacob.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mdlle. RACHEL made her first appearance in this country in RACINE's tragedy of *Andromaque*, a play better known in England by the title of *The Distress Mother*. *Hermione* is one of RACHEL's greatest parts, and brings out the various beauties of her acting in the best manner. The great reputation she had acquired in Paris naturally created the highest expectations in this country, and we are free to admit we never witnessed a more intensely beautiful piece of acting than her *Hermione*: her acting is of the French school, but with less redundancy of action, she displays the various emotions called up by the action of the scene with an intensity of feeling we can scarcely describe; we can well understand the great enthusiasm she created in Paris, where she enjoys a reputation that eclipses even that of Madame MARS in her best days: he acting is altogether in the best school, and reminds us of our own great tragedian, Mrs. SIDMONS, though without her advantage in point of figure. Mdlle. RACHEL has little in her appearance that could lead us to imagine her the gifted creature she is; as she is slightly made, with a mild expression of countenance, but the moment she enters into the spirit of the part she is acting, her countenance assumes an expression we have never seen equalled by any performer: the various emotions of passion, love and hate, are depicted with an almost supernatural force, and we forget, at the moment, we are but contemplating a piece of acting, but still of the most exquisite acting that can be imagined; it is one of those extraordinary performances that ought to be witnessed by all playgoers, as it revives the bright recollections of our own

drama in its best days; her acting is always the result of strong feeling, seeming, as it were, the impulse of the moment, without those absurd positions and actions which other French actresses are so prone to; she enters at once into the spirit of the scene, and every look and action is in character. In *Les Horaces* she is equally great, though her style of acting is very different, yet we observe all those beautiful touches of acting, and nice keen perception of the author which gives her performances so eminently the impress of genius. She is also equally great in *Bajazet*; her *Roxane* is indeed one of her greatest triumphs; and the sensation her powerful performance of the character created with the audience has never been surpassed.

Mdlle. LARCHE, of the *Theatre Français*, is a very valuable addition to the company; she is one of the best French actresses we have seen in this country for some years: her style of acting reminds us much of Mdlle. MARS, as there is much nature and ease in her acting; and without any violence of action or declamation, she displays considerable power, and talents of a very high order: she is considered a very rising actress in Paris, and has been very well received here, where her really clever performances have created a very favourable impression.

The opera has received a decided acquisition in the person of Mdlle. LOEWÉ; whose first appearance in *The Straniera* was as successful as any singer whose first appearance we have ever witnessed; she was called for at the close of the first act, and also at the conclusion of the opera, to receive the hearty applause her performances had called forth. Mdlle. LOEWÉ is strictly of the German school of singers, and, like Mdlle. UNGER, and other clever German singers, who have become almost naturalized in the Italian school, she retains many of the characteristics of her original school, which are most advantageously employed: her voice is a high *soprano*, of great power, and an extent of compass we had not at first given it credit for; some of her notes in the *trio* of the first act were pure *contralto*, but it is evident she relies chiefly on her *soprano* notes, and these she displays to very great advantage; there is a beautiful purity and bell-like tone about them, and she invariably sings correctly: she is also a very superior musician; her *floriduri* passages were given with remarkable brilliancy, and reminded us occasionally, by their finished neatness, of SONTAG, and the charming CINTI DAMOREAU. We have also to speak in terms of high praise of her acting; her tall, commanding figure is well calculated to display her powers as an actress, and certainly we have never seen any singer, whose powers as an actress can at all compete with Mdlle. LOEWÉ. Her last scene was a splendid piece of acting, and called down the most rapturous applause. MARIO also sang admirably in the *Straniera*, the music of which seemed to suit his voice, it gains both in tone and quality, and when RUBINI leaves the scene of his many triumphs, we shall have a successor ready to supply his place; though we are far better content that they are both together, adding to the strength of the different operas. TAMBURINI's part of *Valdeburg* was written for him; and, he gives it with his accustomed excellence, but still the music of *The Straniera* is not a favourite with us; the music wants character and lightness, and cannot, by any means, be classed amongst the best of BELLINI's compositions.

The return of CERITO imparts a new spirit to the *ballet* department, and places it at once in its usual state of excellence; in CERITO, we see little alteration—she is still as light, as active, and as graceful as ever, and bounds and floats about the stage with as much ease and lightness as if she seemed scarce

to touch the ground; we certainly have seen few dancers who have at all approached CERITO; she is purely a dancer, not a mere pantomimist, and, in this country, pantomime action, however graceful and clever it may be, is not to the taste of the people. A good and elegant dancer, like CERITO, just suits the taste of an English audience, and now that TAGLIONI talks of retiring, and FANNY ELLSLER is lost among the Americans, we shall scarce have any one to look to but CERITO, and when she held her ground against both FANNY ELLSLER and TAGLIONI, she will be doubly appreciated now that good dancers are becoming so rare; indeed, no one but a person situated like the manager of an opera-house can form the least idea of the difficulty of procuring dancers on any terms. Some of the principal subscribers to the Opera have presented CERITO with a large and truly splendid gold medal, as a token of admiration of her talents; on one side she is represented in one of her most favourite positions, with the date of her first appearance in England, and on the other side, the verse from Dante—

"E par che sia 'una cosa venuta
Di cielo, in Terro, a miracol mostrare."

HAYMARKET.—CHARLES KEAN and ELLEN TREE have been playing here, much to the gratification of the public and the satisfaction of the manager, since the house has been densely crowded every night they have performed. Of CHARLES KEAN's *Macbeth* we have previously spoken; it is altogether a performance of much ability; he reads his author like a well-educated man, and the various points of his acting tell with excellent effect; he seems, too, somewhat improved by his late tour in the country—there is more mellowness in his acting, and the various points seem to tell with less appearance of effort. ELLEN TREE's *Lady Macbeth* is quite new to us; we do not, indeed, think that she has previously played it in London; it is, unquestionably, a performance of great merit; her conception of the part, and the way in which the various conflicting passions of the stern and iron-hearted woman are worked out, shew that she must have directed much care and attention to her author; it is not the mere conventional parrot-like delivery of the words assigned to the part, but a cleverly-conceived and admirably executed conception of one of the most difficult parts that SHAKESPEARE ever wrote—the very conflict of passions; the bold imagination—the absorbing passion of ambition, before which all obstacles fade, and the woman sinks to the remorseless murderer, and yet still preserving a dignity and some of the attributes of her sex, is a task of no ordinary difficulty to portray as the author drew it; it requires the nicest discrimination not to sink it too low, and we must do ELLEN TREE the justice to say she approaches nearer to perfection in the part than any actress we have ever seen. The play is admirably produced; the appointments of every description are most liberal, and shows that nothing is left undone by the management to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed upon this favourite theatre. A new piece, called *The Philosophers of Berlin*, has also been produced, and was most favourably received; its chief merit consists in its being very neatly written, and some of the situations are very effective; it owed much of its success, however, to the excellent acting of WALLACK and WEBSTER, as *Voltaire* and *Frederick the Great*; it will serve to while away an hour, as an after-piece, very agreeably, being nicely balanced between the grave and gay. It is written by Mr. SULLIVAN.

NEW STRAND.—This little theatre is putting forth strong claims to the attention of the public, and is gradually working itself up into good repute. Mrs. KEELEY and other clever performers are here, and a new piece, called *The Rubber of Life*, is one of the most amusing dramas that has been produced for some time; it shews life in many forms, and in various grades, and the spice of humour, with which it is seasoned, makes it an admirable relish; it is really a very amusing piece, and, being well got up, and very smartly acted, never flags for an instant.

TASTE FOR READING.

"If I were to pray for a taste," says Sir John Herschell, "which would stand me instead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things may go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a *taste for reading*. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher offices, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles; but, as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittyest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity; you make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up, than in the words of the Latin Poet:—*Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus*. It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

MUSIC.—There is something in a musical family, even when the performers are only moderately skilled, which is particularly harmonious, owing to a kindred touch and feeling, and also perhaps to the habit of studying and playing together. And if this be the case in merely instrumental pieces, how much more decidedly is it so in vocal music. Is there anything more striking than the similar tones which harmonize so divinely together in the voices of near relations, who sing in parts; they are like shades of the same colours, all differing, yet all appearing, fading, mingling, contrasting, and blending in one perfectly harmonious whole.

THE COURT.

The Queen gave a state ball (the first this season) at Buckingham Palace, on Friday evening, May 14th.

The invitations were very numerous, and the ball was most fully attended by the nobility and gentry.

The throne-room had a most gorgeous appearance. The canopy erected at the side of the room for her Majesty and the Royal Family was lined with white satin, embroidered with flowers and trimmed with silver, and was covered with draperies of crimson velvet and gold of similar splendour and magnificence to those adorning the front of the orchestra. At the back of the seats, within the canopy, were tastefully arranged a number of the choicest flowering shrubs. The seats for the company were of crimson velvet and gold. This saloon was lighted with a cut-glass chandelier of the largest dimensions in the middle of the apartment, and also with a number of candelabra and branches with wax lights. The ball-room was also elegantly and magnificently fitted up.

The Queen gave a concert on Monday evening, 17th May, at Buckingham Palace; the attendance was numerous, and the programme comprised the names of all the distinguished artists now in town.

The Queen held a Drawing-Room on Friday, May 21st, at St. James's Palace, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Birthday, which was very numerous attended.

HER MAJESTY wore a dress of white satin, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and point lace; the skirt elegantly trimmed *en tablier* with point lace and roses; train of rich silver tissue (of Spitalfields manufacture) lined with white satin, and trimmed with roses. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT wore a dress of white satin richly brocaded in silver (of Spitalfields manufacture); the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde, and the skirt with blonde flounces; train of blue Irish poplin, brocaded in silver, lined with white watered *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with net and silver. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER wore a *Costume de Cour*, composed of a train of superb blue *velours epingle*, handsomely trimmed with gold and blue embroidery; lining of rich satin; body and sleeves of the same as the train, with superb *berthe* and *sabots* to match; slip of rich white satin, with front of magnificent blue, and gold embroidery of morresque pattern. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets of gold lace.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert gave a concert at the Palace in the evening, of which the following is a programme:—

Overture, "Leonora"	Beethoven.
March, "Gli Orazi e Curiazi"	Cimarosa
Overture, "Mesusina"	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Faust,"	Spohr.
Grand Battle Sinfonia	Beethoven.

The selection of the above compositions was made by the Prince. The novelty of the evening was the performance of Beethoven's "Grand Battle Sinfonia," upon a scale hitherto unattempted in this country. This symphony, which was written in commemoration of the battle of Vittoria, gained by the Duke of Wellington, and dedicated to George the Fourth when Prince Regent, is divided into the following movements:—

1st. Approach of the British Army, to "Rule Britannia."
2nd. Approach of the French Army, to "Malbruck s'en va-t-en guerre."

3rd. Signal of Attack.

4th. Battle and Storm March.

5th. Retreat of the French Army.

6th. Grand Intrada of drums and trumpets, announcing the Victory, followed by a Triumphal March, and concluding with "God save the Queen."

The music announcing the "approach of the British army" was performed by the band of the Coldstream Guards, and that of the "approach of the French army" by the Royal Horse Guards. The effect of distance of sound was well secured by closing the doors of the two drawing-rooms, in which the bands were separately placed, and by marching each party gradually towards the centre room between, in which the Queen and her guests were assembled, and where her Majesty's private band, on whom fell the weight of the principal part of the composition, were also placed.

We are happy in being enabled to contradict the rumours that have been so extensively circulated concerning the health of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, as the Prince never was better in health than at present.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthage of Great Britain and Ireland. By Charles R. Dodd, Esq., Compiler of the *Parliamentary Pocket Companion*. Whittaker. 1841.

This book has been so successful, that every trumpery set of lists is now called a "Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthage." Compilers of Almanacks, Post-office Directories, Court Guides, &c., issue their small wares under the sounding titles which Mr. Dodd had justly appropriated. His work is really what a Peerage ought to be; namely, a complete biographical dictionary of all the titled classes. It is not merely a baronetage or a knighthage, or a dictionary of the privy council, or the bench of bishops, or the lords of session; but the whole six, and every one of them compressed into a small octavo. It is essentially a drawing-room book; the arrangement, typography, and binding, render it well worthy of the place which it will occupy among the annuals and books of beauty. The generality of Peerages almost require a book to teach their use, they are so learned in technicalities; but any one who can handle a dictionary can use Mr. Dodd's Manual; it is so simple, and so correct.

My Cousin Nicholas. By Thomas Ingoldsby. 3 Vols. Bentley.

These volumes are full of wit and good-humoured pleasantry, and exhibit a dramatic power which we had not hitherto given the author credit for possessing.

Life of Beethoven. By Ignace Moschelles, Esq. 2 Vols. Colburn.

Mr. Moschelles has done ample justice to this eminent musician, as well as great service to this particular branch of literature by the work before us. The task of a biographer is at all times a difficult one, and seldom have we seen it better executed than in the present instance.

Instructions in Fancy Needle-work. Hart, New Bond Street.

This instructive and novel little work we recommend to be placed upon every lady's work-table. The idea is a new one, and the instructions contained therein are given with great simplicity and clearness.



M^{lle} RACHEL FÉLIX

Chanteuse du Théâtre Français

Costume de Roxane dans Bajazet



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses





The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses (4)





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PLATE THE SECOND.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Pou de soie* pelisse robe, shot in white and orange, the *corsage* is made high, trimmed with a lappel formed of *bias* tucks, and ornamented with richly wrought fancy silk buttons; the front of the *corsage* is trimmed with the same ornaments in the stomacher style, and the trimming continued in a reversed direction on the skirt forms a *tablier*. Long sleeve, ornamented *en suite*. White *pou de soie*, bonnet, ornamented with white ribbons, and a white willow plume. *Colletterie-fichu* of embroidered muslin trimmed with lace. Tartan scarf.

HOME DRESS OF A YOUNG PARIS LADY.

FIG. 2.—Muslin robe, *corsage guimpe*, cut low and bordered with lace standing up. Short sleeve descending to the elbow, but not passing below it; it is moderately full, and finished with a narrow ruffle of two falls. The skirt is trimmed rather higher than the knee with tucks. The *corsage* is a little, but very little, pointed; a knot formed of two *coques* of yellow ribbon with long floating ends, is attached on the point. The *capote* is an intermixture of fancy straw and blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with blue ribbon, and ornaments of *passementerie*. Black lace mittens.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Grey silk robe, cambric *canerout*, trimmed with the same material, and white buttons. Summer silk scarf. Rose-coloured crape drawn bonnet, descending very low at the ears; the edge of the brim is trimmed with a *rûche*, and the interior with tufts of flowers at the sides. A wreath of foliage, terminated by a white *marabout* plume, adorns the exterior.

PLATE THE THIRD.

OPEN CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Blue *gros d'ête* robe, *corsage à la Vallière*, and demi-large sleeve; the skirt is bordered with a single flounce. White crape drawn bonnet; the brim is edged with a twisted *rouleau* of crape, and the interior ornamented in an extremely light style with roses. A wreath of these flowers encircles the crown, and descends in a *gerbe*, mingled with ornamental grass, on one side. A knot of white ribbon ornaments the other. Light fawn-coloured *pou de soie* scarf, trimmed with blue *rûches*. Green parasol edged with lace.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of rose *noisette gros de Naples*; it is *demi-redingote*, trimmed down the front with a *rouleau* arranged in light waves, each marked by a fancy silk button. Tight *corsage* and sleeves. Muslin *mantelet* bordered with *bouillonnée*. Italian straw *capote*; the brim is shallow in the centre, but wider and very long at the ears; the exterior is trimmed

with *rouleaus* of cherry-coloured velvet; the interior decorated with lace and white *pou de soie barbes* edged with cherry-coloured velvet.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 3.—*Organdy* robe, the *corsage à mille plis*, square at top, and moderately low; the sleeve, tight at top, and ornamented with *bias* tucks, is arranged from thence to the wrist in full *bouffants*, and terminated by a lace ruffle falling over the hand. Six deep tucks ornament the border. Lilac ribbon *ceinture*. The bonnet gives a front view of that of Fig. 2.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of striped rose-coloured *pou de soie*; the *corsage* is half high, pointed and trimmed in a novel manner with folds; demi-large sleeve, tight at the top and bottom, the middle arranged in two moderate-sized *bouffants*. The centre of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with folds edged with *éfilé*, and finished at each end with buttons of a novel form. White crape *chapeau*, the material disposed on the brim in folds; the trimming consists of white ribbons and a *bouquet* of *marabouts*. Fancy shawl of blue and white *pou de soie*, trimmed with a rich fringe to correspond.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of *Pekin renaissance*, *corsage Grand mere*, ornamented with folds and a small pelerine. Long tight sleeve, decorated just above the elbow with a novel kind of trimming of the same material. Rice straw bonnet, ornamented next the face with roses, and on the exterior with a *bouquet* of white *têtes de plumes*, and white ribbons. India muslin scarf, bordered with two rows of *bouillonnée*.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Blue figured levantine robe; a high *corsage* and pelerine *en cœur*, bordered with fancy silk trimming, a row of which also decorates the top of the tight sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with a very deep *bias*, headed *en suite*. Waist knot of blue ribbon, with floating ends. Pink crape *capote* trimmed with roses and a lace veil.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Grey *pou de soie* robe—a new shade of that colour—the *corsage* rather more than half high, is trimmed with a pelerine lappel, bordered with *éfilé*: the centre of the *corsage* and also the skirt is ornamented with *pattes* of a novel descrip-

tion, bordered with fancy silk trimming, and folds edged with *effilé* on each side. The hanging sleeve and cuff are of silk net. Italian straw bonnet, a round, open shape trimmed with a *bouquet* of shaded feathers and shaded ribbons.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Robe peignoir* of India muslin, the *corsage* trimmed with a row of lace falling over; the skirt bordered with four tucks, each edged with lace. Blue *pou de soie mantelet* of a new form, for which we refer to our plate; it is ornamented with fancy silk trimming, and a robing and lappel decorated with *bouillonnée*, and bordered with a flounce edged with *effilé*. Rice straw *chapeau à la Anglaise*, the interior trimmed with lace, and the exterior with blue ribbons and two ostrich feathers, the ends intermixed with white and blue *marabouts*.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 3.—Robe of shot brown and rose *pou de soie*; tight *corsage*, and demi-large sleeve, the latter ornamented at the lower part with fancy silk bands and buttons. The skirt is bordered with *volans*, disposed in separate clusters of plaits, divided by bands and buttons. *Canezon écharpe* of the material of the dress, arranged in a very novel manner in folds on the bust, and descending in square ends. The *chapeau* gives a side view of the one described above.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MILLINERY AND FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Head-dress of hair arranged in soft bands in front, and a knot formed of open loops behind; it is decorated with a double wreath of flowers, descending in *gerbes* at the sides.

FIG. 2.—Presents a front view of the above.

FIG. 3.—Head-dress of hair disposed in a close knot behind, and full clusters of ringlets at the sides; it is decorated with a lace lappet, placed very far back; the ends descend upon the neck, and are looped back by flowers.

FIG. 4.—The hair is arranged in platted loops at the sides, and a cluster of *coques* behind. A half-wreath of roses encircles the back of the head, and terminates on the loops at the side.

FIG. 5.—Gives a front view of Fig. 3.

FIG. 6.—The hair is disposed in soft curls, which do not descend very low at the sides, and twisted up in a knot behind; it is ornamented with fancy jewellery.

FIG. 7.—The hair is dressed in close loops behind, and bands in front; it is ornamented with a half-wreath of roses.

FIG. 8.—Demi-coiffure formed of a lace lappet arranged in the cap style, but with short ears; it is decorated with tufts of flowers placed in the lace at the sides.

FIG. 9.—Dinner cap of *point d'Angleterre*; it is a round shape, but placed very far back. The bottom of the caul is encircled by a wreath of pink ribbon disposed in *coques*, and the sides are ornamented with half-wreaths of pink flowers placed next the face.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1841.

Never did our plates boast a more elegant display of summer fashions than they exhibit this month. It is true that we have taken considerable pains to select the most tasteful as well as novel for our fair readers; it is the plan that we always pursue, both with plates and our *Notes of the Month*. Let us see what these say of

BONNETS.—Those composed of lace have already appeared, and promise to be even more in favour this season than the last. They do not vary in shape from the other bonnets of the month! they are mostly trimmed with flowers, wreaths of blue bells are in particular request. We have seen some also trimmed with *marabouts*, and we must say the vapoury lightness of these pretty ornaments accords well with lace. Another material of exquisite lightness, of which several bonnets are composed, is *gaze cristal*; these also are always adorned with flowers. Nothing can be in better taste for them than a wreath of moss roses that are apparently lightly sprinkled with dew. The most elegant of the silk bonnets are those of *gros de Naples* of different colours, entirely covered with a net formed of lace; the *bavolet* is composed of three rows of lace, each placed at a little distance from the other, and not descending very low on the neck. The gauze bonnets, composed of *biais* intermingled with flowers, which we introduced last month, are in the greatest vogue, as are also those of crape ornamented with lace *voilettes*, descending on each side in the scarf style. Light materials have appeared earlier than usual this summer, and their vogue appears to us likely to be permanent. We have seen a number of *crêpe lisse* bonnets, both gaufred and plaited. Those of *gaze bouillonnée* are revived, and drawn bonnets, both of silk and crape, will enjoy considerable vogue, particularly those that have the interior ornamented with *tulle râches*, and the exterior with a wreath of flat feathers in changeable colours. Several rice straw and fancy straw bonnets, have the exterior ornamented with a small tuft of these feathers placed on one side; this kind of trimming has a novel, and we think a striking effect. We may cite as the most novel as well as elegant of the half-dress bonnets, those of *tulle illusion*, the *tulle* issuing in puffs from a *treillage* of rice straw; a wreath of roses without foliage is placed above the *bavolet*, descends in a tasteful style at the sides, and ornaments the interior of the brim. There is a great deal of originality as well as taste in this pretty bonnet, which encircles the face in the lightest and most becoming style imaginable. We scarcely know which to prefer, it, or a *chapeau* of rice straw, a small open shape, trimmed with azure blue-flowered ribbons; they are disposed in a *torsade*, and form a loose chain, attached by rice straw rings which decorate the top of the crown. Three small light blue feathers are tastefully placed on one side of the exterior of the brim, the interior of which is trimmed at the sides with tufts of delicate blue and white flowers.

MANTELETS AND SHAWLS.—Those of embroidered muslin or *tarlatane* are now decidedly the most in vogue. Some of the most elegant are ornamented with *entre deux* of lace, divided by embroidery. We may cite particularly those that have the *entre deux* of the finest Mechlin lace, and the embroidery between them of unusual breadth and beauty; the ends are finished with either four or six rows of *entre deux*, with embroidery between, and a row of broad Mechlin lace, set on very full, borders the whole. We may cite also, in a simple and much less costly style, muslin square shawls bordered with Valenciennes lace, surmounted by a narrow embroidery, and with the corners ornamented with four *rosaces*.

Pou de soie pelerine mantelets of light colours, as pale pink, pearl grey, &c., are a good deal adopted; they are of the same form as last year, but smaller every way, and the ends rounded; they are bordered either with lace or fancy silk trimming. We have recently seen some of the latter in imitation of lace; it has a very pretty and novel effect. We have seen also several *mantelets* of black *filet de soie*, bordered with the same, and lined with coloured silk.

MORNING DRESS.—*Peignoirs* retain their vogue; they are now made in cambric *foulard*, or *mousseline de laine*; but, we must observe, that the last material is by no means considered so elegant as either of the former; those of cambric are always trimmed with Valenciennes, or else frilled with cambric very lightly festooned at the edge. A good many *foulard peignoirs* are bordered with fancy silk trimming. The most *distingué* of those of *mousseline de laine* are composed of the plain material, the *corsage* made with a lappel which, as well as the front of the skirt, is embroidered in silk of a strongly contrasted colour: thus we have seen fawn-colour and green, *pousière* and *groseille*.

NEW MATERIALS FOR ROBES IN HALF AND EVENING DRESS.—We may cite for the first, shot *taffetas*; some new patterns of figured silks, *foulards*, and *taffetas de chiné*; this latter is a washing silk, presenting a perfect imitation of Chinese *taffetas*. Muslins and *organdys* are beginning to appear in evening dress; but they are not yet in a majority, for summer silks, and particularly shot *pou de soie*, and some light but rich figured and striped silks divide the vogue with them.

EVENING ROBES.—Those of winter are not yet quite laid aside, with the exception, however, of velvets and very rich brocades; but satins of light colours, Pekins, and other winter silks, are still seen at *soirées*, mingling with the light summer silks that we have mentioned above, and muslin and *organdy* robes, some trimmed with lace flounces, and others embroidered either *en tablier*, or in very deep patterns round the border. Some of the latter are worked in colours. *Organdy* robes, lined with coloured silk; the *corsage à mille plis*, and the skirts trimmed with *entre deux* of lace and embroidery between, are also coming a good deal into favour. The most decidedly elegant as well as novel of the new summer robes, are those of *organdy*, the *corsage* made tight to the shape, moderately low, and trimmed with a round lappel, embroidered in rose colour or lilac silk; the skirt is worked *en tablier* to correspond, as is also the hanging sleeve. Some of these dresses intended for *grand parure*, have the embroidery in gold.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES.—Those of which we have lately spoken retain their vogue, and we have given the most elegant of the new ones in our plates. We must, however, except the *petits fichus de dentilles renaissance*, encircled by little *pompoms* of rose-coloured ribbons, that appear like a wreath of flowers. The *fichu* is placed very backward upon the head, and the ends fall on each side upon the neck.

MEUCHOIRS DE POCHÉ.—We have lately seen some with *vignettes* and cyphers printed in gold; others, still more original; the four corners of the handkerchief, presenting four portraits of illustrious personages, worked in *points d'armes*, lightly intermingled with colours. This last is one of the prettiest as well as most original *fantasies* that we ever recollect to have seen.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are the same last month; but we think that the various shades of yellow are not so generally worn, and white is more so; and rose colour, of course.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The fashions this season are, we think, peculiarly distinguished for their elegant simplicity; but we must observe, that it is a simplicity of a very costly kind; for never in our recollection were the materials of all kinds of dress so expensive. We are not, however, going to discuss the point of economy, therefore we shall content ourselves with presenting to our fair readers the result of our last month's observations, commencing with the most admired.

CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES.—Several of the latter, composed of rose or blue *pou de soie*, are entirely covered with *tulle*, both in the interior and exterior; a sprig of white lilac placed on one side parts the small narrow *voilette* which ornaments the brim, scarcely passing the edge of it. Other *capotes*, still more *distingué*, are composed of rose-coloured crape, covered with *point d'Angleterre*, and trimmed with sprigs of heath-blossoms. We must not forget the new *capotes* composed of *paille d'Italie cousue*; the brim, of moderate size, is a sort of *juste milieu* between the *bibi* and the *chapeau évasé*; it is trimmed with a *tulle rûche* at the edge, and two other *rûches* round the exterior, each terminated by tufts of mixed violets. We may cite among the *chapeaux* the one called *Savoyard*, composed of bands of *paille de riz*, and velvet ribbons, shaded in green and white, and ornamented with a wreath of light green snowballs. Some of the new crape *chapeaux* have square brims of moderate width. Some of the prettiest are white; they have the brim ornamented with five *baigneuses* of *gaze liasse*; five others to correspond decorate the top of the crown; the trimming consists of three willow *marabouts*, shaded in lilac and white, for the exterior, ribbons *chinés* to correspond; and for the interior, tufts of small lilac flowers. Other *chapeaux*, of citron-coloured crape of the same form, were trimmed with two *bouquets* of spring flowers, lilacs, jonquils, and *boutons d'or*.

CHALES DE FANTASIE.—Have lost nothing of their vogue, and they are certainly, this season, of the most various and elegant kinds. Those of *poult de soie glacée*, embroidered in silk, are remarkable for the beauty and richness of their patterns; they are always of light colours, as blue, rose, *ecnie*, pearl grey, *violette de bois*, shot with white; they are bordered with rich fringe in corresponding hues, and ornamented with embroidery above the fringe. Some of these shawls have the embroidery enriched with an intermixture of lace, which produces an elegant and original effect.

MANTELETS ET ECHARPES.—Those with broad, open-worked borders, strewed with embroideries in relief, are beginning to be very much in vogue; so also are black lace scarfs, and those of silk of the same colour and material as the dress. These latter are, indeed, in the greatest favour in promenade dress, for which they are well calculated, being in general less showy than the others above mentioned. We must observe, that they are principally worn with dresses ornamented with fancy silk trimming, with which that of the scarf always corresponds. This latter style of trimming is always employed for the summer *bournous*, and *mantelets* are still partially adopted, and which will certainly remain in vogue for the early morning walk, or evening stroll in the country. We may cite as the last novelties of this kind, small *mantelets*

of *poussière* cashmere, lined with cherry-coloured *taffetas*: a small hood forms a pelerine, which is trimmed, as also the armholes, and the round of the *mantelet*, with broad open-worked galoon; it is a mixture of *poussière* and cherry colour, and forms a festoon, which passes like a row of lace beyond the edge. These little *mantelets* are, we think, the prettiest things that have appeared.

REDINGOTES.—Several of those *negligées* are composed of the new summer silks *chinés ombres*; the prettiest are the *bois et cerise*, grey and rose, green and white. We have seen also several of *poult de soie* of different colours, as deep blue, black, or green shot with orange. We have nothing very novel to announce in the forms of *redingotes*; nevertheless there are, as will be seen by our plates, some modifications which we think are for the better. Many of those adopted in morning dress are made high, and are merely trimmed down the front of the *corsage* and skirt with a single row of *brandebourgs*. The sleeves are tight to the arm, and have no other trimming than a row of buttons extending half way from the wrist to the elbow. Those in half-dress, though high behind, are open on the bosom, and profusely ornamented with fancy silk trimming. We refer to our plates for some exquisite models of this style, for which we must observe there is just now quite a rage. We shall cite also some that are equally elegant and original, and that really form the prettiest half-dress *toilettes* of the season; they are composed of levantine of a new and very beautiful shade of grey; the front of the skirt is trimmed with four *biais*, divided by an *entre deux* of silk net, corresponding with the dress, it was laid over rose-coloured *pou de soie*; the *corsage* was trimmed with a net *appel* similarly lined, and the *mancherons* and cuffs corresponded; richly wrought grey and rose-coloured buttons closed the *redingote*: down the front of the *corsage* and skirt. This is perhaps the most novel manner in which fancy silk trimming has yet been employed. We must observe, that the ornaments composed of it are highly advantageous to tight sleeves; in many instances it ornaments the upper part of the sleeve as a *mancheron*, and the lower as a cuff. We really did not think it was possible to procure so much variety in this kind of trimming as we have seen introduced this season.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ROBES.—We perceive that tight *corsages*, with the point at bottom a little rounded, are getting into favour in half dress. Those with a deep point are now entirely confined to evening dress; many of those adopted for the promenade, and even for half-dress are made round. *Redingotes* have, for the most part, the *corsages* formed to the shape by *nervures*: all the new ones are made tight to the shape. What shall we say about sleeves? It would be folly to deny that tight ones are in a majority; but they are not, and we repeat that, most assuredly, they will not this season, at least, be exclusively the fashion. Even at present they are modified by ornaments of a very novel kind. We rarely see any, at least in half-dress, that are not decorated in such a manner as to take off from the excessive plainness of their appearance, and also, though in a small degree, to enhance their volume. Levantine is much worn in half-dress; the skirts of these robes are ornamented with three tucks each, edged with fringe. Fancy trimming is in great request in half-dress; we have seen several *taffetas* robes on which it was disposed *échelonne* on both sides of the skirt. *Biais* had declined in favour; but some of our fashionable *coutrières* have taken them under their protection; so that they are, at least for the present, revived. We have seen, within the last few days,

some shaded *pou de soie* robes, on which they were *échelonne* on each side of the skirt, diminishing in width as they approach the *ceinture*, and intermingled with ribbons, or else divided from distance to distance by rows of buttons. While we are speaking of trimmings, we must not forget that lace is still paramount for evening robes. Some of those of the most decided elegance are trimmed with lace *volants*; others have a garniture of *guipure en application* disposed in the *redingote* style, on the front of the skirt. Black lace is still in request, and will, we believe, remain so during the summer; for we know that several orders have been given for *moire* dresses, the border trimmed with a very deep flat *volant* of black lace.

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.—The first are no longer considered so dressy as they used to be; they are now in fact nearly upon a par with flowers; they may be almost admitted in morning *négligé*. The secret of this is, that some of our first *marchandes des modes* have placed them in a very simple style, and in small *bouquets* upon sewed straw *capotes*; but we must observe that, in order to preserve the simplicity of their appearance, the ribbons that accompany them are always of the same colour. But we must not suppose that this style of trimming is always remarkable for its simplicity only: we have seen some of these small *bouquets* of feathers that would of themselves constitute the elegance of a *chapeau*. Some of them were *panachés*, blue and wood colour, green and white, rose and grey; each of these *bouquets* were always accompanied with small flowers of corresponding hues, to be placed in the interior of the *chapeau*. Speaking of flowers, we must not forget those of *organdy*, so light, so beautifully transparent. Our florists are indefatigable; every day brings us new and beautiful flowers. We may cite among those most in favour at present, the *violette de Sainte Hélène*, which is now quite the rage, as is also the *rose nymphe*, the rose par excellence among roses, so admirably calculated to be intermingled with lace, *tulle*, and blonde: then the heath-blossoms of the Alps, hyacinths, flowers of the double-blossomed peach, myosotis, daisies, lilacs, whitethorn blossoms, mignonette, and geraniums. But we must cut our catalogue short, or we shall really go beyond our limits. Suffice it then to say that, besides the flowers we have mentioned, those of a small and delicate kind, particularly exotics, are the ones at present adopted by our *élégantes*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Dream" has been received, and shall appear.

I. de S. is approved of.

B. S.—Too late for this month.

J. Q.—Not suited to the pages of the "World of Fashion."

We beg respectfully to decline the contributions of J. D. and S. W., as not containing sufficient matter of interest for our publication.

We beg our Correspondents to keep in mind, that the numerous contributions received and not noticed may be considered as rejected.

Books and Music, for review, are requested to be forwarded, addressed to the Editress of the *World of Fashion*, at the Office, 299, Strand.

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VOL. 18.

THE EARL DE BOWYER.—A TALE.

"Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last."

Moore.

CHAP. I.

THE STRANGER.

Amid the army of heroes who distinguished themselves in the Peninsular War, there was none more remarkable for his gallantry than the brave Major Howard. He was a man of high family, but of small fortune, and was thankful that his country had at length deemed it fitting to reward him with the post of consul at one of the Mediterranean ports. I have stated that he was without fortune; and yet he possessed a treasure greater than all the wealth the world could bestow upon him; for he was the father of Henrietta Howard. At the time that my story commences the lovely girl was in her eighteenth year, and she was one not merely gifted with accomplishments that may make a person remarkable in the drawing-room; but her knowledge was extensive, solid, and, aided as it was with her faultless temper, suited her for the enjoyment and the delight of the domestic circle.

Major Howard looked upon his child with pride and with pleasure; but he also regarded her with grief and commiseration; for he saw in her one, calculated to shine amid the world, yet doomed to pine away in the unknown and deserted region of a foreign consul's deserted mansion. There were times when he seriously thought of sending her to some one of his titled relatives, in order that, through them, she might move amid those high and exclusive circles of the aristocracy to which her birth entitled her, and for which her almost matchless attainments qualified her. It is probable that he would have carried his project in this respect into effect, if it were not for Henrietta herself. She could not conceive the possibility of ever living away from a father whose side she had never quitted. "The London season" seemed to her, if he were to be absent, as a species of suffering and a length of torture that must be intolerable, and therefore never, with her consent, to be submitted to. The affection of the daughter was stronger than the reasoning of the father; and thus they had for some time ceased to talk of "the great city," of "the court," of "Almacks," and of "the Italian Opera-House," when one day a very curious circumstance occurred, that I am now about to describe.

It was a very warm day in summer, and the hour was precisely that in which every inhabitant of the south is in the habit of taking his siesta, when a young Englishman was seen landing from a merchant vessel, and, according to the usual custom,

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proceeding directly to the mansion pointed out to him, as being that of Her Majesty's Consul. This individual seemed to be about thirty years of age. He was a tall, thin, handsome, aristocratically-looking man, even though his dress was of the plainest description; and the absence of a servant indicated that his circumstances could not be very flourishing.

Upon the arrival of the stranger he was shown into the Consul's library. It was plainly furnished: the only ornaments were a portrait of the Sovereign, and another which was unknown to him. It was that of a young girl, at whose feet lay a gazelle. Her face and figure were exquisitely beautiful; and although her dress was not that of an English woman, still the expression, the features, and the complexion, were those of his native land. There was there the dazzling complexion, the deep blue eye, the high and brilliant forehead, the hair a golden chesnut—all shewed that the original was of the race of the north, and also a race in whose veins ran the purest and noblest blood.

"Mr. Bower!" said a shrill, sharp voice at the back of the stranger, as he stood completely entranced with the picture before him.

"Yes, my name is Bower," said the stranger to a little Italian, who acted as the clerk of Major Howard.

"Well, Sir," continued the Italian, "the Consul is at his casino, where he will receive you this evening. May I ask you if you have any letters of introduction to Major Howard?"

"None," replied the traveller; and the Italian was about to leave him, evidently annoyed that he should be disturbed from his repose by a very plainly dressed stranger, who was unprovided with letters of introduction, when the stranger said to him—

"I trust you will pardon a question that may perhaps appear a little impertinent, but I would like very much to know, of whom is that the picture?"

"Oh, yes, by all means," replied the clerk; "that is the portrait of Miss Howard."

It was about an hour before sunset that the traveller was received as a guest by the Consul. The latter was found by him in a garden laid out with great taste. Wines and fruits were prepared for the guest. The worthy Consul was inhaling the perfume of a magnificent Turkish pipe, while his daughter sung for him, and accompanied her voice with the guitar. The stranger looked at her with great attention, and he found that he had looked upon a picture that did not portray a thousandth part of the charms of the original. Was he a man accessible to the enchantments of youth, of wit, and of beauty, he must have at once yielded himself a captive. Mr. Bower thanked the Consul for the kind reception he had given him; but in

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terms and with a manner that showed how thorough was his knowledge of the world. His conversation was varied and interesting. They could easily perceive that he had travelled a good deal, although he was far from boasting of his exploits in that respect; but this was plain, that it was a long time since he had been in England, and that he had been in Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and other countries. The Major was careful in not asking him any questions that affected his personal position; and while he admired the good taste of his host, he seemed determined to take advantage of it. His conduct was that of a man well born and highly educated; he never paid a single compliment to Miss Howard, and he never even asked her to sing; while she, who was in the habit of singing for her father every evening, did not seem to think that it was necessary to deprive him of that pleasure because there was a very agreeable gentleman in his society. From the garden the party repaired to the casino. The drawing-room of this delicious retreat was ornamented with landscapes of the country that surrounded the house; they were all drawn by the daughter of the Consul, and all proved her to be a first-rate artist. Mr. Bower examined them with interest, and his observations proved him to be an excellent judge. At last, he acknowledged that he was not only an admirer of paintings, but also that he attempted to paint himself; and he even went so far as to submit his album to the inspection of Miss Howard. He spoke of painting with more enthusiasm than with reference to any other subject, and his remarks denoted a good judgment and a pure taste.

Their visitor at last took his leave for the evening, and it would be in vain to deny that he had produced a very favourable impression in his favour. Henrietta and her father both agreed in this, that he must be a man of first-rate talent; that he was well-informed, gentlemanly, and that, in fact, they were very well pleased with their new acquaintance. The Major passed in review through his mind all the individuals of the name of Bower, of whom he had ever heard any one speak, or that he had ever known; and before he closed his eyes for the night he had a hundred times said to himself, "I am very anxious to know to what family this Mr. Bower can belong?"

The next morning Mr. Bower sent his album to Miss Howard, and the Major returned his visit of the evening before, and asked him to dine; but this invitation Mr. Bower refused to accept; while, at the same time, he requested permission again to pay his respects to Miss Howard, in the evening, at the Casino.

That evening was passed like the preceding; they sang, they chatted, they had music, and then they repaired to the pavilion, where they occupied themselves in examining into the rich treasures of the album. It contained sketches of the most celebrated places adjoining the Mediterranean. There were there the rich palaces of the Saracens, the heavy Egyptian temples, the light mosques of Damascus, the brilliant fountains of Stamboul. Here might be seen an encampment of Bedouins shaded from the sun by a grove of palm-trees; and there was a little Spanish signora, arranging her mantilla and playing off her fan. But then, while looking at all these sketches, Miss Howard remarked that the initials of the artist had been most carefully effaced. Amongst the number of designs that were to be seen were several in which a yacht was introduced; but these Mr. Bower always passed over without the slightest remark. The Consul, however, happened to know many members of the yacht-club; and, as an Englishman, he naturally took an interest in an institution that is worthy of the noblest aristocracy in the world. He therefore very naturally enquired

to whom that pretty schooner belonged. Mr. Bower appeared for the moment embarrassed; but he at last answered, "These are very trifling sketches indeed, and I scarcely know how they have slipped into this album. The yacht you ask about belongs to one of my friends that I met at Cadiz."

"Oh! and now I see the name of it; it is the Princess Victoria; that I know belongs to the Earl de Bowyer."

"Precisely," said Mr. Bower with the greatest *sang-froid*.

"Oh, then you know the Earl de Bowyer," said Miss Howard. "It is said that he is one of the most eccentric men living. Is it true?"

"I can say very little in his praise," answered Mr. Bower; "I believe that he has acted very like a madman, and in so doing he has only conducted himself like too many other young noblemen."

"I have heard a great many extraordinary anecdotes respecting him," resumed the Consul; "but, at all events, it must be acknowledged he is an indefatigable traveller, which, with the multitude who are doomed to pass their lives in cities, is a virtue."

"And then," added Miss Howard, "he has been a captain of guerillas, the chief of a band of Bedouin robbers, and I know not what besides. Colonel Worthington, who paid us a visit last summer, has told us the most astonishing things about him."

"Exaggeration—sheer exaggeration!" said Mr. Bower in a somewhat disdainful tone of voice; "but this ought to be added respecting the Earl de Bowyer, that for his follies there is at least this strong excuse, he was an orphan even while in his cradle."

"Is he well informed?" asked Miss Howard.

"Colonel Worthington is a better judge upon such a matter than I can possibly pretend to be," said Mr. Bower; "and, besides, I will frankly confess to you, that I have no relish for your captains of guerillas, nor your Bedouin robbers; for I have not the slightest tinge of romance about me." And thus saying he called the attention of the young lady to the picture of a bull-fight. The conversation dropped, and the Earl de Bowyer was completely forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

THE VISITOR.

A fortnight had passed away, and Mr. Bower never said a single word of quitting the island. His intimacy with the Consul and his daughter appeared to increase day after day. Every evening he paid them a visit, and when he retired both the father and daughter agreed in opinion that he was a very agreeable man: perhaps a little strange; for still the worthy Major regretted that he would never consent to dine with them, and that he never could discover to which of the family of the Bowers his acquaintance belonged.

At length there occurred the anniversary celebration of the birth of the Sovereign of England. This was an occasion on which the bishop and all the principal persons of the island were invited to a state banquet given by the Consul. The latter was very anxious that Mr. Bower should be present at it, and therefore he discussed the important point with his daughter.

"My dear child," he said, "I own to you that he is so very extraordinary an individual, that I do not like to ask him. Even when you invite him to dine he looks at you as if he

thought you wished to insult him. It would, however, be a great satisfaction to me if he would come."

"I *will* invite him," observed Miss Howard; "I do not think that he can refuse me?"

"Then I am pretty sure he would refuse *me*," remarked the Major, as he smiled upon his daughter.

Miss Howard took advantage of the first opportunity to say to Mr. Bower, that she had a favour to ask of him. To which he replied most gallantly, that it would make him most happy, the performance of any thing that she might desire.

"Then you will to-morrow dine with us," said Miss Howard.

Mr. Bower's countenance became instantly dark, lowering, and frowning.

"Come, come," said Miss Howard, "do not assume so very suspicious an air. Do you think that we are going to give you an Italian banquet, and that you may find poison in every dish you partake of? Or is it, that you are like the bee, and only live upon fruits and flowers?"

There was a half-smile upon the dark features of the stranger.

"You will come!" said Miss Howard in the most engaging tone possible.

"I have already abused too much and far too long a time the hospitality of Major Howard, to which I feel I have not the slightest right," stammered Mr. Bower.

"You are a countryman."

"Utterly unknown to you."

"That is the inevitable consequence of a traveller's position."

"Yes, but—indeed—"

"You must come," said Miss Howard, with a look of inexpressible loveliness!

"You can do with me whatever you will," exclaimed Mr. Bower in a tone thrilling with passion, "most beautiful!—day it is," added he in a confused and hesitating manner.

Mr. Bower dined the next day with the Consul. Never was Henrietta more lovely, never more charming than on that evening; and when he took his leave of her for the night he repaired, not to his own home, but to look at the sea, which the moonbeams covered over with their silver light. This, it must be admitted was a very dangerous symptom! However, it is to be observed, that this was not the first time that Mr. Bower had taken pleasure in looking upon the moonlight as it danced over and dazzled the waters; for he was one who knew nature and woman thoroughly well. The question was, had the enchanting daughter of the Consul softened a heart that he himself believed to be hardened by a knowledge of the world? Should she yet clear away the clouds that settled down upon the brow of Mr. Bower?

The state of Mr. Bower's heart was doubtful; but the same could not be affirmed of Henrietta Howard. Her companion, she perceived, exercised a great influence over her. She at last even discovered, with astonishment and perhaps with terror, the greatness of the change that had taken place since the first visit of their guest—and yet Mr. Bower had not declared his feelings in any way; not a word, not even the smallest sign of gallantry, had escaped from him. There was nothing to evince that he felt any affection, nothing to prove that he was in love. There was no doubt he sought her society; but then was not theirs the only house in the island that he could find society to suit him? A person might indeed wonder that he remained so long a time with them; but then had he not been every where? and must he not feel a necessity for that, upon which men who

have passed a life of activity and danger sometimes long for? Whatever was the cause, the daughter of the Consul was always thinking of her father's guest; and when the idea of his leaving the island presented itself to her mind, she cast it from her with a feeling of impatience—a sure sign of the grief that it would cause her.

And then, as to the Major—what was his opinion? It must be avowed that the worthy Consul was very much embarrassed. The growing intimacy between his guest and his daughter alike annoyed and gratified him. He had never in his life seen a man that he would prefer as a son-in-law to Mr. Bower, if he only knew who he was; and yet, two months had already passed away, and he had not the slightest information on the subject. It was not possible to ask Mr. Bower the question directly; and then, after much doubt and a great deal of hesitation, he was about to speak to his daughter on the subject, when his attention was for the moment occupied by some new visitors from England.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVER.

It must be at once avowed, that neither Captain Rowe nor Major Minchin resembled in the slightest degree their fellow-countryman, Mr. Bower. They were gay, joyous, dashing fellows, who might, in the strictest sense of the word, be termed "*bon vivants*." Having obtained leave of absence from their regiment, they had quitted Malta, ran over Italy, shot partridges on the coast of Africa, and smoked a pipe with the French officers in command of Algiers. Intoxicated with the sights they had seen, and the adventures that had happened to them, they wished to drag into every conversation a description of countries and monuments, that had been fully depicted a hundred times before by those who knew a great deal more than themselves. Since their arrival, Mr. Bower had ceased to dine at the house of the Consul; but he was to be found every evening at the casino.

"You probably know, Florence," said Major Minchin to him.

Mr. Bower nodded his head.

"It is useless to ask you if you have seen St. Peter's," added Captain Rowe.

"But you have seen it during Holy Week, which is much better," chimed in Major Minchin.

"I see that you have been every where, and naturally at Algiers," said the Captain.

"I have never been in Algiers," replied Mr. Bower.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed the Major with an air of astonishment. "He has never been in Algiers. What! what! my good Consul; you have been telling us, that Mr. Bower was a great traveller, and yet you see he has never been in Algiers. Now, for my part, I consider Algiers the most curious place I ever visited. Is not that your opinion, Rowe?"

The Consul asked them if they had met any Englishmen in that celebrated place. The officers replied in the negative; but added that they saw there the Earl de Bowyer's yacht, and that they heard it said, that he was about to pay a visit to the island in which the worthy Consul lived. The conversation then turned for some time upon that young nobleman, upon his adventures, his eccentricities, and his great fortune; and Captain Rowe finished by saying, "For all that De Bowyer is an excellent fellow."

"Do you happen to know the Earl de Bowyer," said Mr. Bower.

"Not personally," replied the Captain; "but then he is the intimate friend of one of my hundred intimate friends."

Mr. Bower nodded to Miss Howard, and she soon stood beside him in the garden.

"I cannot endure the chattering of these people," said he.

"And yet they are good persons enough," answered Miss Howard.

"It is possible, and I certainly have no right to criticise them. I think them too gay; they perhaps find me very sad, or very stupid. There then let the matter rest; but it seems that the Earl de Bowyer will soon be here, and then—I shall be forgotten."

"These are very ill-natured words. You would not be forgotten, even though you were absent; and I hope you have no intention of leaving us."

"I have already stayed here too long a time. Besides, I have no desire to see myself neglected for the wealthy young Earl de Bowyer."

"Who but yourself is thinking of the Earl de Bowyer? And then, why should you be neglected for any one? You are a little unkind, Mr. Bower, but I forgive you, as it is the first time."

"Why, here have ten weeks passed over me in this island."

"When we begin to count the days of our visit, it is a sure proof that we are getting a little tired of it."

"You deceive yourself, Miss Howard. Most willingly would I pass the remainder of my life as I have these ten weeks. Oh, yes! for it is the only period of happiness that I have ever known."

"Why then not remain?" said Miss Howard, in a lower tone of voice than had hitherto marked the conversation.

"For several reasons," replied Mr. Bower, and he offered his arm to Miss Howard, as they walked from the casino. "These ten weeks," he continued, "have passed away in sweetness, in happiness, and in the purest pleasures, because you have been my companion. My life has been impressed with the glow of innocence that it has received from you. And now, my dear Miss Howard, listen to me, and be not, I beseech you, terrified by what I say to you—I love you."

The young lady trembled with emotion.

"Yes, I love you! and believe that I give to the word the deepest, tenderest, most solemn signification. It means that henceforth my entire existence is devoted to you; and also be assured of this, that however calm may be my words, my love is as fervent as it is everlasting!"

Her head was bent towards the earth, and her right hand concealed her face.

"Charming, beloved, adorable Henrietta!" continued Mr. Bower, "pardon me the emotion that I cause you; for my respect is equal to my love. I am at this moment a stranger, totally unknown to you, and I find myself in a position that it is impossible for me, at this period, to explain to you all its embarrassments. However, I offer to you my life, and all the accidents and chances to which that life is not merely subjected, but exposed. May I then hope that my suit, if it be not instantly accepted, is at least received with kindness, and without suspicion."

"Oh! yes, yes; without suspicion," murmured forth Henrietta; "for there is nought in this world that could make me believe that your goodness is not equal to your merit."

"Dearest Henrietta!" cried the lover, in a voice that was

weak from the intensity of his feelings, and then pressing her to his heart, he sealed his love with a kiss in which all his heart's deepest feelings seemed concentrated. "Here, here, at last, is that true love for which I have all my life aspired. Never doubt, oh, never doubt me, dearest! No, never! Say that you are mine—mine alone! Oh! again and again repeat the word to me, until, by its repetition, I feel that it is part of myself. I quit the island this very night. But be you not affrighted when I say so; for it is to secure our happiness, and soon shall I return to claim my bride. But listen to me, my angel! our engagement, our sweet and solemn engagement, must be kept secret. I shall send you no news respecting myself until you again see me. Perhaps you will hear some speak ill of me in this place. But no matter; you love me, and you do not, will not, doubt me. I leave then in your hands my honour; observe, my honour without a stain. Do not forget that. But, oh, no, you cannot, will not doubt me!"

"I am yours, yours alone! and what then matters it to me what the world may say. If you deceive me, then I shall despair of every thing, of every one, and for ever!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE DECEIVER.

Mr. Bower *has* quitted the island! What an event! what a revolution has it worked in the life of Henrietta Howard! She is no longer mistress of herself; she is no more the child of her father; she belongs to another, and that other is a stranger, unknown and distant. The young lady passes entire days in reflecting upon her singular position. It is in vain that she endeavours to struggle against her destiny; it is in vain that she represents to herself the novelty, the eccentricity, the folly of her conduct. She is fascinated. A thousand times are her lips unclosed to tell her secret, and a thousand times a force, that is to her irresistible, closes them. She is silent, agitated, nervous. She gathers flowers, and then, before she has inhaled their perfume, casts them to the earth. She looks for hours upon the sea; she follows with her eyes the birds in their flight; but still she has no doubt of her affianced husband. His voice so sincere, so sweet, so calm, and so solemn, still echoes in her ear; the features of his countenance, so noble, so manly, and so kind, are engraven on her heart; and she still seems to see him as at the moment when he bade her farewell. This change did not escape the observation of the Consul, who could not, after some reflection, hesitate to consider it as the result of the departure of Mr. Bower. The thought saddened him. It was painful to one of his noble nature, to think that a guest whom he sincerely respected, should have sported with the affections of his adored child. He questioned Henrietta on the subject; but she said that she was happy; and, indeed, it might be affirmed, that her demeanour denoted much more of impatience than of a settled sorrow. Occasionally she seemed to be all joy. She was often seen to smile, and she was very frequently heard singing. The Consul saw that there was some mystery in the matter that he could not fathom. It is always a wretched thing for a father to think that his child is unhappy; but that feeling is rendered doubly painful, when he believes that the cause from whence arises the grief is kept a secret from him.

Three months—three long months—had thus passed away, and the cloud of sorrow still hung over that house, that had once been so full of joy and contentment. At last arrived the

celebrated Earl de Bowyer, in his yacht, which was still more celebrated than himself. The agitation caused by the arrival of the illustrious stranger produced a change in the sad reserve that had for some time reigned in the Consular abode.

The Earl de Bowyer was young, very agreeable, and a little conceited. He had a German chasseur and a Greek page to wait on him. Being fond of himself he was sometimes a little annoying to others; but, on the whole, his society was agreeable both to the Consul and his daughter. He dined with them every day, and he told them the most extraordinary adventures with the style of a most hardy traveller. The first week had not passed away until he had visited every portion of the island, and had given, in honour of the Consul and his lovely daughter, a magnificent fête on board of "The Princess Victoria," to which all the principal personages of the island were invited. It was soon very evident that the young lord was deeply smitten by the charms of Miss Howard; and many began to talk even of a marriage between them.

One evening, while visiting at the casino, the young nobleman expressed some surprise in seeing a sketch of his own yacht. The Consul explained to him that it had been copied from the drawing of a young English traveller named Bower.

"Bower!" exclaimed the Earl; "what has Bower been here!"

"Do you know him?" said Henrietta, with an agitation of manner that she could not conceal.

"Oh, yes! I do know Bower!"

"He is a very agreeable and a very clever man," said the Consul, who wished the conversation to stop there.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Bower is indeed *very* agreeable; he piqued himself upon being so wherever he—"

"From what I have seen of the gentleman," sharply remarked Henrietta, "he seems to me to be one who is perfectly free from every species of affectation."

"He is at all events very happy in having such a defender," said his lordship, making a low bow to Miss Howard.

"Of what value are friends," exclaimed Miss Howard, "if they will not defend us during our absence. But then I do not know that Mr. Bower even requires to be defended."

"Mr. Bower was a long time on a visit with us," said the Consul, desirous then that the conversation should be continued.

"That does not astonish me at all," gallantly remarked Lord de Bowyer. "All that astonishes me is that he should have left you."

"He is a great favourite with us," was the observation of Miss Howard.

"I perceive it," replied his Lordship.

"To what family does Mr. Bower belong," demanded the Consul.

"Oh, he has the blood of a gentleman in his veins," answered the Earl; "that I am sure of; for I never heard any thing said about his birth."

"Nor upon any other point," was the remark of Miss Howard.

"No; I never heard anything very particular said against Bower; but that he was somewhat of a *roué*, and a little of a fool."

"And that, in my estimation was quite enough," remarked Major Minchin.

"As to the first accusation," replied Henrietta, "I am not very competent to judge of its full effect; but if it be the designation of a man remarkable for the delicacy of his mind, and

the propriety of his conduct, then it is one to which Mr. Bower is fully entitled. As to his folly I can say this, that he was here very nearly three months, and he must indeed be very little of a fool; for no one could ever discover that he was so."

"He was a great favourite with Henrietta," said her father with a forced laugh.

"Happy man!" replied the Earl. "Happy, thrice happy Bower!" and, so saying, he descended to the garden of the Consul, leaving Miss Howard alone. However firm had been her demeanour until then, as soon as she was alone her features betrayed all the agitation of her mind. "A *roué*! Could it be possible that she had yielded her virgin heart to a stranger, who only sought her out as a new victim to his insatiable vanity? Was that man, whose mind was so elevated, whose tongue was so eloquent, whose manners were so candid; one for whose depravity there was no palliation to be found, but in folly or half insanity? Oh, no! it was incredible. She could not, would not, believe it! And yet his conduct was alike strange and mysterious, and there was no reason given to her for its strangeness or its mystery."

And then too she called to mind his last words, so solemnly spoken to her: "You may hear persons speak ill of me." Ah, how true was the prophecy! He had at least fulfilled that sad promise; but would he keep the others that he had made as well and as surely?

CHAPTER V.

THE HUSBAND.

Lord De Bowyer, who, according to his own declaration had never remained for eight days together in the same spot, was now heard to speak no more of quitting the place, where Major Howard was engaged in protecting the interests of British commerce. Each day his attentions towards Henrietta became more marked and more significant; and already the young lady was beginning to regard them as very offensive; when, to her astonishment, her father came to announce to her that the Earl de Bowyer offered his hand and fortune. The Major was enchanted; he had never dreamed even of such good fortune as this; but what was his disappointment when he heard his daughter declare that it was impossible for her to accept the offer. For the first time in his life, the Consul was angry with his daughter; but still he was compelled, in his own despite to announce his fixed determination to his Lordship. The young nobleman had too much knowledge of the world to think of urging his suit further; and some days afterwards he quitted the island.

A month had passed away, and Henrietta had fallen into the deepest melancholy, which was sometimes disturbed by lurid flashes of doubt and terror. The Consul too was agitated and chagrined by the sadness of his child, and he thought with bitter sorrow of the joy that had lately reigned in his house. It was filled with these sad thoughts that he was one evening walking on the sea shore, when he saw a vessel enter the port, that he, to his astonishment, at once was able to recognize as the yacht of the Earl de Bowyer. Curious to know the reason for this unexpected return, the Major hastened to the point at which it seemed the vessel was going to land its crew.

It was about the same time that Henrietta Howard was seated at her window. Her guitar was at her feet, and she was plunged in deep thought, when she heard some one enter the chamber. She turned round and beheld the favourite servant of Mr.

Bower, who at the same moment presented to her a letter, and then quitted the apartment.

As soon as she was able to recover from the agitation which this event had occasioned, she read the following lines :—

"If, as I hope, you have remained faithful to the promise that you gave, and that has ever since my departure constituted all my happiness and all my consolation, you will meet me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock in the garden. I have returned to claim my affianced bride; but do not say a word to your father, until I have again told you how much I adore—how truly I love you!"

The next morning the Consul awaited with impatience the arrival of the Earl de Bowyer, whom he had not been able to see the night before, but who he was told had invited himself to breakfast at his town house at ten o'clock, when he was informed that, owing to a misunderstanding, his lordship had repaired to the casino, and was there awaiting him. The Consul hastened to the pavilion, and scarcely had he entered the pavilion when he saw his daughter and Mr. Bower together. Great and most natural was his astonishment. Mr. Bower advanced alone and saluted the Consul. He said, "You are, I see, surprised to see me."

"I am alike surprised and delighted. You have come with the Earl de Bowyer."

Mr. Bower nodded his head, and then said, "I would wish to have a few moments' conversation with you."

"You may command me; but it is first necessary that I receive Lord de Bowyer."

"Don't trouble yourself about De Bowyer; I can treat him with very little ceremony. Let him wait."

The Consul appeared embarrassed.

"The matter," continued the guest, "respecting which I wish to speak to you, is one on which my entire happiness depends. My dear Major Howard, I love, I adore your daughter!"

"What say you?" exclaimed the Consul.

"I know," continued Mr. Bower, "that I have a thousand excuses to make to you for the strangeness of my conduct, both towards you and with respect to her. But already I have obtained her pardon, and I hope that you will not refuse me yours, when you have heard my explanation."

"But what can there be to be explained?"

"Picture to yourself," said Mr. Bower, without giving a direct answer to the question, "picture to yourself a man born to a large fortune, and with many advantages superior to fortune, such as a great name and a high position in society. Master of his own actions from his childhood, and endowed with a dangerous sensibility; entering at an early period of life into that world, which is not at all unknown to you. *There* he becomes the dupe and the victim of all he meets. Disgust takes possession of him; he hastens to fly from a world that has deceived him, and at the same time he strips himself of all those social advantages that seemed to him to be the cause of his torments. Obscure and unknown he seeks out men who will esteem him for his personal qualities, and a woman who will love him for his own sake, and not on account of the *ecclat* that surrounds him. Is not such a man really unhappy?"

"I think so," said the Consul.

"Figure then to yourself this man believing that he at last possesses that which he has so ardently desired. He is loved, loved for himself, and by a being whose perfections surpass the most brilliant dreams of his earliest youth. He fears that the affections of this young girl may be in part attributed to her in-

experience of life; and then he desires to put the devotion of this woman to a terrible trial. He quits her without saying who he is; he imposes on her an absolute silence, even as regards her father, from whom hitherto she had no secret. He takes care at the same time that his character shall be assailed in her presence, and that the highest rank and the largest fortune shall be offered, if she renounces him who is unknown to her. This was a terrible trial, Major Howard."

"Terrible, indeed!"

"But then she has remained faithful as a martyr! and I have come to reward my incomparable, my adorable Henrietta, my affianced bride! Can you pardon me? Can you forget the means, when the end has been pure and virtuous?"

"I speak, then," stammered the Consul, "to—"

"To your son-in-law, if you will permit me to say so—to the Earl de Bowyer."

MARY.

TO TERESA.

One little word, my dearest, hear
One short and feeling word;
A truer one I never spoke,
A softer you ne'er heard!

Oh! it is true as truth itself;
'Tis soft as summer day;
It is not passing like the breeze,
Which breathes, then flies away.

I love you fondly; now I've spoke't
My heart feels light and free;
But what a dream 'twould be to hear
These little words from thee!

Nay, turn not dearest then away,
Nor weigh my rising spirits down;
Crush not Love's hope by such a look,
Nor murder joy by such a frown!

Frowns were not made for thy dear brow,
Nor coldness for thy brilliant eye;
Then turn its gentler beams to me,
Cloud not its native brilliancy.

TO ———

'Tis not the lily, nor the rose,
Which to adorn thy features meet;
'Tis not the beauties these disclose,
Nor is it thy smiles, so soft and sweet.

'Tis not the brightness of thine eyes,
Whence I drink such dangerous pleasure;
But 'tis thy gentle heart I prize,
Far beyond an empire's treasure.

STANZAS TO ———.

Call not back the bygone hours, the gaily lighted hall,
The perfume-scented bower, the bright and giddy ball,
The words of love then spoken, the looks of joy and mirth.

He has dreamt of the angel's dwellings,
Of the Peri of upper air ;
And the harp's melodious swellings,
In each tone he still doth bear.

He has slept 'neath the lily bough,
Where the fairies each evening weep ;
For its hue dwelleth still on his brow,
And its beauty he ever must keep.

He has dwelt by the rose-tree bright,
Where the butterflies gambol and play,
And wooed her morning and night,
Till he stole all her blushes away.

He sang to the fair evening star,
As he gazed on the night-tinted hues,
Till he lured all her beauty afar,
And she dwells in those beautiful eyes.

He bathed in the depths of the sea,
And the Naiads gave him to sip ;
A draught of the juice of the coral tree,
And its hue dwelleth still on his lip.

H. J. B.

THE DREAM.

You bid me unfold my dream,
Dreamed in sunny hours,
When I roam'd with cherubs sweet,
'Mongst Nature's fairest bowers.
Hand in hand, with happy hearts,
We trod the fragrant plain,
Where celestial odours dwell,
And Poetry holds her reign.

Each lovely flow'r, as we pass'd,
Sweet songs of welcome sung ;
Seraphs hover'd in the air,
Which with the music rung.
Strains of heavenly sweetness
Floated on the perfum'd gale ;
Angels with their sparkling eyes,
Lit up that lovely vale.

Heaven lent its brightest stars
To smile on that glad scene ;
The ocean lent its choicest gems
To deck the beauteous queen,
Who, attended by her train
Of spirits bright and fair,
Welcomed me a truant boy,
Unto her bosom fair.

And she spake to me in tones
Of harmony divine,
And asked me where I had roam'd,
And spent my truant time.
I gazed at her sunny smile,
Which with such lustre shone ;
Then she call'd me cherub boy,
And hail'd me as her son.

Amidst seraph's joyous songs,
Ascending to the skies,
Amidst music's witching strains,
And angels' laughing eyes,
I was borne by heavenly forms,
And placed on a throne,
Where the Zephyrs kiss'd my brow,
As bright Poetry's own son.

Such was the dream of boyish years,
When Fancy soothes the mind,
Before I awoke and felt
The deceit of all mankind.
My spirit once was as free,
As when in our glad dreams,
Our thoughts are roaming far away,
On fancy's golden streams !

EDWIN EDDISON.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

The sun from its high heaven .
Sent forth its cheering ray ;
The sky, the earth, and all below,
Proclaim'd the month of May.

Nature in her best was dress'd,
The swallows skim'd the air ;
The lark on high made melody,
So sweet, so shrill, so clear.

The bee on untiring wing
Sought honey from the flowers ;
Giving a lesson to each one
T' improve the passing hour.

The birds warbled their sweet notes,
And all around look'd glad ;
But though with joy all were fill'd,
Yet still my heart was sad.

My thoughts they were of home ;
The verdant field, the fragrant flower ;
And of the one, the dear loved one,
Who had my thoughts each hour.

I loved the lady fervently ;
My heart with ardour burned ;
But she viewed it slightly,
And my love she ne'er return'd.

With such drear views arising,
How could I well be glad ?
My thoughts are too depressing ;
My heart is very sad.

C. M. D.

THE AMBASSADOR.

There was a bridal in the palace—the bridal of the eldest and most lovely Princess,—a girl in the bud of life—the spring-time of existence, a beautiful creature, radiant in smiles, exquisitely graceful; and a powerful alliance had been formed worthy of a Princess so lovely.

Her dress was richly decorated with jewels; the long silver veil fell to her feet, and a crown of gold, surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers rested on her brow. At the altar stood the priest, surrounded by the Emperor and Empress, the Ambassador and court, waiting with eagerness the coming of the bride.

"Ah! my daughter," said the Emperor, as the Princess approached, "thou hast delayed coming!" and he led her forward.

The Ambassador slowly knelt down, averting his head from the guests, and the Princess followed his example, seemingly unconscious of the presence of the court; suddenly her eyes met those of the Ambassador fixed upon her, and turning deadly pale, she made a sign for the ceremony to commence; the ring was placed upon her finger, and her small white hand rested for one moment in the Ambassador's; the blessing was pronounced; the heads of both were meekly bent; and glancing timidly at the still kneeling bridegroom, the Princess rose and knelt to her father. He raised her in his arms; and, turning to the Empress, presented to the court the youthful Queen of Germany. "God bless her,—may she be happy," was the thrilling exclamation, as the bridal party left the saloon, followed by the younger sisters of the bride, and the graceful mirth-loving courtiers. "What, in tears?" said the Empress kindly, when her daughter, overpowered by her concealed emotion, sobbed violently on her mother's bosom, "this is not right, my child, trust me you shall hear of us often, and though absent, we shall never forget you; let me dry away your tears, for, hark! I hear sounds;—footsteps are approaching."

"I trust your Majesty will pardon me," said the Ambassador hurriedly, retreating, on beholding the Queen of Germany alone, for the Empress had retired. "I was not aware your Majesty was here, this pavilion is generally deserted."

"So it would be now, but I have come hither to see the sun set for the last time in mine own land, and to listen to the sound of my favourite band, playing beneath these windows; you cannot blame me."

"My liege Lady, I would not dare to breathe a word of disrespect against one so good and beautiful. Believe me, I would die to save you one moment's agony."

"Nay, is life so utterly valueless?"

"Utterly, for its only charm is lost."

"Impossible," said the Queen softly, "you have much to live for,—fame, wealth, and doubtless love is yours; say there is another for whom you would die—save me."

"Nay, but one—forgive me, liege Lady, but one; she cannot be mine—she is lost for ever to me."

"I pity you," said the Queen, tears rushing to her eyes, "is she wedded—that false one, is she wedded?"

"Yes, oh! yes; but she was not false, I did not dare to tell my love. I knelt and prayed for strength to wish her happiness. I have asked it for her, but she knows it not."

"Were your situations in life equal," again said the Queen.

"No!" he answered, "she was far above me—too good—too beautiful for me."

"Ah! had she not been wedded, I could have given you

rank, wealth equal to hers, and bestowed her on you; should you have been happy?"

"Lady, she did not—could not love me; judge my feelings when unrepiningly she gave her hand unto another. Lady, you do not know my misery."

"How canst thou tell that?" said the Queen, her cheeks turning lividly white at the warmth with which he spoke. "If youth was exempt from trials, how could we feel for other's sorrows; if I had none of my own, I could not this night weep with you."

"Trials, Lady!" said the Ambassador.

"Yes, bitter trials—very bitter; but it is not meet thus to explain the secrets of my heart; let me bid you be happy, and, for ever, farewell."

"For ever, farewell!—why?—dearest Lady, why?—tell, in aught have I offended you; forgive me, I implore, part not in anger with me, turn and look kindly on me again?" and the kneeling Ambassador caught the bottom of her robe, "believe me, I had not dared to tell you of my love, but when you spoke so kindly to me, and you told me of wealth and fame, what was worth living for, when I was losing you?"

"Oh, my God, have mercy; he returns my love!—protect me, pity me, weak, sinful that I am;—I, whose heart is his,—how can I meet his Sovereign." Saying which, the Queen fell prostrate to the earth, supported by the Ambassador. "Leave me, leave me," she said, when she opened her eyes; leave me alone, now: but, oh! do not breathe to a single soul my weak confession of to-night."

"Never—never. It would be an insult to stay to oppress you with professions of a love you may not return. I have caused you this unhappiness; but do not reproach me, spare me; for your anger I cannot bear. Keep this as a memorial of one who loved you, one who must ever love you—my first, my last love, farewell."

The Queen gazed at the picture given to her, and drawing from her bosom a cross placed it in the hand of the Ambassador; he pressed the hand that offered it to his lips, and rushing through the corridor returned no more. On arriving, with the youthful bride, at the court of Germany, he threw up his diplomatic engagement, and quitted the court for ever; but after the night of their mutual confession, he never saw the Queen. She lived but a few months, and died gazing on the picture of her heart's idol.

Of the Ambassador little is known, save that a monk of the order of La Trappe, requested, when dying, that masses might be said regularly for his soul, and the soul of her who presented to him that *small fillagree cross*.

H. J. B.

BEAUTY.

Pure as the lily's spotless vest,
Or rose at early day,
In smiles of radiant sweetness drest,
Beauty, I hail'd thy ray.
I saw thee, rich in every grace;
The blush of health upon thy face—
Joy sparkling in thine eye;
But, evanescent as the wreath
O'er which gay summer loves to breathe,
I saw thee droop and die.

A FEW PAGES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

I remember that on the day of my first arrival at Madrid, I retired immediately after a hasty dinner to the capacious, cool, well-shaded balcony of the Hôtel, for the purpose of enjoying, in undisturbed tranquillity, the luxury of a cup of coffee and a cigar, as a preliminary to perusing the file of newspapers and the bulky packet of letters which had been brought to me from the "*Poste restante*."

The balcony overlooked the magnificent *Calle de Alcalá*, down which poured a torrent of people of every degree, some of them walking quietly along, whilst the majority were borne with dangerous impetuosity by almost every species of animal and conveyance to be found on the face of the earth; from the stately coronetted carriage, richly gilt and emblazoned, to the crazy, creaking, springless "*cabriolet de place*;" from the proud, spirited, foaming Andalusian barb, to the gaudily caparisoned and obstinate mule, and to the more patient, sleek water-carrier's ass. All was noise and animation; whipping, shouting, and swearing—each individual appearing to be intent on being the first to reach their common place of destination. Every moment I could hear some of those who, like myself, were only passive spectators of the scene, address to the friends they recognised in the throng the natural inquiry of "where are you going?"

"*A los toros! a los toros!!* To the bull-fight! to the bull-fight!" was the invariable reply, shouted at the highest pitch of the speaker's voice, with features wildly animated with joy, and a beckoning motion of the hand expressive of an invitation to join the party.

The crowd passed, and in a few minutes the street became as silent and solitary as a tomb. Two hours might have elapsed, when I saw the same concourse of people passing again beneath my balcony, and I was surprised at the difference I observed in their deportment. The carriages were driving back at a slow solemn pace; the greater portion of them were empty, and the increased number of pedestrians now walked with the characteristic silent gravity and imposing gait generally attributed to the Spanish nation. Again, I frequently heard the inquiry made of "where do you come from?" But now, the answer was drawn forth in a tone of cold indifference in which it would have been impossible to detect the slightest shade of joy or animation—"De-los toros—from—the bull-fight."

And such is but too often the case. The anticipation of pleasure makes our hearts bound with wild sensations of lightness and buoyancy; but when we grasp, at last, that anxiously-desired pleasure, too, too often are we disappointed at finding it but the shadow of the brilliant dream which we had ornamented by our fanciful imagination. And, when even that enjoyment which we have found so much below our fond expectations passes away, how frequently is it succeeded by an unaccountable and desolate sensation of mingled regret, sorrow, and depression!

I have since witnessed another instance, which will ever remained fixed in my memory, of the sudden change caused by disappointment, over the feelings of a large assembly of persons.

It was in June 1838. The day was fine, and I was walking over to the city of San Sebastian from the fishing village of Passages, where we were then stationed. Just as I arrived before the walls of the town, I met a guard of soldiers and a crowd of people, who I soon ascertained were going to see an exchange of prisoners with the Carlists, which was to take

place at our out-posts. Although such an occurrence was not a novelty to me, having nothing better to do, I joined the party, and we proceeded merrily on conversing with the Carlist prisoners and the detachment that escorted them. The names and numbers of the different regiments to which the Cristino prisoners we were about to receive in exchange belonged, were already known; and mingled with those who were attracted by curiosity alone, were many of the wives, friends, and comrades of those prisoners. Happiness beamed in their eyes, and giving vent to the exuberance of their feelings, they spoke with animation of the raptures that awaited them shortly, when they would greet their friends and press their husbands once more to their hearts, after so long a separation. Their joy was fully shared by every one present, and mirth and satisfaction brightened every face.

We halted at the village of Hernani, which at that time formed the right extreme of our line. An adjutant advanced forward, bearing a white flag, and accompanied by a single bugler who called "*a parley*." In a few seconds the notes were re-echoed by the Carlists; the bugles of both parties now sounded "*the advance*;" a simultaneous rush was immediately made on both sides, and in a moment there we were, Carlists and Cristinos, all mingled together in groups, greeting, inquiring, bartering, bombasting, and lying to each other in the most barefaced and polite way imaginable. We delivered over to our "friends" the prisoners we had brought with us from the Castle of San Sebastian, and prepared to receive in return an equal number of our own. At last they made their appearance, and, great God! who can conceive our feelings on seeing before us two hundred squalid, emaciated, cadaverous creatures, with scare a rag on them, and reduced to the last stage of debility by want, filth, and disease! Loud were the indignant groans of reprobation, and deep the curses that arose on every side. Apprehending, from these ominous signs, a great risk of the faith of even a flag of truce being broken, the Christino officer in command, hastened to put an end to the interview, and thus separated the opposed and incensed parties, but not before intimating first to the Carlists with an oath, "that he would take good care that the next exchange of prisoners should be made by *weight*."

We fell back upon our lines, and placing our unfortunate comrades upon bullock-carts, we again bent our steps towards San Sebastian. But in the emaciated state in which they were, they could scarcely support the fatigue and exertion of this journey. Several of them died on the road, a faint smile of melancholy satisfaction brightening the last expiring gasps of the poor fellows, at finding themselves once more amongst their friends and dying in their arms, bathed with a scalding tear of heartfelt commiseration.

Our march was like a funeral procession; and we walked in deep and gloomy silence, which was only broken by the outbursts of indignation and the oaths of merciless revenge that followed the words of one of the liberated prisoners, who, possessed of greater strength of body than his companions, recited to us the insults, miseries, and starvation which they had undergone. "We were confined in a wing of the Franciscan convent of Lazcano," said he, "and secret orders were received to make our lot uncomfortable, that we might thus be induced to enter the ranks of the Carlist army, a proposal which was made to us every day. But the guards appointed over us, wantonly exceeded even the spirit of these inhuman instructions. They appropriated to themselves, and sold the greater portions of the scanty rations provided for us by the peasantry; they plundered us of every article of value we possessed: the slightest remon-

strance was visited by taunts, insults, and blows. The typhus fever increased the horrors of our situation; numbers hourly fell victims to it, and their corpses remained frequently for days amongst us, before our unfeeling guards would think of removing them."

How strong, how sincere must have been the feelings of patriotism and the sense of honour of these poor ignorant and uneducated soldiers, to arm them with sufficient fortitude to bear such miseries and privations when they had it in their power to put an end to them, at once, by embracing the cause of the Pretender!!

As we were crossing the fortifications of San Sebastian, the patriotic citizens of that town came forth to meet the prisoners, and soon partook of our sad feelings. The most tender sympathy was evinced for the sufferers; they were immediately carried to the hospital, to which the ladies flocked, attended by their servants with baskets containing broth, fowls, oranges, and articles of clothing and bedding.

I strolled to the square where I perceived great gesticulation in a group formed by the principal inhabitants, amongst whom I recognised the general commanding, and several of the members of the Municipal Corporation. Presuming upon my intimacy with most of them, I joined them and listened to their conversation. The subject that engrossed them was this:—The soldiers just exchanged had been made as comfortable as circumstances would allow; but it appeared that about four hundred more were still remaining in the Carlist Depot at Larcano; and, as we had no prisoners to offer in return, they could not be exchanged until a sufficient number were brought round, by sea, from Corunna or Santander. They were debating upon the most effectual means of procuring and sending them some relief in the mean time.

The General, incensed beyond all patience, hastily left us to write a threatening letter to the officer commanding the Carlist lines, vowing that he would shoot every prisoner that fell into his hands, unless the Cristino soldiers were treated with more humanity, and with every consideration observed in civilised warfare.

In the mean time we continued our deliberations, and a voluntary contribution was voted; but, although every one present readily agreed to this measure in the main, different opinions were started as to the most advisable manner of collecting it.

"The Queen-Regent's birth-day will take place in a few days" said my gallant friend Echagüe, a captain in the National Guard, who had lost one of his legs in action, "let us prepare a *comparsa* for that occasion: the whole population will thus be assembled, and we can collect a contribution whilst the performance is taking place."

These words were received with loud acclamations of approval, and immediate steps were taken to carry this project into operation. At a future period I shall endeavour to describe to the readers of "The World of Fashion" this grand pageant and its effects.

J. de S.

CHARADE.

There's a word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backwards and forwards the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

H O M E. (From *Lacon*.)

The camp may have its fame, the court its glare,
The theatre its wit, the board its mirth;
But there's a calm, a quiet haven, where
Bliss flies for shelter—the domestic hearth!
If this be comfortless, if this be drear,
It need not hope to find a haunt on earth:
Elsewhere, we may be reckless—gay—caress'd;
But here—and only here—can we be bless'd.

Oh! senseless—soulless—worse than both—is he,
Who, slighting all the heart should hold most dear,
Can waste his nights in reckless revelry,
And leave his bosom's partner to abide
The anguish women feel, who love, and see
Themselves neglected, and their hopes destroy'd:
Some doating one, perhaps, who hides her tears,
And struggles at a smile when he appears.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Accursed game! thy blight is every where;
Thy lawless fingers pilfer every purse;
The swarth mechanic, and the pompous peer,
Endure alike the pressure of thy curse!
When hopeless ruin hath dissolv'd thy sway,
The pistol and the bowl are things of course;
And few can from thy gripping fangs depart
Without a blighted name, or broken heart.

Accursed Game! thou wringest the bitter drop
From gentle eyes, that never saw thee play'd;
And oft the stinted meal and empty cup
Mock hungry hearts thy ravin waste hath made.
Oh! how can he who wrought such wrong look up,
Where want must weep, yet means not to upbraid!
The heart, methinks, may bid farewell to bliss;
Beg, labour, starve; do anything—but this.

Accursed Game! thou'st wak'd the widow's shriek;
Bereft the helpless orphan of its shield;
Made tears of anguish wet the furrow'd cheek,
And victims rush to judgment unanneal'd.
By fascination, like the rattle-snake,
Thou leav'st thy prey no power but to yield.
Fear, falsehood, want, disgrace, and death,
Attest thy sway—By Jove, I'm out of breath!

CHARADES.

My first's a wig,
My second's a wig,
And my *tout* you all delight in.

That name of a fish that's not very uncommon;
The pride and the boast of a new-married woman.

A GHOST.

The following is a verbatim translation from a recent number of the *Gazette des Postes de Francfort*. We give it to our readers as the last authentic piece of news that has been for some time received, for the advantage of those who believe that ghosts still visit the earth, and that spirits of the dead appear to the living :—

"For a long time the report has been circulated that a phantom appeared regularly at midnight to Mr. Dek—, the proprietor of the Chateau de Valko. The phantom wore the dress of a woman of Turkey. Her gown seemed to be made of red satin, and her face was covered with a veil. It made the most earnest entreaties to Mr. Dek— to have its bones disinterred, for the purpose of their being buried in consecrated ground; and it added that it had been assassinated, and pointed out the place where its body had been concealed. Searches were made in the spot indicated by the ghost, and certainly there was found, two feet below the surface, the skeleton of a female, who appeared to have been shot by six balls, that passed through her chest. On the 14th of February the bones were placed in the Chapel of the Chateau, and, on the 19th, they were enclosed in a coffin and buried in the churchyard, in the presence of an immense crowd. This is a real fact, and every one in that district is talking of it. The Seigneur de Valko, when applied to on the subject, confirmed it by his solemn declaration."

TIGHT LACING.

Tight lacing not only prevents a due development of the muscles by pressure; but, by fixing into one immoveable mass the ribs and vertebrae of the back, which, more especially in youth, should have free motion on each other, makes the whole upper part of the body a dead weight on the vertebrae of the loins, which, in consequence give way to one side or the other, and lateral curvature is produced. Not only does tight lacing act directly in this manner; but indirectly it operates in diminishing muscular vigour, by impeding respiration. It is well known that muscular power bears a relative proportion to the produce of respiration; animals having the highest development of the respiratory organs being the most powerful in muscular force. Tight stays compress the ribs together, and prevent the play of the respiratory muscles. When applied during the growth of the body, they prevent the development of the chest, and thus lay the foundation of many pectoral diseases. The female form, at least in youth, requires no artificial aid to improve it. Who would think of putting stays on a Venus de Medicis?

CHERADE.

Take from my first a little T;
My second comes from Paraguay;
My third is cheerful, bold and free,
And my *fourth* you meet with every day.

MEET ME.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
When each bird is homeward flying,
When bright day is from us dying,
Meet me, fairest one!

When the Sun his course is ending,
When soft dews o'er earth descending,
And each flow'rets head is bending,
Meet me, fairest one!

When the blushing rose is closing,
When the peasant lies reposing,
And calm eve to love disposing,
Meet me, fairest one!

TO MARY.

To thee, to thee alone, I drink!
These tears of roseate vine
Are like, in brightness and in hue,
No lips on earth save thine!
To thee I drink, and in my cup
I see thy face, thy form;
And dearer, as I quaff its tide,
Grows every long-loved charm.

I know that to the yellow leaf
And sear we come at last;
But still the memory will live
Of every beauty past.
And should its character of light
Grow dim, or fade away,
This ruby vine shall, brighter still,
Recall them back to day.

T.

A FRAGMENT.

"He will never do for the sea." Often and often have these words been roared into the ears of my poor old, gouty father (Heaven rest his soul!) but to no effect. "His fine boy should go to sea, and die an admiral." My friends, tired of expostulating with him, began to conceive their attempts would be fruitless; so, by degrees, my father rejoiced at the victory he thus obtained over, as he thought my ill-wishers, if I could judge by a knowing shrug of his brawny shoulders, the which never accompanied his movement when in ill humour. I was a passive observer of their debates; never by any chance deigning to give my opinion upon those subjects. Indeed, I little cared what situation in life I should fill, so as it had some advantages. But, to tell the truth, I never liked the sea, nor was I fit for it. In infancy I was my mother's pet. Being the youngest son, I was indulged more than the rest, and was seldom chided. She died when I attained the age of fourteen years, and left me the possessor of as sentimental a mind as any romantic lady need desire. Possessing all the sympathy and frailty of the female sex, did I see a cut finger I would roar my life out; and I would run miles from the house where the sheep was weekly killed for the family, lest I should hear its

groanings. As an exemplification of my extraordinary soft nature, the following, I hope, will sufficiently prove that when I sighed it was from the heart; no exterior, affected dissimulation, but—

* * * * *

I was three months on board the sloop of war then lying off Sheerness; it was in the May of 17—. We had upwards of thirty pressed men on board; and, owing to many attempts being made by those poor wretches to return to their families, a more than ordinary watch was set over the vessel.

On the evening of the 17th of May, the prisoners having conceded, the ship's crew all went ashore, save myself and a few men who were employed at some fixture in the hold. I was alone, walking the quarter-deck, as stately as the first lieutenant, with my pea-jacket (which, by-the-by, never *smelt* salt water before) wrapped round me. The night was cold and chill, and the heavens were overcast with dark fragments of clouds, through which the large full moon at intervals peered out, shedding her sickly ray o'er the faces of two or three of the captive crew, who sat, speechless and motionless, around the capstan. Naturally a sentimentalist I could *think* in the midst of festivity; but here, where every thing that met my eye and ear tended to heighten the solemnity of the scene: the low-moaning beating of the wind through the rigging—the twinkling of the distant lighthouse—the dashing of the sea, and the shrill whistle of the curlews as they soared over my head, all, all commingling with each other, fixed me stationary; and I leaned on the taffrail for support, my thoughts flying from my present situation back to the time when my poor mother and I sauntered along the garden walks; or when with Emma (for I had a lady-love) I dreamt of future bliss. My mother was gone; Emma was, perhaps, married; and I—I could not bear it—and I mingled my tears with the salt brine.

"Mr. M." said a voice from behind me. This somewhat startled me, and I turned round. A man very respectably dressed (as far as I could perceive) was on his knees before me. He lifted his head, and one of my prisoners displayed his face.

"Rise up, my man," said I, "and say what you want."

"To be let off," said he, half frantic. "My wife, my orphans, will be left destitute."

"And have you children and a wife?" said I.

"Yes," said he; "and a comfortable little property; and what money I have is in the savings bank. But, Sir, my wife, she is dying! She threw her arms about my neck as the gang seized me; it was, it is her last embrace. Oh, Sir! if you have any pity in you!"

"Pity!" said I, putting my hands to my eyes to catch the tears that fell fast. "Pity!"

"Yes," said he; "it all depends on you whether I will get one last look of my wife, or die a wretch—an outcast. And"—here he sobbed bitterly and audibly, and again resumed—"my little daughter, as I was dragged from my own home, caught me by the coat and asked, 'would she wait dinner for me?' Little she knew I was gone for ever; God help me!"

"Stop!" said I, plucking up all the remaining spirit I had, "it would be impossible;" and running from the place where he had yet lingered upon his knees to the wheel, I threw myself against the stern-post, and there endeavoured to give vent to my feelings by a flood of tears.

* * * * *

A few strokes of an oar in the water roused me from my reverie. I turned round suddenly—he was gone! I ran to

the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and arrived in time to see him some yards from the ship's side in company with three others, pulling as hard as if they were running before death. I had not the energy to call up the men from below to give me assistance, or rather I had not the presence of mind; I however, halloed for them when it was too late and the boat was out of sight. I then began to think that the story I was told was fictitious, and in the midst of my sorrow laughed at my own effeminacy. The gratification was, I saved one family from destruction (if his story was true). I dreaded meeting my commander's stern look, and shivered at the thought of being called by my fellow mids, "a green horn." The captain and most of the crew arrived—the watch was changed—the occurrence soon spread through the men—and at last met the captain's ears. I was called up to him. He cursed—I blubbered and stammered out my tale.

He said, "it was his determination to have an inquiry made into the affair, so desired that I should be brought before him the next morning." I passed a sleepless night. Dawn at length came; it was, indeed, a beautiful morning. What a contrast between the serene heavens and my disturbed breast, as Aurora just struck up from her ocean bed—

"Laughing the clouds away with cheerful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb."

God send that such a calm may succeed my troubles, thought I as the boatswain, touching his cap, said that I was wanting in the state-room. I followed him, and in an instant I was arraigned before Captain —.

"Sir" said the Captain, after going through the necessary formula (I will never forget his words)—"Sir," said he, "I have deeply investigated this affair from beginning to end, and find you were to blame throughout; I would award a horse-whipping to you, was it not that I find your feelings got the better of you (those fine feelings won't do aboard ship, my lad) I will, however, write by this night's post to your father to tell him that, if he could honourably bring you home, it would be much more satisfactory, as you will *never* do for the sea." The ship being ordered out next day to join the major part of the fleet that then poured out from the shores of Britain, prevented me from receiving an answer from my father. That same letter was his death blow, for he lingered but a short time afterwards; the last words he repeated were, "Jack—the sea—poor Jack!"—and died.

* * * * *

Peace was proclaimed, and our shattered hulk was towed off Ramsgate. I had got pretty clearly through the heat without a scratch (this was the reason, perhaps, that I was not promoted); had seen my Captain killed; and resolved as soon as I got home, to leave the service; I was sick of it. We had to remain for some time at anchor off the coast, owing to contrary winds, during which we passed our time pleasantly; and what conduced more to our comforts, a hamper of wines of different sorts, with fowl, and other rarities, to a seaman, daily came from the shore, directed to Mr. M— (myself). The person who came with it said he was bound not to tell, so we did not question him further. For hours had I set my wits to work, but was not able to find out. Could it be my father (at that time I did not know he was dead) thought I. No; he was unacquainted with our arrival there. I was as wise when I stopped thinking, as when I began; so I resolved to leave the rest to time, the great exposé. We at length got

into Plymouth Sound. Just as a boat came alongside we slackened sail, and lowered down the ladder, and a tall, thin, decent-looking man came aboard.

"Can you inform me," said he to one of the officers, "is there a gentleman of the name of M—— aboard or has he gone ashore?"

"I am the person," said I, stepping forward.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I should have known you; give me your hand, Sir."

I did accordingly, and he pressed it very warmly.

"You have the advantage of me," said I, as he led me away from the group that occupied the quarter-deck. "I don't remember ever knowing you."

"You should," said he, "you should; but then it was at night. I am the person who has been sending you those trifling presents, now and then," said he.

I stared at him.

"Don't wonder, Sir," continued he "for you have earned double, treble, the amount. Can I do anything for you?"

"Don't leave me in suspense, my good Sir," said I; "tell me the name of the friend who has been so kind to me."

"Do you remember," said he, "the night off Sheerness?"

"The night off Sheerness?" said I. "I do."

"Do you recollect how kindly you acted towards the man that fell at your knees—the pressed man?"

"I remember a man getting off," said I.

"I am he, then," said he, "come to know if you desire anything. Say what you want, and you shall have it."

"I want nothing, thank you," said I.

"Oh, Sir, but you must," said he, returning to the place where the men were waiting for his return; "and here is my card;" and, stepping into the boat, I watched him until his form had dwindled to a speck.

"And this," said I, turning to my brother officer, "is the man who escaped from me the night before we set sail, and the person who has fed us so splendidly since we arrived."

Consternation seized every person; they all said, Never did they see the like. I was happier then than I ever was since or before. But my happiness was not doomed to last long; for I had scarcely arrived, when a letter was put into my hand; it bore a black seal. Who could it be that had died, thought I. I knew it too soon: it was my father! and I was heir to £700 per annum, a yacht, and an artificial pond, made purposely for sailing on. The letter was a month old. I posted home, and found Miss Emma unmarried. 'Twas then I really found I was not fit for the sea.

THE LADIES OF THE VILLAGE.

By an Officer lately quartered in ———r Barracks.

"Well, this certainly is a confounded dull town to be quartered in," said one of the officers, who had just come with his regiment to the cavalry barracks belonging to the old city of ———r, as he rose from a sofa on which he had been lying for the last half hour, reading the third volume of a fashionable novel backwards and smoking cigars. "Horrid dull! I wish it would leave off raining, and then one could get out and admire one self in the puddles! My dear Stafford, how much longer do you intend to stare at that low county paper?"

"I have done," replied the other, taking up the Edinburgh

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Review and offering the Brighton Guardian to his younger brother officer.

"Oh! thanks, I don't want to read it; come put away that book, you are quite clever enough, and tell me some of your numerous flirtations, and how many girls you have sent into consumptions."

"Nonsense, Mackenzie; do take some sensible book, and try and improve your mind," replied Captain Stafford, but, seeing the young Cornet look angry he laughed, and going to a table drawer, took out a sheet of paper on which was written "A list of the young ladies living round ———r."

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed the delighted young Cornet; read it out there's a good fellow, why didn't you tell me of it before; read on, what fun!" and he threw himself on a sofa, while the Captain occupying the other, and employing one hand in caressing his well-cultivated moustache, held the list with the other, and read aloud as follows:—

"List, &c. &c., written for our successors, by the officers of the ———th Hussars.

Though the town of ———r is very dull and there are no good stylish families living in it, yet its streets are very gay on fine days, and as the shops are, we suppose excellent, mammas and their daughters ride, drive, or walk in, on pretence of shopping, but really to see us dear creatures 'the officers.' The three Misses Parsons are our most constant and devoted worshippers; they wear dirty white silk bonnets all the winter, and in a ball-room are very good natured in giving us an ample display of backs and shoulders; their faces are their fortunes, which are, alas! quite third-rate, however, some of our brother officers considered them quite good-looking enough to flirt excessively with; and, as old Parsons was uncommonly civil, and Mrs. P. was always getting up dances to please us and the girls, who by the way, are extremely good natured, somehow or other we always found ourselves there when we had no better engagements. The pretty little Miss Seymour is a dear creature to flirt with, and no ladies are more certain to be seen walking up and down the principal street in ———r than Mrs. and Miss Seymour; she is a lovely girl, dresses well, is devoted to us, fond of balls, and lets one know she sometimes goes to Almacks. Her father is a wild fellow, but takes good care of his daughter, and expects her to make a capital match, though he cannot give her a *sous*. Gives shocking bad dinners, but pretty good wine. By the bye, those happy fellows who are fond of good dinners had better dine at the Price's as often as they can. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Price, their two wild sons, who, by the way, are both in the army, and Miss Price, who is considered perfection by the old birds, who are looking out for a 'catch,' some say they expect a Duke for her mate: but Emma is now seven and twenty, and London, Paris, all the watering-places in Germany, the fashionable towns in Italy, &c. she and her eager parents have visited, but Emma returns home with the simple name of Miss Price. She is a handsome fashionable-looking girl, and looks sweet at all elder sons. She has had singing lessons of all the first teachers at home and abroad, and certainly sings as well as any one can wish. No young lady has been more talked of than Miss Price, on account of her excellent singing, her mother's love of trying to catch heirs, and her father's man-cook. These folks have a happy knack of speaking ill of all their acquaintances—especially when there are any pretty girls in the case. Sir Thomas and Lady Anne Fox have been very civil to us; they have sons and two daughters, who would be rather nice girls, if they were not so blue, and when one is much with them, find them somewhat

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heavy ; and their old cat of a mother looks as if she was always thinking of pounds shillings and pence. We never met any girls worth looking at when we dined at Elm Park, and we were told Lady Anne takes capital care her girls should have no rivals. The only heiresses in the neighbourhood worth speaking of are the Miss Brownes, who really are heiresses and very beautiful girls. We found them exceedingly agreeable and comfortable when we could get near them, which was seldom, as their father had not the civility to call on us, and we only met them at balls, of which they were always the belles ; consequently all the other girls are envious, and the mammas very spiteful and jealous, and never invite the Brownes if they can avoid it. Mr. and Mrs. Browne are the only people in the neighbourhood, and really one may almost say in the world, who do not care to marry their girls. There are two Miss Brownes out, but we hear there are some little buttons in the school-room, who will be as rich and accomplished as the elder ones. We were informed the girls' fortunes come from their maternal grandfather. Mr. Browne may be easily distinguished in a ball-room by his looking as if he were afraid you were going to run off with his girls if you pay them any particular attention ; and he looks as fierce as a lion when you speak to him ; while Mrs. Browne appears as gentle, and pleased and subdued as possible. We were told that single and military men seldom get their legs under Mr. Browne's mahogany. No doubt the Miss Brownes will be all old maids, unless they take it into their pretty heads to kick against the paternal authority. Lady Maria Harris, daughter of the Duke of G——, is a dear puss and uncommonly fond of fun, though she looks as steady and prim as possible, at the same time as she tells you she don't care for ladies' society, and never talks to them. It is very easy to get dinner invitations to G—— Castle, by flattering the Duchess, who is a monstrous fine woman, and amazingly fond of admiration, and leans on one's arm in a very elegant manner. The Duke is an easy-tempered fellow, lets his wife do as she pleases, as he thinks, she has no vice in her ; so, all together, it is pleasant enough going there. The three Misses Birch are always to be seen in —r. The eldest, who is rather a nice girl, is engaged to a young curate, but the two youngest are as ill-bred as possible, and their brother as rough and unpolished a cub as can be ; however, they are civil, and notwithstanding their plebeian appearance and manners, are good-tempered, and very anxious to appear sensible, as they are not pretty or over amiable. Talking of amiability, to those fellows who are in want of good wives and clever housekeepers, we recommend to their notice the two Miss Freely's, who, notwithstanding their somewhat plain faces, are some of the most amiable, agreeable, and accomplished girls we have fallen in with ; and to those who don't care to marry pretty women, the Miss Freely's will suit, we should imagine, in all respects. There are no other girls round —r worth mentioning, and so we conclude our list, wishing our successors as much fun with the Misses Parsons, little Seymour and the Birch girls as we had

—r Barracks, March 1841.

"'Pon honor, one may have rare fun here, then, notwithstanding the dull appearance of the streets !" said young Mackenzie, jumping up and going to the glass. "I feel quite in love with Miss Seymour already ; I wonder which of the officers wrote that account. I shouldn't wonder, after all, if this is not a better place to be quartered in than —m ; I shall go to-morrow and return Mr. Seymour's call, and perhaps I may get a sight of the little beauty ; you had better go to see Miss Price, eh Stafford ?" asked the Cornet of his Captain.

"No thanks, my dear fellow," returned Captain Stafford, yawning, "though I am not a younger son, I should have little chance, I presume, with the ambitious young lady ; but there is no knowing, certainly," said he, as he passed his hand over his handsome visage ; "however, I shall occupy my leisure time in hunting out the pretty young heiresses."

"Ha, ha ! very good, a pretty example you set us," exclaimed Mackenzie. "I wish you good luck, though I fear you will be obliged to content yourself with the Miss Parsons, and then settle down with one of the quiet Miss Freelys. Oh ! what an end to the gallant Captain Stafford."

"Come, come ! Mackenzie, it is time to go to the mess-room."

MUSINGS OF A SOLITARY.

By George W. Burch.

No. III.

A MOUNTAIN WEDDING.

Between two great kingdoms separated by a chain of mountains, there may always be found some wild and rugged spots which the hand of man has never sought to cultivate, and which Nature has delighted to fashion in a way peculiar to herself. And there, too, will often be discovered places equally remarkable for their fertility, into whose secret precincts few steps have ever penetrated, save the sons of the mountain, the adventurous hunter, or the shepherd ; spots so different in their comparison with other more civilized regions, that when presented for the first time to the view of the beholder, fills his mind with the most sublime feelings in the contemplation of wonders, his mind had perhaps never previously conceived. Here we are lost amid the vastness of Nature's works—the mighty rock, stupendous in its height, from whose rugged sides spring forth trees, nodding their rich foliage over some unfathomable abyss whose depths the eye cannot trace ; the towering pine, whose lofty top would seem to woo the clouds, waving their dark forms before the wind, that 'mid the storm hold council in the regions of the air, and spread abroad the thunder of their discourse. Then, as we move on, will break upon the view scenes of a softer nature—glades, the beauty of whose vernal hues can never be surpassed—whose verdant richness, Nature's carpet, to the eye unfolds such charms as it had never looked upon—and wild flowers of every hue, whose fragrance fills the air with fumes so sweet,

—the spicy gale from Araby's fam'd shore could never equal ; the sense becomes half intoxicated, and the eye, delighted with each charm, roams wildly round in silent ecstasy.

Travelling in the Pyrenees across those delicious valleys, that here and there meet the eye so welcomely after having long dwelt on more sublime and wilder objects, we at last came to a village, the picturesque appearance of which as we entered it will never be effaced from my memory ; the name of it I have scarcely retained, and it would be a task of some little difficulty either to write or pronounce it. Some children immediately ran towards us chanting in the same tune a kind of song, and offering bouquets.

An athletic young mountaineer took charge of our horses, and we asked him, "Are we in France or Spain ?"

He answered, "It matters not—you are here."

His naive reply explains the position of this independ-

ent people—this happy and untutored race, who own no other master than God, no chiefs but the old men and their pastors.

They knew but the name of one earthly being—that was Henry the Fourth; tradition had preserved it to them, and that this prince had once been, like themselves, a mountaineer.

This poor country had, however, like other parts of the creation, been favoured; its daily sun, and the orbs that rule the night—the fresh gale of the morning and the fragrance of eve, its fruits, its fountains, its tears, its songs, its mournings and its love. It had no army, but no war—no commerce, but no taxes—no talent, but no envy; in a word, civilization had not enriched it with all our social miseries.

The hour was advanced, and the night dark and stormy, making our return extremely hazardous, so we resolved to spend the intervening hours beneath one of their humble roofs, under the shelter of a large tree; and in the interval which succeeded, while a young blooming girl went to gather wild cherries from the woods, and procure goat's milk and trout from the lower rocks for our meal, we had time to examine the wonderful phenomena by which we were surrounded. A man whose face of swarthy hue, betokening long exposure to the sun's rays, but whose features were of a remarkably fine cast and regular in expression, pointed out to us the most prominent wonders of the neighbourhood. The spot from the summit of a mountain covered with snow had the appearance of a valley of flowers, and after a perilous ascent, where the heights were tipped with waving firs, we gazed on it as we should a lake blue as the heavens of an Italian sky. We asked for guides for the following day, and were given to understand, by the peasant who had accompanied us, that all the young men were retained for the affianced bride, who was to be given away on the next morning, "Why, how many suitors does she require?" we asked. "All—all the young men in the village," replied our peasant with the sun-burnt face; and he gave us a very curious description of the ceremony about to take place.

Everything we heard was deeply interesting, because entirely new, nature is ever new; the harmony of feathered song never grows old. This simple people had never acquired much, and had lost less; they are entirely ignorant of that march of intellect of which we are so proud. What are our developments of genius to them, our modern improvements—can they be made happier than they are, or love more than they love?

Their country, their climate is all to them—their sole element. Leave them the swan on their lakes, the stag in their forests—the mountaineer to his peculiar haunts, there he is full of life, strength, energy and grace, he bounds from rock to rock over the gloomy abyss, stems the mountain torrent—but he stumbles o'er our smooth pavements, and would be immersed in the untroubled streams that gird our cities.

Near us stood trembling, supported by a staff, a venerable peasant of an hundred years. We asked him the news. He replied, "We travel with ease over yonder summit, but when we reach the valley, we can travel no more: the force of habit is almost inexplicable.

The notes of our observation, without losing any of its force, now changed its object; the spirit of adventure for a time gave place to a desire to witness the primitive customs of the inhabitants, pure in their tendency as the crystal streams that flowed from their rocks—customs sentient and unalterable as the masses of granite that surround their valleys. At the earliest dawn on the following morning, we were awakened by the thundering echoes proceeding from the rifles of the hunters.

The mountain was beginning to become a scene of unusual animation; here and there might be seen descending light troops of young men resembling infantry, staff in hand, with the Spanish girdle and large peasant's bonnet to shield them from the rays of the sun. The young girls assembling from their respective habitations, united in lovely groups, saluting each other with marks of the warmest affection, their heads graceful, surrounded by chaplets of wild flowers, fresh culled from the fissures of the rocks. The charming cortège was soon formed, and divided into two bands, the one consisting of the young girls, and the other formed of the gay swains, competitors for the hand of the affianced one—all pressed gaily on, chaunting to a lively air one of their native songs. Suddenly the procession halted, and the singing ceased—the dazzling crowd passed beneath the green shade of a clump of trees, and all knelt before a rough-hewn cross, situate adjacent to a precipice, then rising with shouts and leaps, and every other demonstration of joy, they formed in a body, and descended the sides of the mountain like the stray flowers swept on by the fury of the overwhelming torrent. The old men, ever seeming eager and gratified with the proceedings, arrived first at the seat of action, impatiently awaiting the coming of the youthful train. Young children, with a strength and agility which astonished us, climbed the trees and sat perched amid the umbrageous foliage, intently watching the proceedings beneath; so that the ceremony was presided over by wisdom and innocence.

At the roll of the drum the young men ranged on one side, and the girls on the other in parallel lines; the movement was almost magical in its execution, the wand of a fairy is less than the rattan of the drummer in this case. The affianced bride then advanced to the head of her young companions; on the opposite side the swains marched to the sound of the hautboys, and the whole scene resembled a young queen surrounded by her attendant courtiers on some occasion of public festivity, or a regiment slowly defiling before its colonel, surrounded by his staff-major.

The first of those who passed in this kind of review order was a fine robust young mountaineer, athletic and handsome; his fancy costume glittered with the numerous gay ribbons tastefully arranged about his person, and this, together with his graceful form, made him a very conspicuous object in the eyes of many a fair mountain maid, who looked on the young man with glances by no means difficult to interpret.

The father of the affianced presented him, saying "Will you wed this young man?" To which she replied with great naïveté, "No!" He presented a second—no; a third, the same reply. And all were in turn presented with the like success, she sometimes smiling, now blushing—now with an air of coquetry as they passed her by in their respective turns.

The crowd remained mute and expectant, and every eye was fixed on the young girl to see in what manner she tendered her refusal, whether when she said no, her eyes should give the contradiction to her tongue. I was astonished at the delicate way in which she veiled her sentiments, and at the moment I was inclined to believe coquetry a native grace rather than a defect invented at once as the charm, and the torment of society. After several negatives pronounced in a sweet tone of voice she at last gave her denial in a way so loud and determined, that all were startled. She by this means found an opportunity to revenge herself on a young priest, to whom her father had promised her hand for nearly a year previous. Then came a modest huntsman—he was gently refused; then his companion;

so all, until the very last, who, conscious of his success, advanced with an air of embarrassment, and the question being put, the anxiously-expected—yes was given, and the happy pair embraced each other in an ecstasy of love. Loud shouts proclaimed the happy result, and amid the congratulations of their friends, they advanced to the church.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

There are very few noblemen, of this or any other country, who occupy so proud, so high, or so enviable a station in society, as that which is enjoyed by the present subject of our notice. The Marquess of LANSDOWNE is the Lord President of Her Majesty's Council; and being placed in that office gives him the same exalted rank amongst the peerage of England, that is possessed by the individual amongst the gentry of England, who is appointed Speaker of the House of Commons. The one is at the head of the Nobility, as the other is of the Commons. The dignified manners, the gallant bearing, the generous courtesy, of the Noble Marquess, peculiarly suit him for the office assigned to him by his generous Sovereign; for he is, in looks and in language equally, the worthy representative of the dignified barons of the greatest country in the world.

It has been the good fortune of the Marquess of LANSDOWNE to have served the Sovereigns of England in various offices of great importance: for instance, his Lordship has been a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and also Secretary of State for the Home Department; while, as a Member of the Lower House, he was greatly distinguished, even among the greatest men of the day, as Lord HENRY PETTY. How well he has filled those offices, and what satisfaction he has given, alike to the country to whose advantage he devoted himself, and to the Monarchs, as whose minister he acted, it is sufficient to say of him, that he has been decorated with the highest rank of knighthood—namely, that of the Order of the Garter.

As a member of the House of Lords, his Lordship frequently gives forth his opinions, and by his high and elevated tone of eloquence, pure, correct, and classical, he most strongly reminds his hearers of that Augustan age in British oratory, when Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, took part in the debates.

We cannot omit noticing, as peculiarly applicable to this periodical, this trait in his Lordship's character: that his mansion in Wiltshire, as well as his house in town, are the abodes of tasteful as well as generous hospitality. To be invited to one of the Marquess of LANSDOWNE's fêtes is, in itself, the stamp of fashion, and secures to the stranger who is honoured by it, the right of being received in the very highest ranks of society. We may observe, too, that his Lordship is a most generous patron of literature; and there can be no doubt that he will be, in after time, recognized as the kindly Mæcenas of him whom we may term "the Irish Horace"—Tom Moore. But it does not require the great genius of a Moore to elicit his Lordship's generosity; for we have heard of many acts of munificence to those whose talents were great, but not so great,

as their misfortunes, and his aid, when required, has never been refused to them. We are conscious that these few lines may appear to be an eulogy. We cannot avoid it, for it is the truth, and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

The following will give an account of the ancestors of this nobleman:—

LANSDOWNE, Marquess of (Henry Fitzmaurice Petty, D. C. L., F. R. S.) Earl of Wycombe, Viscount Calne and Calstone, and Baron Wycombe, of Chipping Wycombe, in the county of Bucks in the peerage of Great Britain; Earl of Kerry, and Earl of Shelburne, Viscount Clanmaurice and Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry, Lixnaw, and Dunkerron, in the peerage of Ireland; born 2d of July, 1780; married 30th of March, 1808, Louisa Emma, fifth daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, by whom he has issue,

WILLIAM THOMAS, Earl of Kerry, born 30th of March, 1811.

Henry, born 5th January, 1816.

Louisa, born 20th January, 1813.

His lordship succeeded to the English honours, and the Irish earldom of Shelburne, with the viscounty of Fitzmaurice, and the barony of Dunkerron, upon the demise of his half brother, on the 15th November, 1809; and to the earldom of Kerry, &c., at the decease of his cousin, Francis Thomas, third Earl of Kerry, on the 4th July, 1818.

LINEAGE.—THOMAS, twenty-first baron, who was created, on the 17th January, 1792, Viscount Clanmaurice and Earl of Kerry. His lordship married in 1692, Anne, only daughter of Sir William Petty, physician-general to the army in Ireland, in 1652 (so celebrated for his extraordinary talents and surprising fortune. In December, 1664, Sir William undertook the survey of Ireland; and, in March, 1666, he had completed the measurement of two millions and eight thousand acres of forfeited lands, for which, by contract, he was to receive one penny per acre, and did actually acquire an estate of £6000 a year. This eminent and distinguished person died of a gangrene in his foot, on the 16th December, 1687.) The earl of Kerry had issue five sons and three daughters.

The Hon. JOHN FITZMAURICE, having inherited the Petty estates, upon the demise of his maternal uncle, Henry, Earl of Shelburne, in April, 1751, (when that earldom expired,) assumed the surname and arms of Petty, and was advanced to the peerage of Ireland on the 7th of October, 1751, by the titles of Baron Dunkerron and Viscount Fitzmaurice. His lordship was further promoted, on the 26th June, 1753, to the Earldom of Shelburne. He married in 1734, his first cousin, Mary, daughter of the Hon. William Fitzmaurice, of Gallane, in the county of Kerry, by whom he had issue, WILLIAM, his successor; and Thomas, who married Mary, Countess of Orkney, a peeress in her own right. The Earl of Shelburne was enrolled amongst the peers of Great Britain, on the 17th of May, 1760, as Baron Wycombe, of Chipping Wycombe, and dying on the 10th of May, 1761, was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, second Earl of Shelburne, a general officer in the army, and a distinguished statesman, in the last reign (George the Third.) In 1782, his lordship, after the decease of the Marquess of Rockingham, (under whom he filled the office of secretary for foreign affairs,) was nominated prime minister, and on the 30th November, 1784, advanced to the dignities of Earl of Wycombe, in the county of Bucks, Viscount Calne and Calstone, and Marquess of LANSDOWNE, in the county of Somerset. The marquess married first, in 1765, Sophia,

daughter of John, Earl Granville, by whom he left one son, John, his successor; and, secondly, in 1779, Louisa, daughter of John, (Fitzpatrick,) Earl of Upper Ossory, by whom he had one son, HENRY, present marquess, and a daughter, Louisa, who died young. His lordship died in May, 1805, and was succeeded by his elder son,

JOHN, second Marquess, who married 27th May, 1805, Lady Gifford, relict of Sir Duke Gifford, of Castle Jordan, in Ireland; but, dying without issue, in 1809, the honours devolved upon his half-brother, Lord HENRY PETTY, present peer.

A TRUE SKETCH.

Oh, world! my spirit pants to fly
For ever from thy strife,
And seek a home where *worth* and truth
Lend all their charms to life;
Where round the *mourner* each would fly,
To stay the starting tear,
And bid the care-worn, hapless one
No change of love to fear.

'Tis not so here! I saw a girl
On whom the world had smiled;
So beautiful her lot, she seem'd
Fortune's adopted child.
The prais'd, the beautiful, the lov'd!
She never dream'd of change;
Nor thought the friends that round her clung,
From sorrow's cloud could range.

Her's was a bright, a peaceful lot;
She ne'er had known that care
Could come (like mildew on the rose)
And leave it, blighted, there.
A few short months had pass'd away;
Again I saw that brow;
How alter'd was that laughing eye!
Tears gather in it now!

An outcast on this heartless world;
Friends—fortune—all had fled!
And left her, sorrowing and alone,
To mourn the *lost*—the dead!
And *he* to whom her love had clung,
Since childhood's golden hours;
He who had *fed* her *fondest hopes*—
Now, crush'd those air-built towers.

'Twas the *last* stroke that Fate could give!
It drew her soul from earth:
She, lingering, bid the world adieu,
And hail'd her second birth!
A marble stone is *all* that world
(Poor recompense!) has given,
To mark how much of blighted hope
Has sought a rest in Heaven!

M. S. H.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Semiramide* is one of the best revivals that the manager could have produced, being, unquestionably, the most beautiful of Rossini's works: it was originally produced by him during the Carnival at Venice, in the year 1823, and abounds with the most exquisite melodies. There is scarcely a note or bar that is not familiar to us, from its frequent performance in the drawing-room or at concerts. When first produced in this country, in 1824, the principal parts were played by PASTA, REMORINI, Madame VESTRIS, and GARCIA; we cannot but prefer, in many respects the cast of the present season, with GRISI, TAMBURINI, PAULINE GARCIA, and FLAVIO. The *Semiramis* of GRISI is, to our taste, the best of her parts, whether in her exquisite singing or her admirable acting, it leaves nothing to be desired; and the frequent and unanimous applause that was bestowed upon her exertions, testified the sensation she had excited in the audience. PAULINE GARCIA also acquitted herself most excellently of the very difficult part of *Arsace*. Her pure contralto notes have the fullest opportunity for display, and she shewed herself quite at home in the part. TAMBURINI and FLAVIO also exerted themselves with much spirit. The beautiful cavatina, *Ah quel giorno* went excellently; so also did the celebrated duet *Bella imago degli dei*, the well-known cavatina and chorus, *Bel Raggio, lusinghieri* is one of the chief features of the opera, and was certain to be encored; the admirable way in which it was given fully deserving a compliment unfortunately too frequently bestowed, when we consider the heavy exertions of an opera like *Semiramide*. Nothing could surpass the charming manner in which the whole of the *Quintetto e finale* of the first act *Giuri Ogni*, was sung; the various movements were given with the utmost care and attention; and the drilling of the chorus might almost have awakened the envy of a German chorus master. The principal pieces in the second act are the duet, *Se la vita*, the aria, *La speranza più soave*, the air, *Ah la sorte*, the preghiera, *Al mio pregar*, and the terzetto, *Lusato Ardèr*. More than usual pains seemed to us to have been bestowed upon the revival of this opera, since we have seldom seen an opera go so well. It is true the cast was highly efficient; but still there was a precision about the chorus, and a delicacy and attention about the accompaniments, that proved that more than usual exertions were bestowed upon it. We believe that the Queen was very anxious that the *Semiramide* should be revived; and, in deference to Her Majesty's excellent taste, no exertions were spared to give it in the most perfect shape; and, certainly, it has never been better if so well played before. CERITO has made another venturous bound, and with complete success. To essay TAGLIONI's chief part showed she had made no small progress in the good favour of the subscribers; and, certainly, after TAGLIONI, CERITO, is the best of *Sylphides*; her light, easy, graceful style of dancing is admirably suited to the *Sylphide*. In the first act, where she plays around *Donald*, her acting was admirable, displaying far greater talent as a pantomimist than we had given her credit for. In the second act she introduced a new *pas* of her own composition; it has much originality, and told extremely well with the audience; indeed, we have never seen CERITO to so much advantage as in this ballet; it is by far the best ballet of the class, being composed by the late celebrated tenor, ADOLPHE NOUBERT, and has been the source whence many ballets have since sprung, but most of them want the admirably arranged action of the

original. There is a great deal of dancing, and not more than a sufficient plot to serve as a vehicle for the dancing. In France, where the ballet is frequently played first, a long ballet of action is quite in place; but in this country, where it rarely commences much before eleven o'clock, a short, well-condensed plot, with plenty of dancing, is just the thing for the audience, and the *Sylphide* is quite a ballet to their tastes. GUY STEPHAN also appeared, and danced with much grace and spirit; she is also rising rapidly in favour, and well deserves to do so; for she is really an excellent dancer.

RACHEL's appearance in *Marie Stuart* seems to have excited more than ordinary attention, since the house, on the night she first appeared in that play, was densely crowded in every part. It has been said to be her best part; and we admit that it possesses many very great beauties. The declamatory style of Racine's plays suited RACHEL well; there is a lofty dignity about them that is quite in character with her style of acting, and the full, sonorous sweep of the verses is also equally in keeping with her manner. In *Marie Stuart* we have an entirely different style of acting; the play is not moulded in the same form; it is strictly of the German school, and Lebrun has engrafted German thoughts and actions upon English characters, an association not altogether natural; still the play is an excellent one; it is an acting play; the scenes are mostly contrived for effect, and are arranged in a very masterly manner. Where it lacks somewhat is in the language; it wants the bold character and stately dignity of Racine. There is, however, much felicity of expression; the ideas are often very good, and tell with thrilling effect. RACHEL's acting in this play is truly beautiful. The whole of the last act, in particular, was admirably played; her acting was indeed the perfection of acting, if such it were, but she must feel much, we are convinced she works her feelings up to the point she wishes to imitate, and leaves the rest to nature. Her interview with *Elizabeth* is one of the most celebrated scenes in the play; the indignant tone of horror with which she exclaims, "*C'en est trop!*" and the change of tone and gesture where *Elizabeth* pursues the insult, and *Marie* exclaims, in a tone of mixed indignity and expostulation, "*Oh, ma sœur!*" was exquisitely given, and drew down quite a storm of approbation. To those who have not seen RACHEL, *Marie Stuart* affords an excellent opportunity, as showing the various points of her acting; but to be well appreciated she should be seen both in *Marie Stuart* and the more severe tragedies of Racine.

The part of *Queen Elizabeth* was played by Madame IRMA LAPORTE, and who we much regret so seldom affords us an opportunity of noticing her. She is one of the best actresses the French stage has ever produced; and most of our readers must remember her very clever and spirited performances when the French Company was playing at the Olympic a few years since. Her performance in *Marie Stuart* elicited very frequent applause. There is much ease and finish about her acting, and she looked the Queen to perfection, save that history never made *Elizabeth* half so good-looking as her representative. Mlle. LARCHE, as *Anna Kennedy*, most materially assisted the success of the play. Her acting in the last scene was played with excellent judgment; and the effect where she clings to her ill-fated mistress, was highly effective.

Roberto Devereux was played in Paris, at the Odeon, by the Italian Opera Company, the season before last, being then received with considerable applause. The story is one well known in English history, being that of the ill-fated Earl of Essex,

who was beheaded by *Elizabeth* in 1601. The plot is well written, and though not quite according to history, is sufficiently near for an Italian opera. The music, like most of Donizetti's, is unequal; it contains some most beautiful passages, written with all the vigour and happiness of thought in which he so much excels. Occasionally, however, we are reminded of passages somewhat familiar to the ear; but still it will rank as one of his best operas, and is likely to be far more successful than most of the productions we have heard lately. There are excellent parts for GRISI, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, and GRANCHI. GRISI, in particular, has an excellent part, and no one knows better how to make the most of it. Indeed, so admirably played and sung, *Roberto Devereux* could not be otherwise than highly successful, had its own merits been even less than they are.

TAGLIONI returns to delight us again in the *Gitana*, having made quite a *furor* at Milan, the papers of which seem quite puzzled how to find out "choice Italian," to laud her sufficiently; they almost beat "Brother Jonathan:" one says, "she is lively, elegant, and light to an incomprehensible extent," and "that she has the form attributed by the Grecian artists to the Muses." We are, however, right glad to find her once more returned. She is the very life and spirit of the ballet; and, whether in her *piquante mazurka*, or more expensively dressed *cachoucha*, she is all that we wish, or imagine as beautiful, in her art.

HAYMARKET.—*Marie Ducange* still continues its attraction. It is one of those characters in which CELESTE is seen to the best advantage, and where she has every scope for the display of her powerful acting. The story is happily conceived, and the working out is very well managed. The interest gradually increases, and we feel, as the piece proceeds, as much anxiety for the heroine as those who are endeavouring to effect her return to reason. CELESTE's acting is excellent throughout, and the scene where her husband returns was beautifully played. WEBSTER has a part which he plays with much ability, and in which the actor does far more than the author. In any other hands we scarcely know if it would have been safe. WEBSTER always makes the most of his characters, and, in the present instance, he has shown how much may be done by tact and judgment. The new play of *Belford Castle*, or *the Scottish Gold Mine*, is the production of Mr. LUNN, and is written for the display of Mr. MAYWOOD's talents as a Scotchman. The piece was very successfully received; it is intended to show a Scotchman in the most favourable light—rich, liberal, and good-tempered; dispensing favours with no niggard hand, and profuse to a degree only to be met with in plays where thousands and thousands are so easily represented, the notes not being payable on demand. The plot is interesting; somewhat, in the old fashioned school, when, by-the-by, the best plays were written; but when it was also the fashion to make the characters so outrageously virtuous, as to form perfect models of propriety. The present work is very cleverly written, and contains some very effective situations. Mr. MAYWOOD is the best, indeed, we may say, the only, Scotchman upon the stage; his acting in *Belford Castle* is excellent, and well deserved the applause it received.

CHARLES KEAN and ELLEN TREE have been so successful, that the manager has renewed their engagements. The houses are always crowded on the nights they play. *Hamlet*, *The Stranger*, *Macbeth*, &c., have been performed. It is rarely we see tragedies so well played as they now are here. The size

of the house is so well suited to ELLEN TREE's style of acting ; we miss nothing ; all the points tell with the best effect.

It is reported that a new play by SHERIDAN KNOWLES is to be shortly produced, in which CHARLES KEAN and ELLEN TREE are to play the principal characters.

THE COURT.

On Tuesday, June 1st, Her Majesty and Prince Albert, attended by a numerous suite, proceeded from Windsor Castle to Eton College, and honoured the Montem Festival with their presence.

The Royal party returned to Windsor Castle to luncheon, after which Her Majesty and Prince Albert, followed by the Princess Royal, and suite, left the Castle, and arrived at Buckingham Palace at half-past 6 o'clock.

Her Majesty held a Court on Thursday afternoon, June 3d, at Buckingham Palace, and in the evening of the same day the Queen gave a State Ball (the second this season) at Buckingham Palace, which was attended by all the Diplomatic Corps, and several hundreds of the Nobility.

The arrangements for dancing were similar to those at the last ball. The Queen commenced by dancing with Prince George of Cambridge. At half-past two o'clock Her Majesty and Prince Albert retired from the State-rooms.

The Queen held a Privy Council on Friday, June 4th, at Buckingham Palace, which was attended by His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Officers of State, when a new five-pound gold piece was submitted to Her Majesty, and approved of.

The Queen and Prince Albert left town on Monday, June 7th, in a carriage and four, for Windsor Castle.

Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert honoured the races at Ascot Heath with their presence, on Tuesday, June 8th. The Royal party occupied eight carriages and four, and left the Castle at a quarter past 12 o'clock, and returned at a quarter to six o'clock.

On Wednesday, June 9, His Royal Highness Prince Albert inspected the 11th Hussars, at Hounslow.

On Thursday, June 10th, the Queen and Prince Albert, attended by their distinguished visitors again honoured Ascot Heath Races with their presence.

On Friday, June 11th, the Queen and Prince Albert arrived in town from Windsor Castle, followed by the Princess Royal, and suite. Her Majesty and the Prince honoured the German Opera, at Drury Lane, with their presence in the evening.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace on Monday June 14th, at 20 minutes before ten in the morning, in an open carriage and four, for Nuneham, Oxfordshire, the seat of his Grace the Archbishop of York, where they remained until Wednesday, the 16th, when they returned to town, accompanied by the Royal Suite, and arrived at Buckingham Palace, at 5 minutes, before 4 o'clock.

On Thursday, the 17th, Her Majesty held a Drawing-room at St. James's.

Her Majesty in person prorogued Parliament, on Tuesday, June 22d, preparatory to its immediate dissolution. On no previous occasion since Her Majesty's accession to the throne has this imposing ceremony excited a more general or a more lively degree of interest. At 12 o'clock admission to the body

of the house and to the galleries was given to those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets, and for more than an hour afterwards groups of ladies, attired in all the variety and elegance of fashion, continued to arrive. So crowded was the assemblage that several of the fair visitants were obliged to be content with standing-room. Silks and satins were much worn, in many instances exquisitely embroidered with gold or silver. The prevailing colour was white ; but the scene was agreeably relieved by dresses of pale blue, pink, purple, light yellow, and pearl colour. The ornaments of the hair were chastely elegant. Bandeaux were very generally worn, composed of diamonds, pearls, or delicate gold filagree-work. Feathers were not much patronized. Necklaces, of the most costly materials and the greatest variety of design, met the eye in every direction. The attendance of peers was unusually numerous. Many of their lordships, who could not obtain seats, congregated around the table of the house, so that the clerks found it very difficult to make their obeisances to the Sovereign, according to the form, before the Royal assent is announced to the bills awaiting that final proceeding. The rich and fanciful dresses of the ladies, the gay costumes of the members of the *corps diplomatique* (of which body there was a very strong muster, not a few of them wearing glittering orders and decorations) and the flowing scarlet robes of the peers (such of them as are knights displaying the collars of their respective orders) relieved by their distinctive bars of ermine, formed, in combination, a scene surpassingly magnificent.

At a quarter past 2 o'clock the discharge of artillery and the flourish of trumpets announced Her Majesty's approach. She soon afterwards entered the house, preceded by heralds and pursuivants, as Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal bearing his baton of office, the Lord Chancellor bearing the great seal, the Earl of Shaftesbury the cap of maintenance, Viscount Melbourne the sword of state, and the Earl of Errol the imperial crown on a cushion of crimson velvet. Her Majesty was conducted to the throne by Prince Albert, who then took a seat in a chair of state on the left of Her Majesty. The great officers of state arranged themselves to the right and left of the throne. The robe of the Queen was composed of white satin, richly embroidered and trimmed with gold lace, over which one of her attendants adjusted the state mantle of crimson velvet. She wore a tiara, necklace, earrings, and stomacher of costly brilliants. She appeared to be in perfect health. That she is so, the manner in which Her Majesty sustained the fatigues of the preceding day at Woolwich, and the ease with which she performed her part in the ceremonial on this occasion, sufficiently testify. Her Majesty was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland. Prince Albert wore a field marshal's uniform, with the collar and riband of the Order of the Garter ; he also displayed on his breast several stars and decorations.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AT WOOLWICH.

At about ten minutes past 5 o'clock on Wednesday, June 23d, the Widgeon came alongside the wharf, at Woolwich, having on board, and standing on deck under an awning, his Majesty King Leopold and the Queen of the Belgians. Her Majesty held by the hand a beautiful boy apparently about five years old, the Duke de Brabant, the King's heir to the throne. The Earl of Morley, Lord Poltimore, and Lord Bloomfield, went on board to receive His Majesty's commands, and in a few minutes the Royal party landed, the band playing the national anthem, and the foot artillery forming a guard of honour. A salute from the park battery announced the arrival of the Royal

personages to the inhabitants of Woolwich, who were taken by surprise, few having anticipated another royal visit before the week had ended. On their Majesties being handed to one of the Royal carriages by the noblemen who received them, they immediately proceeded for Buckingham Palace, having only two outriders and two of her Majesty's servants in scarlet liveries in close attendance, the Royal Artillery escort being dispensed with. The Earl of Morley and Lord Poltimore followed at a short distance in the other carriage.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.—At Brussels, the lady of Sir G. HAMILTON SEYMOUR, Her Majesty's Minister, of a son.—At Fera Cottage, Lady KINNAIRD, of a son.—In Eaton Place, the lady of T. W. BRAMSTON, Esq., M.P., of a son.—In New Street, Spring Gardens, Lady SOPHIA HOARE, of a daughter.—At Mottisfont Abbey, the lady of Sir J. B. MILL, Bart., of a son, still born.—At York, the Hon. Mrs. HENRY TURNOR, of a son.

MARRIAGES.—At St. Bride's, Fleet Street, EDWARD GRAHAM, Esq., second son of Sir Robert Graham, Bart., of Esk, Cumberland, to Mrs. HENDERSON, widow of the late Charles Henderson, Esq., of St. John's Terrace, Oxford.—At Aston, Herts, CHARLES STANLEY, Esq., cousin of the Earl of Derby, to ELIZABETH ROSAMOND, widow of R. H. STANHOPE, Esq., Commander, R. N., nephew of the late Earl of Harrington.—At Valletta, Captain ROBERT SPENCER ROBINSON, R. N., son of the late Rev. Sir John Robinson, Bart, Rokeby Hall, Ireland, to CLEMENTINA, daughter of Sir JOHN LOUIS, Bart., of Cadwell, and Rear Admiral, Superintendent of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Malta.—At Trinity Church, EDWARD, third son of Sir CHARLES ETHELSTONE NIGHTINGALE, Bart., to ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. Paice, of Ramsbury, Wilts.—At the Duke of Bedford's mansion, in Belgrave Square, the Lady CAROLINE STANHOPE, sister of the Earl of Harrington, to Mr. EDWARD AYSHFORD SANFORD, M.P. for West Somersetshire. The Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope officiated at the ceremony. The bridesmaids were, Lady Jane Fitzgerald, Hon. Miss Foley, Hon. Miss Kinnaird, Miss Sanford, Miss Stanhope, Miss Russell, the youthful daughter of Lord John Russell. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex gave away the bride. A sumptuous *dejeuner* was given by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford on the happy occasion, and was served up in a princely style in the grand saloon to a circle of upwards of seventy. Immediately after the ceremony, the honourable gentleman and lady left town for Woburn Abbey, Beds., the seat of the Duke of Bedford, to pass the honeymoon.

DEATHS.—On the 1st instant, at Gibraltar, Sir DAVID WILKIE, the celebrated painter. It would appear that his death was sudden, as no account had been received of his illness. He was on his return from Egypt, where he had passed some time in examining the venerable ruins of that ancient country—not only with a view to gratify a laudable curiosity, but also to enable him, at some future period, we believe, to lay the result of his labours before the public, but they have been speedily cut short by the hand of death. During his visit he had frequent interviews with Mehemet Ali, with whom he is said to have been a great favourite, and had taken one of the best likenesses of his Highness, with a view of having it engraved

in England. We trust the painting was in such a state of forwardness as will enable an engraver to carry the original design into effect. The loss of Sir David Wilkie will be felt, not only in this country, but throughout Europe and America. His "Rent Day," "Blindman's Buff," "Penny Wedding," "Chelsea Pensioners," and many other now standard works of art, are as well known and as much admired in foreign countries as in his native land, and will render his name immortal. He came to London when he was about twenty years of age, and exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, in 1806. One great painting followed another in rapid succession, and in a few years he reached the height of his fame. Latterly his productions have been far inferior to those which brought him so justly into notice. Sir David was fifty-six years of age at his death. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, minister of the parish of Oults, in Fifeshire, and was born in 1785. He was knighted in 1836, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1810, and a Royal Academician in 1812. He was lately appointed principal painter in ordinary to Her Majesty.—At Sudbrook Park, the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WILMOT HORTON, Bart. The deceased had been for some time in a very precarious state of health; but his medical attendants had not anticipated so early a termination of his illness.—At Portsmouth, Rear Admiral SAMUEL MOTTLEY.—At St. Peterburgh, Admiral Sir GEORGE MONTAGUE HAMILTON.—At his residence, in Wyndham-place, Sir GEORGE TINTÉ, Bart. The deceased baronet was son of Mr. Marcus A. Tinté, third son of the sixth baronet, and was born in 1778. In 1805 he succeeded his uncle in the family honours, and in 1807 married Mrs. Woodhall, widow of Major Woodhall, by whom he leaves issue a family of six children—four sons and two daughters.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

I deem'd you lov'd me, for your eye
Would fondly rest on me;
I deem'd you lov'd me, for your sigh
Would breathe—your cheek would be
Ting'd with a crimson, if I came
Across your path by chance;
And then what thoughts, without a name,
Spoke in your hurried glance!

I deem'd you loved me, for I knew
How in my heart I shrined you—
How in each gentle, tenderest clue
Of fancy I entwined you;
I deem'd you loved, because I saw
Your actions like my own—
Your eye had my heart's timid awe,
Your voice my trembling tone.

I deem'd you loved—I ne'er had loved
Until that feeling burst—
Beautiful, glorious, tried and proved,
The passionate, the first.
I deem'd you loved—I was deceived!
My dream of bliss is past;
Those only know like me bereaved,
Such First love is the Last!



*Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St James
Fashionable Head Dresses 1711*



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1811 Morning & Evening Dresses









The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1941.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of black embroidered *tulle*, over rose-coloured *pou de soie*. The *corsage* is pointed at bottom, and draped with rose-coloured folds at top. Short sleeve, finished in the *demi Venetian* style, and looped with a rose; another is placed in the drapery of the bosom. The front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with a fold of rose-coloured *pou de soie* on each side; it is entwined with black lace, headed by roses. The hair is dressed in a profusion of loose ringlets at the sides, with tufts of roses placed among them.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—India muslin *robe-redingote*, lined with blue marcelline, and trimmed *en revers* down the front of the skirt with embroidery and rosettes of blue ribbon. Tight *corsage*, partially covered by a *canezou* trimmed with lace, and demi large sleeve over a tight silk one; the cuff and *mancheron* are finished with lace. Rice straw bonnet, trimmed with a lace *voilette*, and a wreath of roses of various hues.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Straw-coloured taffetas robe, *corsage tendu*, and long, tight sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with three tucks, each edged with *éfilé*. Lilac *pou de soie* scarf trimmed with two rows of *bouillonnée*, and edged with a *volant*. Pink crape *chapeau*, a round, small, and very open shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and roses.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Shot silk robe; a short *corsage*; the pelerine bordered with *éfilé*, and terminated by fancy silk ornaments. The sleeve is tight at the lower part; the top is arranged in two full *bouffants*, by silk bands and *brandebourgs* corresponding with those on the pelerine; a row of the same is disposed down the centre of the *tablier*, the sides of which are bordered with *éfilé*. *Chapeau of oiseau pou de soie*, trimmed in a novel style with the same material, and flowers to correspond.

FIG. 2.—Pink *organdy* robe; *corsage à plis*, made quite up to the throat, and trimmed on the upper part of the bust, with three rows of lace placed at regular distances. Demi long sleeve. The skirt is trimmed round the border with tucks edged with lace. The bonnet gives a side view of Fig. 1. Black lace scarf.

FIG. 3.—Robe of shot *pou de soie*, the border trimmed with *bouillonnée*, cut in close rows; *corsage en V*, half high, trimmed with *bouillonnée*. *Demi-gigot* sleeve. *Chapeau* of rice straw, an open and rather large shape; the interior trimmed with flowers; the exterior, with two *plumes tordues*. White silk scarf.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Nankin pelisse robe; a high *corsage*, and demi-large sleeve; the skirt is embroidered round the border, and up the sides of the front, in silk, to correspond. White *pou de soie* bonnet; a round and rather close shape; the exterior very full, trimmed with lace and pink ribbon.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Cambric frock; drawn body, and short, full sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with tucks edged with lace. Pantaloon *en suite*. Lilac *pou de soie* bonnet, trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pink *barégés* robe; *corsage à coulisse*, and demi-large sleeve; the skirt is trimmed with bias tucks. Scarf of green *pou de soie*, ornamented with black lace *en application*. White crape *chapeau*, a small round shape, decorated with white and green ribbons, and shaded feathers.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Blue *pou de soie* pelisse robe; half-high *corsage*, and *manche à bouillons*, ornamented with fancy silk buttons; the pelerine and front of the skirt are trimmed with black lace, and a row of fancy silk buttons marks the centre of the latter. *Chapeau* of rice straw, the exterior trimmed with a party-coloured feather; the interior, with a *fichu* and tassels of silk net.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Green *gros de Naples* pelisse robe; tight *corsage* and sleeves; the former trimmed *à revers*, and embroidered, as are the sides of the dress, with black silk. Bonnet of gauze *bouillonnée* in close compartments, and trimmed with flowers.

FIG. 2.—*Foulard* robe; the *corsage*, very high behind, but opening on the bosom, is trimmed in the lappel style, with folds bordered with lace; the trimming is continued, but on a larger scale, down the front of the skirt. The sleeve is formed of a succession of small *bouffants*. White *pou de soie* drawn bonnet, trimmed with blue flowers, ribbons, and a *tulle voilette*.

FIG. 3.—Shot silk robe; *corsage en Amazone*, and tight sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of rich fringe, surmounted by an embroidery in braiding. Rice straw *chapeau*, the interior ornamented with flowers; the exterior with fancy feathers. White Cashmere scarf with a rich Turkish border.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Oiseau gros de Naples* robe, the *corsage* half high, and disposed down the front in loose folds. The sleeve is tight at top and bottom, but ornamented just above the elbow with close *bouillons*. Two-thirds of the skirt is trimmed with tucks, headed by rich silk cord. *Chapeau* of straw-coloured *gros de Naples*; an oval brim, the interior trimmed with orange-coloured dahlias; the exterior, with shaded ribbon and flowers.

OPEN CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Foulard brocard* robe, *corsage en V*, very open on the bosom, terminating in a rounded point, and partially covered by a pelerine, descending in the stomacher form, and edged with fringe. Tight sleeve, the top and the wrist trimmed with fringe. The skirt descends in a robing on each side of the front, with an apron of white *pou de soie*, ornamented with rows of fringe, let in. Straw-coloured *pou de soie* bonnet, lined with white, and the exterior covered with black silk net. White ribbons, and a plume of white ostrich feathers, complete the trimming.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Shot silk robe, tight *corsage*, descending in the *demi-cœur* style, and tight sleeves, both decorated with ornaments of the same material, of a novel form. Two rows to correspond are disposed *en tablier* down the front of the skirt. Rice straw bonnet, full trimmed, with shaded ribbon and flowers. Green *pou de soie* scarf.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1841.

Formerly, when the summer fashions were once set, there were few or no changes till those of winter again appeared. Now, on the contrary, every month brings change, if not in forms, at least in trimmings and materials. Our plates this month will prove the correctness of our remark, particularly as regards

BONNETS.—We may cite, among the most novel, those of crape, trimmed with wreaths of flowers round the bottom of the crown, and a few light sprigs placed in the interior of the brim. Another style of trimming for crape bonnets, consists of a wreath of rose-coloured *marabouts*, encircling the bottom of the crown, but with the two extremities descending low on the brim; a very small wreath of heath blossoms, disposed in the interior next the face, completes the trimming. Although a variety of feathers are employed for Italian straw bonnets, none are considered so elegant as white ostrich ones; a double plume of this kind, twisted, and descending as low as the shoulder, is very much in vogue. The reign of fancy straw bonnets is, for the most part, over. We must however except those formed of bands of *paille de riz*, cut in a lace pattern, and united by bands of shot ribbon, let in full. Pink, blue, lilac, and cherry, each shot with white, are the hues in request. These bonnets may be trimmed either with feathers or flowers. Some of the most elegant are ornamented with the new fancy feathers, styled *plumes monchetées*; they are of various colours; the most prevalent are rose, blue, lilac, straw colour, and cherry, and each beard of the feather is terminated by a brown and white spot. We must observe, that the hue of the feather

corresponds always with the colour of the bonnet; but the spots must be white and brown. A new style of trimming for white crape bonnets, on which the material is laid plain, has just appeared; it consists of a fall of English point lace, disposed on the exterior of the brim, and retained on each side by a full tuft of rose-buds and moss in blossom; the interior of the brim is decorated with flowers to correspond. The new silk drawn bonnets are principally remarkable for their extreme simplicity. Several are trimmed only with a double *chicorée* wreath of *soie effilé* very full.

SHAWLS AND MANTELETS.—There is quite a rage at present for those of black lace. We have to notice a new style of *mantelet*; it is plain lace, made with a robing, and trimmed round with broad lace of a rich pattern, set on full: this is a style of *mantelet* at once elegantly simple and rich. We must also notice a showy but very fashionable style of scarf, composed of coloured taffetas and trimmed either with application of black lace, or embroidery in black silk. The most fashionable colours for these scarfs are rose, blue, and orange.

HALF-DRESS MATERIALS.—Robes are, for the most part, of India muslin or *tarlatane*, a coloured ground shaded in white. We see also a good many of the new quadrilled silks with very small squares, green, lilac, or blue, always with white. We may cite also *organdy à mille soies giroflées*, and a few printed muslins, but these latter are not yet decidedly fashionable; though we have reason to believe that, in the course of the summer they will become so.

HALF-DRESS ROBES.—We have given so many elegant models of them, that it seems almost superfluous to add any thing on that subject. We must however observe, that those made with the *corsage* and sleeves formed to the shape by very small but full casings, have come lately into very great request, and are likely to retain their vogue; they are, however, adopted only for dresses of slight materials; indeed that form would not suit any other. We have reason to think that flounces will be at last laid aside, though we do not vouch for it; but it is certain that very few are adopted at present; *biais* have lost something of their vogue, and tucks are becoming very general.

EVENING DRESS.—We find this year that as the season draws towards a close the costumes become more elegant. Besides, referring to our plates, which will bear us out in this assertion, we shall cite two dresses that have recently appeared at a very brilliant party, and were highly admired: one is composed of a very rich rose-coloured *pou de soie broché* in white, the *corsage* low, deeply pointed at the bottom, and descending a little at the top in the centre of the bosom; is trimmed with a fall of *point d'Alençon*, and ornamented in the centre of the bosom with a small *bouquet* of shaded green velvet foliage, disposed something in the style of a *rosace*, and attached by a diamond *agraffe*. Short tight sleeve, trimmed *en manchette* with *point d'Alençon*; there are two falls, one placed very much above the other, which, as the sleeve is very short, gives it a degree of fullness; each fall is looped with a similar ornament; but rather smaller than the one in the centre of the bosom. The front of the skirt is trimmed *en échelle*, with *point d'Alençon* disposed in festoons, and terminated at each extremity by *bouquets* similar to those on the *corsage*, attached by diamond *agraffes*. The other dress is a double tunic, composed of India muslin, encircled with a Grecian border, embroidered in coral and gold. The skirt of the upper tunic is raised on each side by a coral *cordelière*, terminated by *nœuds*, the ends of which float over the under dress. The draperie,

in which the *corsage* is disposed, are retained by gold and coral ornaments, and the small, short hanging sleeve, is looped to correspond.

HEAD-DRESSES OF HAIR IN EVENING DRESS.—We have remarked that the hair is no longer worn dressed so unbecomingly low. We think now there is a decided tendency to raise the ornaments employed for it a little. We have lately observed some head-dresses of hair decorated with three small *bouquets*, the first was placed very low near the ear, the second a little higher, the third on the summit of the head. One of the *bouquets* was composed of a rose encircled with wild violets, the second had *myosotis* in the centre, and the third *heliotrope*. We have remarked, also, some head-dresses of hair ornamented with a *cordon* of foliage of acacia turning twice round the head, and terminating on one side much higher than usual by three light sprigs of flowers. While we are on the subject of flowers we must observe that those most in request for the hair, are of a small and light kind, the *rose de Meaux* is in great vogue; so are moss roses, jessamine, some of the tribe of creepers, daisies, monk's-hood, and several wild flowers; nor must exotics be forgotten, we mean those of the small kind, several of which have been recently introduced and are very much admired.

CAPS.—Methinks we hear some of our fair readers exclaim, "What, caps again! always caps?" Yes, ladies—fashion so wills it; and besides what can you have prettier? Can any thing be at once more elegant and becoming, than a cap of English point lace à la *Charlotte Corday*, trimmed on each side with a tuft of small carnations, mingled with sprig heath-blossoms. We may cite as an extremely simple and pretty fancy, some caps that have recently appeared; they are composed of *gaze brillante*, are of a round shape, much shorter at the ears than those at present in use, and trimmed with wreaths of moss roses, the foliage is light green velvet. Another style of cap of a simple form, but much more costly than the above, and which in fact, though it is styled a cap, *bonnet à la Suzanne*, ought rather to be called a *demi-coiffure*, is composed of a small *pointe* of Brussels or Mechlin lace of that transparent and extremely open ground that has recently become so fashionable; it is placed very far back upon the head, so as nearly to cover the hair, and with the points falling low in the lappet style at the sides: small *pompons* of ribbon shot in rose and apple-green, with a pearl button in the centre of each, is placed low on the lace at each side of the face. Although we cannot yet say that a decided alteration has taken place in the forms of caps, we may yet venture to predict that one is approaching; we allude to those that have the ears brought exceedingly forward on the face, and quite full and meeting under the chin; we have recently seen some of that kind much more moderately trimmed, not brought so forward, and much shorter at the ears.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS still continue to be those light hues that we have already announced for bonnets and for silks in evening dress; but we observe that full colours, as brown, marron, and orange, shot either with white or some light hue, are frequently adopted both for home-made robes, and for scarfs.

TYRIAN VELVET.—An article of beautiful texture and appearance is in progress of manufacture, called Tyrian Velvet; and, as it can be made in every width, from half a yard to two yards, we doubt not but it will be an article greatly in demand for a variety of purposes. For Dresses, Pelisses, Mantelets, Shawls, &c., it will be very desirable, as it is not injured in the least by any number of foldings.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Although several of our most stylish fashionables have quitted us for the country or for the watering places, their absence is not felt, because their places are more than supplied by distinguished foreigners. Thus, our public promenades are as gay and as crowded as ever; let us see what they present most worthy of the notice of our fair readers, beginning with

CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES.—We may cite among the most novel *chapeaux*, those of rice straw, the brim lined with lilac crape, and interior ornamented with lilac larkspurs; the exterior is trimmed with a willow plume composed of pale lilac *marabouts*, which, floating gracefully on one side, mingles with *coques* of white figured ribbon. Other *chapeaux* also of *paille de riz*, are trimmed on the exterior of the brim with velvet ribbons shaded in rose and garnet colour; a *demi-guirlande* of garnet-coloured *roses trinières*, intermingled with English point lace, decorates the interior of the brim, and passes upon one side of the exterior. Crape has lost nothing of its vogue; several *chapeaux* composed of it have the exterior of the brim ornamented with six double *biais* of *tulle illusion*, and white *rubans neige*; the brim is decorated on each side with *trio oreillettes* of three *roses panachées*; the interior is trimmed with similar flowers mingled with white heath blossoms. We may cite among the prettiest of the *capotes* those that are drawn and composed of crape or gauze, some of the latter of citron-coloured crape are very much admired; an *écharpe voilette* of lace or *tulle* is thrown with apparent negligence on the brim, partly shading and partly displaying small bouquets of roses and marguerites of the smallest kinds. *Crêpe lisse capotes*, of a new and very pretty shade of rose colour, covered both in the interior and exterior with lace, and trimmed with three tufts of red moss roses, have been introduced within the last few days.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FORMS AND TRIMMINGS OF CHAPEAUX AND CAPOTES.—With regard to the first, we must observe that *chapeaux* have not, and will not, increase in size, nor will their present form, which is decidedly the same as the *capotes*, alter. Sprigs of flowers may be adopted for the exterior of *chapeaux* of every kind, with the exception of those of Italian straw; they are very frequently intermingled with ornaments composed of lace; velvet is also frequently employed for rice straw. Feathers and flowers are in equal vogue for the exterior of the *chapeaux*, but the former only are adopted for those of *paille d'Italie*. White ostrich feathers, very lightly tipped at the extremity of the beards with one colour only, begin to take the place of shaded feathers, though the latter are by no means unfashionable. Ostrich feathers, the beards thickened with *grèbe*, are also very much in vogue, and *marabouts* have lost nothing of their attraction. *Tulle rûches* are greatly in vogue both for the interior and exterior of the brim. Lace scarfs and *violettes* are as much in favour as ever. We refer to our plates for the various ways in which they are disposed. Generally speaking, however, we must observe that both *chapeaux* and *capotes* are much more ornamented than they were in the beginning of the season. An innovation, which we consider is in excellent taste, has lately taken place, and we shall be glad to see it become general, we allude to the *brides* of *chapeaux* corresponding with the colour of the flowers that are employed to trim the interior of the brims.

SCARFS.—We did not suppose we should have any new ones to announce, but we were mistaken; notwithstanding the number that have already appeared in the beginning of the season, and which continue to be fashionable, several of a still more novel kind are now seen. The *écharpe mauresque* is of cashmere, and of exquisite beauty both of texture and patterns; it is intended for morning visits, exhibitions, &c. &c. Those called *Algériennes*, with broad horizontal stripes of brown, purple, or deep blue on grounds of a lighter kind, have quite an oriental appearance. We must not forget the *écharpe Constantine*, which the politics of the day have brought very much into favour. Less elegant, and much less expensive, but still exceedingly pretty, are the *foulard* scarfs, some encircled with *guipure* patterns; others with a border of arabesque or cashmere, and always in the most tasteful colours; a good deal both of marron and brown hues, which are at this moment very much in vogue. Nor must the scarf in Lyons silk be forgotten, their elegance and variety renders them well worthy of notice: they are *poulté de soie* shot, plain, or trilled in the greatest possible variety of colours.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—The materials for these comfortable *deshabilles* are very various. A great many are composed of marceline, others of woollen materials with oriental patterns, or of green or blue *mousseline de laine*, these have a *corsage à plis*, and *manche à la religieuse*. The skirt is bordered with a *gros de Naples biais* of a corresponding colour. We see also a good many composed of poplin, closed down the front by a row of large fancy silk buttons. Light materials also begin to be employed, and very generally. There are a good many *jaconet muslin robes de chambre*, trimmed with two deep flounces; some of dimity with a garniture of plaited cambric of moderate breadth, but the most elegant of all those of a light kind, are the *organdis brochés* ornamented with *bouillons*, finished at each side by fancy silk ornaments, and divided by a row of buttons.

NANKIN ROBES are very much adopted in *négligé*: they are for the most part embroidered in silk of the same colour, and these are at once the most fashionable and, in our opinion, also the most elegant; some ladies, however, prefer having them worked in striking colours, as green, black, cherry, and deep blue. Some of the patterns are made to resemble the manner in which fancy silk ornaments are arranged, or else they are *à la Polonoise*; they are also in scroll pattern and arabesques; sometimes a simple Grecian border encircling the robe is its only ornament. When the embroidery is of a voluminous kind, it covers the front of the skirt, diminishing as it ascends towards the waist, and mounting *en écartail* on the front of the *corsage*. If the robe is made to open down the front, which is sometimes the case, the skirt is turned up a little on each side of the front, displaying the petticoat, in this case the part so turned is embroidered, it forms a kind of lappel with which the one on the *corsage* corresponds, and the embroidery of both is similar. These dresses, and particularly those embroidered in colours, will, we think, have a short reign. We have observed several times that Nankin was brought forward for ladies' wear, but very quickly laid aside; it is a serviceable but not an elegant material.

TRAVELLING DRESSES.—Those most in request at present with ladies of the *haut ton*, are composed of *coulil de fil* striped in very narrow-coloured stripes, blue and white, *rouille* and white, cherry and white, and green and white. These robes are either ornamented with embroidery in white cotton, in a similar style to the Nankin robes we have just described, or else embroideries in braiding disposed *à la Polonoise*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ROBES.—We see a great number of taffetas dresses trimmed with *ruches de coupées*. We must, however, observe, that in every instance the robe is accompanied by a *mantelet* of the same material, and trimmed to correspond. *Bariques chinées*, shaded in light colours, are in very great vogue for dress *robes de ville*: they are trimmed with *bouillons*, tucks, or deep silk fringes *frisées*. As this material is of a light kind, the sleeves are always half large, or else the *corsage* and sleeves have the material full but confined to the shape by close drawing. Pointed *corsages* retain their vogue, but we think that we shall soon see the points begin to round at the extremity in the scallop form. The *corsages grand'mère*, with three seems in front, and descending round the waist below the hips, demi-large sleeve, and short skirt, terminated by a flounce of the same material which brings it to the usual length, are partially adopted; but this revival of an old fashion, which we must say also is not one of the most graceful, is very partial, and certainly will never become general. Much more becoming as well as elegant, are the robes made with a tight *corsage* and trimmed with a small shawl lappel *en biais*. The fronts of the skirt are ornamented in the *tablier* style, either with embroidery or fancy silk trimming. The *corsages* of robes for young persons are either cut square or plaited.

ROBES FOR CONCERTS.—The materials at present adopted are *moires* of light colours, white *poulté de soie* printed in bouquets of field-flowers, and Chinese or Turkish taffetas. These silks, though rich, are quite different from those worn in winter, and accord admirably with this season of flowers and sunshine. We may cite among the most distinguished dresses, those of the two elegant sisters, Mesdames de P. and de L. They were composed of rose-coloured taffetas covered with white *filé de soie*: the skirt was trimmed with three rows of fringe intermingled with white beads. A tight *corsage*, opening *en cœur*, embroidered with beads, and the waist encircled by a bead *cordelière*. Tight sleeves trimmed with three rows of fringe corresponding with that of the skirt but much narrower.

JEWELLERY.—We see not only gold bracelets, which are always admissible with summer toilettes, but also several composed of a circle of cameos of coral mounted in gold. We see also *tresses* of very small coral beads adopted for bracelets, they are clasped by a cameo. There are also a great number of pins of the same style, some with two very small heads united by a narrow chain, the others are only a cameo of an antique model. Fashion prescribes that summer jewellery should be of the most simple kind, and we must say that this season it seems to us to be in very excellent taste.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The request of C. M. D. cannot be complied with.

We shall be happy to assist M. H. S. at all times.

"Farewell to H."—It would take more time than we can give, and more patience than we can boast of, to make these lines at all admissible into the pages of the "World of Fashion." They are therefore declined.

Our "Old and admiring Subscribers" will perceive that their suggestion has been attended to, we shall at all times be happy to respond to their wishes.

"The Rose of Ellinore" is received, but too late for insertion this month.

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THE SECRET!

"Ma sciocca, che sono! Mi perdo a coltivare immagini piu stravaganti dei sogni."—*Pamella Fanciulla, Att. 1. sc. 5.*

It was in the summer of 1835, that two young men, the one an Italian, and the other a Frenchman, were seen walking together on the Boulevards of Paris. Both were accomplished fops, and both were watching the looks of every handsome woman that passed; while they were so engaged, they perceived a young and exquisitely formed female, whose face was covered with an impenetrably thick black veil. She approached them, and then hastily crossed the Boulevard; such was her speed, that it might almost be said that she fled from them. The Frenchman was about to hurry after her, when his arm was seized by the Italian.

"No, *caro mio*, said he, "always respect the mystery that invests a veiled female. We look upon as fitting objects for admiration all those ladies who condescend to show us their faces; but to follow her, who turns away from the crowd, and who tries to hide herself from our eyes, is, in my opinion, a want of gallantry."

"I did not think that you were capable of entertaining such scruples," observed the Frenchman.

"I have not at all times either professed or acted upon a doctrine so rigorous," responded the Italian; but a reproof, at the same time equally gentle and severe, has corrected me of my error, and I have taken a solemn oath never to depart from it."

"Do you know that you have greatly excited my curiosity. Can you not tell me who was the enchanting, bewitching, wonder-working *donna* who has converted you to the respectful devotion of females who wear thick black veils?"

"Most certainly—but let us light our cigars, and then listen to my story. What I am going to tell you happened in Florence, and, although Florence is a city, still it is every whit as gossiping as a village. The most frivolous incidents are sufficient for the insatiable curiosity of its inhabitants, and it is pretty nearly impossible for a person's private life to escape the ardent investigation of his neighbours; but if he be a stranger, it may be safely affirmed that he has not the slightest chance of evading them. However, at the epoch at which I dwell in Florence, and that is now some seven or eight years ago, a family did arrive, that disconcerted all the espionages that were set on foot, and was able to preserve unpenetrated the mystery with which they chose to surround themselves.

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"This family dwelt in the palace Guigni, and never left it but in a carriage, and then it was only in the morning, when they went at a very early hour to hear one of the first masses celebrated in the church of Santa Felicità. Sometimes, indeed, but it was only when night covered the city, that they went out to walk—but whatever was the place of their promenade, it was always a spot completely solitary and utterly deserted, and to which they rode in their caleche. But, then, at the promenade as in church, long, close black veils concealed their faces from the curious. One of these ladies appeared to be old, while everything attested the youth of her companion. There was in the carriage of the latter a southern grace, remarkable even at Florence—the country of the most beautiful and impassioned Italians. As she passed from the chariot to the church, her little feet, enclosed in the prettiest and smallest of satin slippers, might be seen, and she could not conceal that she had most exquisite hands, that were always hermetically sealed in the pretty diminutive gloves. Two footmen, a coachman, a waiting-maid, and a dark-coloured major-domo, who accompanied them everywhere, composed their entire establishment. When the domestics went to make any purchases in the city, they gave polite but evasive answers to all the questions that were asked them about their mistresses, they paid in ready money for everything they bought, and then returned home, leaving to the curious nothing but complete ignorance and utter disappointment.

"A circumstance like this put all Florence in commotion, and on the alert. Every one seemed to feel it a duty to penetrate the mystery, and yet no one could discover even the minutest detail, by which they could trace the history of the unknown strangers. No one could even tell how they had come to Florence—whether it was by a post-chaise, or by a vessel—whether they arrived by land or by sea. And then, they did not even utter a word by which it might be learned to what nation they belonged. They had never been heard to speak to their domestics; while the servants themselves, including the black-looking Major-domo, spoke very good Italian, and appeared to have been but a short time in the service of these foreigners.

"I resolved, in order that I might gratify the curiosity of the prettiest black-eyed maiden of Florence, to penetrate the mystery of this labyrinth, the outward threshold of which, no one, as yet, had been able to cross. Besides this, the enterprise was one that seemed suited to the gratification of my audacity; for my audacity, my dear friend, at that time, was very great. I had no doubt of my success—I believed I could

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not fail, and therefore I set on foot my enquiries respecting these unknown ladies. In order that I might begin hostilities at once, I rose at the dawn of day, in order that I might be before the strangers at the church of Santa-Felicità, which was near to the palace, and to which church, as I have told you, they went each morning to first mass. After my being too late for two or three mornings running, I determined to stay up all night, which I passed before the porch of the church. As soon as the gates were opened, I placed myself inside them. I had not to wait long, for in less than a quarter of an hour, I saw these two ladies enter. I presented to them the benediction; they received this mark of politeness as if stupefied by my boldness, and then, making a low curtsy, they hurried to the chapel. In going out, they again found me at my post before the benediction, and my hands extended towards them. My obstinacy seemed to thwart and annoy them; they soon hastened to their chariot, and, notwithstanding all the haste I made to give them my arm, when stepping into their coach, I could not reach them but just in time to see them drive off in a gallop in an equipage remarkable at the same time for its plainness and its aristocratic luxury. The next morning I returned to the church before the gates were opened, but I did so very needlessly, for the strangers appeared there no more. A similar disappointment awaited me several days successively. The ladies with the long black veils went to hear mass at other churches, and ceased to attend any one exclusively. Thus you see I lost the first battle; but I organised my forces for another conflict with my fair foes.

"I directed my attacks towards the residence of my adversary, and I chose the palace Guigni as the object of my belligerent operations. Every evening I was a regular wanderer under the windows, in the hopes of surprising through some loop-hole in the blinds, that were always drawn down, I might discover the smallest possible clue to the secret of the unknown ladies. All, however, that I gained by that mode of proceeding, was the being made positive, that my enemies had purchased two immense watch-dogs, who were let loose every night in the interior court of the palace. The awful barking of those frightful animals might be heard a mile off. I could scarcely enter within the bounds of the parish, without their setting up their infernal howlings; and as soon as they gave the signal, the black-looking major-domo mounted guard, with a loaded musket. What had I to oppose me? Two mastiffs, a gun, and a yellow Argus. Were these not sufficient to incite the ardour of a young man, and especially one, who, like myself, was ardent in his temperament, and accustomed to see his slightest caprices unchecked by disappointment. It was, in reality, the first obstacle I had ever met with in my life, and although the matter was at first to me perfectly indifferent, it at last became the one sole, fixed, and never ceasing idea, that actually made me miserable. I endeavoured to gain over the domestics by bribery; but my emissaries found them incorruptible. It was necessary for me then, for a short time to give over my attempts, and although I thought on the same subject incessantly, and even though I was bantered by my friends, and even by the object of my adoration, the lady with the jet black eyes, with my want of success, still I persisted nevertheless, in forming various sorts of projects for four entire months.

"Time thus passed away, when, at length, upon a lovely, clear, and calm night, I armed myself first with a ladder of ropes, next with two large poisoned balls of meat, thirdly with a purse of gold, and fourthly, in order that I might be as like

as possible to a hero of romance, I placed a dagger in my belt, and two pistols in my pocket. Scarcely had I arrived at the wall of the palace, when the dogs as usual commenced with their atrocious barking, and I presented them with the meat balls. A few minutes passed away, and a feeble groan apprized me that I had no more to fear from the poor brutes. I instantly flung up my ladder of ropes. It caught the top of the wall; I mounted most gallantly. I got within the court and then—a great hulking fellow caught hold of me, flung me to the earth, and clapped upon my chest the most monstrously large flat foot I ever saw in all my life. Never shall I forget the frightful frown that wrinkled his horribly yellow face, as he brandished before my eyes a poignard, that glittered most disagreeably, I can tell you, in the moonlight.

"The noise occasioned by our struggle attracted to the spot one of the two unknown and mysterious heroines of my story.

"What is your Majesty's pleasure that I should do with this robber," asked the merciless villain, who had me nailed under his foot.

"When I heard the word 'MAJESTY!!!' I forgot my peril so far as to try and turn round my head to see the royal unknown; but that vile foot pressed the heavier on my chest, and, in fact, hurt me so much, that instead of being able to see, I was obliged to shriek.

"What have you to do here?" was the question put to me by her, whom I had heard addressed as a Queen.

"I am a fool, but no robber," I replied; 'and if there were no perils to menace me, I should greatly regret the ridiculous situation in which you see me, and for which I have to ask your pardon.'

"What is your name?"

"Bellini."

"What! are you the artist who has lately distinguished himself so much, and yet do you place your life in peril, in order that you may discover the secret of two poor women, who have nought in common with him. Permit the gentleman to withdraw," she added, to the domestic, and this she said in a truly royal, Queen-like style.

"Saying this, she made me a low curtsy, and I withdrew a little confounded by my fall, and very much confused by the manner so full of dignity, of the fair stranger. As I withdrew, I endeavoured to obtain a look of her face, but that she had, as usual, concealed beneath a long black veil. The Major-domo opened the door for me, pushed me outside, pointed to his poignard, and then—I heard the bolts go down, the key twice in the lock, and I in the street, looking at the same time very like a fool!

"I returned to my own house, and when the chagrin occasioned by my failure had been a little cooled down, I must own to you that I felt more pleasure than ever in seeking to worm out the secret that I was hunting after. In reality, I had made a discovery—and one, too, that almost repaid me for all that my sad adventure had cost me. I knew that I had spoken to a queen! But then *who was that queen?* Amid the exiled royal families that were then to be found in Italy, where was I to seek the name of the mysterious majesty that I was anxious about? Mere chance, or at all events efforts less violent and less direct might at a future time lead to the discovery of the enigma. I put myself then patiently on the scent, determined to run down the game at last.

"Three or four months passed away without my even daring to walk near to the Palace Guigni. To have acted otherwise would have shewn me unworthy of the royal mercy and kind-

ness that had been shown to me. Besides, if my mishap came to be known in Florence, it would have overwhelmed me with ridicule. This was my feeling for four months, but at length there came across my mind, as it were a reminiscence of my former curiosity, and it became in a moment so strong and so resistless, that it overthrew all my scruples. I proceeded then, as if it were in despite of myself, to the palace. To my amazement, when I approached it, I found both that the windows were open, and the blinds drawn. The large gate in front was flung open, and two little children that were playing beside the palace looked at me and smiled. They jumped upon my neck. They were the children of my old friend Gieronimo. Surprised and disconcerted, I could not understand what was passing before my eyes, until he informed me that he had only arrived the evening before from Naples, and finding the Palace Guigni, unoccupied, he gladly took possession.

"And do you not know any thing of the individuals, who occupied it before you? I asked him.

" 'I know nothing and care less,' said he, 'but I heard that it is more than a fortnight since they quitted Florence.'

"Thus, then, I believed that it was all over with my discoveries, and with the secret I was in search of. The heroine that had engrossed my imagination had escaped me! To what place had they gone? I believe that if I had heard, I would have instantly started in pursuit. Most luckily, I knew nothing about it, and little by little the mystification became less faint in my memory, and occupied a less portion of waking thoughts. However, I candidly confess to you, that every time the thought of them did come into my brain, it did so with a most disagreeable vivacity. Each of the humiliating details of the nocturnal scene came with powerful accuracy before me. The big foot of the Major-domo pressed upon my chest—the word 'MAJESTY' buzzed in my ear—and I heard the sweet voice of the Royal Unknown, saying, in the tones of a veritable queen, 'Permit the gentleman to withdraw;' and as the words were uttered to my thoughts, the blood again tingled in my cheeks, and my lips were again bitten from spite and vexation.

"Some years passed away, and I set out for Pisa——"

Here the narrator stopped—looked at his companion and smiled.

"Is that all," asked the Frenchman; "have you never discovered these mysterious strangers?"

"Ah!" replied the Italian, "I am rejoiced to find that you too feel the sting of curiosity. Does not one, I appeal to you, experience a genuine species of impatience before this mystery? Would not one give an entire world to be able to raise that thick curtain that covers this shrine of secrecy? Here is a queen—very young and very beautiful, and yet who conceals herself from the look of every one; who seeks out silence and shade—that a bravo watches over at night, and that rises at the point of day but for one purpose only—and that is to lay at the feet of HER MAKER her sufferings and her misfortunes in a land of exile! What a field is this for the imagination! And then, too, all these things happening in Florence—that lovely Italian city, with its sweet sky and its thousand of romantic remembrances! You are a man of the north—you are cold in blood, and you are but a listener to the details in an enigmatical drama, in which I have played the principal part; and yet you only know my adventure, it may be said, for a minute, and your eyes glitter with impatience and curiosity. Now, what must it have been with me, my dear friend, when I have had to struggle with this secret for months and years. Not only was my curiosity excited, but my self-love was interested

in the mystery. Judge, then, of my sensations by your own, and you may have some notion of the falls of Niagara by pouring out a glass full of water!

"But then, at last you penetrated the mystery? I beg—I beseech of you to take me from the doubt that I feel, and to shorten at least my sufferings."

"Why you are very impatient——"

"The unknown! the unknown!" repeated the ardent Frenchman; "quick, quick, tell me, *who was that Queen?*"

Bellini pulled out his watch and said, "I really have an appointment, and cannot stop to finish my story; but the next time you see me, you shall know all."

The next time that the Frenchman did see Bellini, it was in a coffin, that was proceeding at a slow pace towards the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise.

S. HENRY BERTHOUD.

THE CONCEALED TREASURE.

A TALE.

It is now about three years since I was at Baden Baden, and then I was lucky enough to encounter two young Frenchmen, one of whom, Raymond de Bugeaud, was a painter, and the other, Lambert Duvivier, a musician. Both were first-rate men in their profession: the one as a portrait and historical painter; the other as a composer. It is to them I am indebted for the forthcoming story, which I mean to tell, as Hertius wrote the Commentaries of Cæsar, and putting the hero, or rather, in this case, its heroes, in the third person.

It was at an unusually late hour, in the year 1837, that these two friends were seen entering the York Hotel at Baden Baden. All the company were at the moment assembled in the drawing-room, and they questioned the two friends as to their unusual absence from the dinner-table, with all that pleasant familiarity that is so common at a foreign watering place.

"Oh!" replied the friends, "we have such a pretty story to tell you; and at the same time we can afford you the opportunity of doing a good-natured action."

"Ah! let us hear your story," said their auditory, amongst whom were included the following personages:—first, Madame de Luciennes, a very nice amiable young Frenchwoman; second, Madame Roget, her cousin (for all amiable young ladies have cousins); third, Miss Arabella Ottley, an antiquated English spinster; fourth, Colonel Worthington, from "the green little island;" and, fifth, the Count de Rontzoff, an Austrian gentleman, who had exhausted his health and fortune in what are called the pleasures of youth, and who now sought to repair the one, though he could not recover the other, at the baths of Baden Baden.

"I am going to tell you the story," said Lambert Duvivier, in his sweet and musical voice.

"Yes, but," observed Raymond de Bugeaud, "you know that it is sometimes the custom to put the picture of the heroine before the title-page of a romance; and here now is the portrait of our heroine, drawn, I can assure you, from the living model."

The painter then took from his portfolio an admirably executed picture, which represented a young girl seated on the grass, and looking down upon a clear rivulet that ran beneath her feet.

"Oh, what a lovely creature!" said Madame de Luciennes.

"Most perfectly beautiful," said the Count, drawing it closely to his dulled eyes; "most divinely beautiful, upon my honour! But I did not think it possible to meet with so pretty a girl in such a country of ugly women as this."

"You see you are mistaken," observed Lambert; "for here is at once combined the beauty of an Englishwoman with all the graces of a French lady."

Miss Arabella cast at the musician a glance that was intended to be profoundly sentimental; while the two Parisian dames thanked him with a smile.

"And then, I can assure you," said Lambert, "that the portrait is not at all flattered. It is a pure truth; a complete and absolute resemblance of a young and simple country girl. Raymond and I were taking a walk this morning together, and he had, as usual, his album with him. He was just preparing to take a landscape, when we saw, seated beside a rivulet, and just as you see her in this drawing, a young girl, whose beauty instantly attracted us. We approached her; we spoke to her; and she answered us in tones that were at once full of sorrow and sweetness. There was in her face, as in her voice, a touching expression of melancholy. I asked her her name. She said it was Catherine. I then asked her what was the cause of her grief; but she remained silent. At the risk of being guilty of a second rudeness, Raymond asked if she would permit him to draw her picture. 'It will not occupy you,' said he, 'more than five minutes.'

"Ah, then," said Catherine with emotion, 'you are a painter!'

"Yes, my child, I am," he replied.

"Well then," said she, "take a picture of me if you like, and do not hurry yourself. I will sit here as long as you please."

"The look of the young maiden shone with a passing and brilliant expression as she said this. The sitting was indeed a very short one, for in less than two minutes Raymond showed his sketch to Catherine, who instantly clasped her hands together, raised her eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, 'My God! if my poor Andrew could draw like that!'

"A curiosity—and in this case it was not an idle one—made us venture upon new questions. But Catherine had resolved to retain in her own heart the secret of her troubles, and she certainly would not make us her confidantes.

"As we returned to the city, after parting from this interesting girl, we could think of nothing else. It is clear, we said, that love must be the cause of her melancholy; for a pretty girl eighteen years of age can have nothing else to fret her. Is she in love, and will not be permitted to marry the object of her choice? That is most probable; and, if so, cannot we assist her? But how do that, if we do not know who is her lover, and that his name is Andrew? 'Besides,' said my friend, 'we know not only that his name is Andrew, but also that he is a painter like myself; but, instead of painting on canvass, or drawing on pasteboard, it is very probable that he adorns the tops of those handsome boxes that are now so much used in Baden.' This was very excellent reasoning, as the event proved. We found it very easy to discover Andrew, who received us both with open arms, when Raymond showed him the portrait he had just drawn of Catherine.

"Andrew was by no means as reserved as the pretty Catherine; for he told us the secret of their common grief. 'We have both,' said he, 'been in love for a very long time; but Catherine's father is a very ambitious man. He has refused me because I am poor, and he has promised to give his daughter

to an old miser named Balthasar. Indeed the marriage is a thing settled; for it is to take place in three months.'

"Then this Balthasar must be very rich," I said.

"Oh, yes," he answered, 'very rich indeed. He was an old schoolmaster in the country—but he could make nothing of his learning—and then turned bailiff; in which situation, by robbery, rapine, and scheming, it is believed that he scraped together a large sum of money; and it must have been a large one, as it enabled him to purchase that great old, castle-like looking building that you see at the eastern end of the town, and from which he derives a considerable annual rent, by letting the apartments to foreigners; for it is a place I am told renowned for its antiquity. It is a property in itself worth at least forty thousand francs; and how could a poor devil, as I am, think of setting up as the rival of so opulent a personage. I am but a poor workman, and have but small profits by my trade. Ah! if I had the means of setting up on my own account, and of commencing a little business, and I know—I feel—that I must succeed; but then, to do that properly, I should have, at the least, a thousand crowns; and where am I to find that sum?'

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," continued Lambert, "it remains for you to complete our story, by that small appendix of a kind and good action of which we spoke to you at first. Andrew is really a very handsome young man, and Catherine is an extremely pretty girl. You shall see them both to-morrow, and I am sure they will win your good graces. Two young persons that sincerely love each other, and that old and heartless people would endeavour to separate, deserve the protection and patronage of all hearts that are animated by sensibility. Will you suffer, will you permit, that this pretty young woman, whom you have admired so much, should be given up to the old and withered Balthasar? to a nasty bailiff? No; certainly not. We have made inquiries respecting Andrew, and we have heard that he is truly honest, very much esteemed, and, although not a first-rate artist, yet one possessing such cleverness, that he only requires a little encouragement and a good opportunity to enable him to make his fortune. It is for you then, who, it may be said, are the queens and lions of Baden Baden, to give a good example, and a subscription list, which we intend to open for the benefit of the lovers, will be soon filled up, when such names as yours figure at the head of it. Raymond and I will inscribe our modest offering after yours. We are but artists, and therefore have but little money to spare; and yet we will give most willingly a hundred francs each, for the gratification of being associated with you in a work of generosity, of tenderness, and of goodness."

Alas! both Raymond and Lambert were very bad charity-mongers; for, in trying to do too much, they completely failed in accomplishing anything. Their auditory had at first shown themselves very well disposed in favour of the mutual love of Catherine and Andrew; but then, the conclusion spoiled the good effect that might otherwise have been produced by the recital. "If poor and struggling artists give a hundred francs each," said they, "what will be expected from us, who are known to be rich?" And this cold and selfish feeling chilled the warmth of the kind expression that hitherto appeared in their looks.

"As to me," said Madame de Luciennes, "it is impossible for me to take the slightest share in the good work proposed; and you will at once comprehend my reason for declining, when I tell you that I am only twenty-two years of age, and my husband is fifty-five. Now, if I were to subscribe for the

avowed purpose of preventing Catherine from marrying Mr. Balthasor, it would be a disagreeable criticism; by the very act, upon the impropriety of marriages between persons of different ages. What would M. de Luciennes say to it, when it is my peculiar boast, that I make him the happiest of husbands? I pray you then not even to mention it to him, when he returns home this evening from the club."

"But could you not subscribe anonymously?" said Lambert.

"It is my habit, Sir, never to conceal anything from my husband," replied Madame de Luciennes, with dignity. "Besides, I could not subscribe without making an application to my husband; for, to say the truth, the last bill from my dress-maker has almost ruined me."

"But you, Madame," said Lambert, in addressing himself to Madame Roget, "you are married to a very young husband."

"Yes, Sir, and that is precisely the reason why I will not subscribe. I know well what comes from what are called love-matches. I know it by experience. Here, now, it is a fortnight since I have had a single line from my husband! And, yet, to marry him, I made a sacrifice of a most brilliant match. Only fancy a peer of France, a little too old, perhaps, but then, uncommonly rich; who could have given me a palace, a glorious equipage, a stall at the Italian Opera, and the most magnificent diamonds! And yet, in despite of the urgent solicitations of my family, I refused him on account of his age: one is such a fool when one is a very, very young girl! Now, how do you know but that, in trying to make Catherine happy, you will not render her the very opposite? These love illusions pass away very quickly, I can tell you. And then as to poor old Mr. Balthasor, he may be a very honest man; or, even a great rogue abroad, may make a kind husband at home. Now, if this pretty creature knows how to direct matters properly, she may make the old miser a prodigal for her sake; and, at all events, all the chances are in her favour, that she will be at the same time a rich and a young widow."

"And, as far as I am concerned," said Miss Arabella Ottley, "I have so many charitable and religious societies to subscribe to, that I cannot afford to do an insulated, good-natured action. Besides, inexperienced as I am in all that relates to marriage, I do not wish to have my opinions compromised as to a union with a very old or a very young man."

"Now you, Sir," said Colonel Worthington, "know that I am a widower three times over. I planted one of my wives in Killbonya-nacrusta; the other I put under the sod on the banks of the Ganges; and the third, I am told, died of grief, because I was not killed at the siege of Bhurtpore; and therefore the devil as much as a rap (farthing) will I give to Andrew; for, from what you tell me of him, he must be an excellent lad; and, faith! already I like him too much to help him into the misfortunes of matrimony. *Bethershin!* He doesn't know when he's well off."

"Well, and you, Count de Rontzoff?"

"What! is it I prevent a pretty young girl from marrying a stupid old fool? Not I, indeed; that is just the sort of marriage I always liked to hear of. Let the girl marry the old fellow, and I give you my honour I shall use my best exertions to console her in her misfortunes."

All the other members of the same society found reasons, equally strong with those we have mentioned, for keeping their money. Lambert and Raymond learned but too late that they were very clumsy canvassers, when the work of charity was to

be performed. What, then, were they to do; for they had already given Andrew some hopes of being able to assist him? It was plain that the subscription was a failure; and what other means of success were there?

The two artists thought long, and to no purpose, upon the same points. At length Lambert said, "Let's attack the enemy himself. This Balthasor is a fool, a dolt, a pedant, an ignorant ass, who pretends to be a very erudite personage, and who has taken it into his head that his old house has been occupied, in former times, by great personages, whose names are to be found in the chronicles of the country. Let us try and make something out of his society."

Once put upon this track, Raymond soon laid down his plan. He repaired at a very early hour in the morning to the house of old Balthasor; and, before entering, he stopped a very long time before the door that he pretended to examine with the greatest interest and attention. Balthasor, who saw him, went out, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am studying," said Raymond.

"Yes, yes, my house will well repay the trouble," replied the old man, much gratified.

"Is this *your* house, Sir?"

"I flatter myself that it is, for I paid ready money for it."

"Ah, Sir, you are indeed very rich!"

"Yes, yes; but then it is a property that has cost me forty thousand francs."

"You have made a noble bargain in getting it for so small a sum; for this is an historical house; it is connected with great events; and it is mentioned in hundreds of books."

"I know it."

"Yes, but perhaps you do not know all. I have read very extraordinary, what I would call very precious, details, in a Dalmatian manuscript, that I met with in the grand library of Constantinople."

"Have you been, Sir, at Constantinople?"

"I am but just come from it. It is my love for science that has made me a traveller in all parts of the world. If there be one thing in the world that I most love, most esteem, most regard, it is science. Now here are some manuscripts, which confirm that which I learned from the Dalmatian manuscripts; namely, that Charles the Rash lodged, nay, dwelt, in this very house. What an honour! And the Dalmatian manuscript adds, that it conceals a treasure that he—"

"A treasure! do you say?"

"Yes, a treasure; and nothing was more natural, in the situation of Charles the Rash, than that he should have concealed a treasure here. I should not at all wonder but that, with the help of a few workmen, you might discover that treasure."

"But then would it belong to me?"

"Of course, it would be yours. You would have prescription in your favour; and who is there of the family of the Duke of Burgundy that could claim it from you?"

"Will you be so good, Sir, as to step inside and take some refreshment?"

Raymond did not allow the old man to ask him a second time. He laid hold of Balthasor, and never let him go until he had lodged the concealed treasure in the brain of the old miser. He overwhelmed him with quotations in Greek, Latin, German, and Burgundian, and quitted him, after taking a sketch of that famous house, which he said would have a prominent place in a great work he was about to publish upon historical buildings!

It may well be supposed that the imagination of the old bailiff was busily working upon such a subject as had been presented to it—a treasure! But *where* was it concealed? The great scholar who had just left him told him that it was in the house itself; but then, what *part* of the house? It was a very large house; it was three stories high. It had immense cellars, and the walls were tremendously thick. Balthasor slept no more.

Eight days after this visit, Lambert called on the intended husband of Catherine, and said, as if with a careless air, "Will you sell me your house?"

Balthasor looked at him very suspiciously, and then drily said, "It is certainly a very plain offer."

"Yes," said Lambert, "I might have pretended not to require it, and only insinuated my wish for the house in the first instance; but as I really desire to have the house, and therefore will give you a better price than any one else, I desire not to lose my time in chaffering about a few hundred francs."

"Then you really do desire to have this house?"

"Yes; it is just the sort of one I have been long wishing for; besides, it is very agreeably situated."

"And have you no other reason?"

"Why!" said Lambert, pretending to be confused by the question, and stammering, "what—what other reason could I have for seeking to buy your house?"

"Who knows," said Balthasor, looking very cunningly at him, "but the house has some *secret* charms for you, and *attractions* that are not known to others."

"I really do not understand you. But let us put an end to these preliminaries, and tell me, what is the price you ask for it?"

"No; let me first hear what it is you offer."

"I know the house has cost you forty thousand francs. Well, it is but fair that you should have a reasonable profit upon the money you have expended. I therefore offer you fifty thousand francs."

"Oh, no! Do you think I can go to the trouble of moving for ten thousand francs?"

"Well then, sixty thousand."

"No; the house is worth much more than that."

"Seventy thousand francs for the house."

"How quickly you do go on! Ha, ha! I see you know all about it. But so do I, my good young gentleman. Humble-looking as I am, I can tell you that I know something of the chronicles of the country, and I too have read more than one manuscript about this very house. I have too looked into more than one library, and I am perfectly well acquainted with all the words and acts of Charles the Rash. And now, Sir, you can understand me, and you divine my reasons too, when I tell you, I would not sell this house, though you were to offer me a hundred thousand crowns."

"You are an old fool."

"Well—very well. We'll see, we'll see."

Lambert left Balthasor with the air and manners of a man who had lost the opportunity of making a good bargain. The next day the two friends set out from Baden Baden; and in doing so they said to Andrew, "Be of good cheer! You have time in your favour. Labour constantly. Copy upon boxes this portrait of Catherine that we have already made the fashion here, and wait events. We are now going up the Rhine. We mean to make a tour through Switzerland, and to return to Baden Baden in about three months. In that time you will find your condition improved; and you will then too learn what trouble we have taken to secure your happiness."

Old Balthasor thought no more of his marriage. One only thought occupied him; it was—the treasure. He commenced by digging in the cellars, and found there—nothing. He struck against the walls—and there was no hollow sound in any of them. What was he to do? The miser first scratched away the plaster; then he chipped off pieces of the stone. First he used small instruments, and then big hammers. He searched at first with precaution, and afterwards with fury. When once a breach was made in the house he stopped his hand no longer; and when Lambert and Raymond returned to Baden Baden, they found the miser seated upon the ruins of his historical mansion.

"It is all right," said the good people of Baden Baden; "Heaven has not permitted that a property made up of robberies should thrive in the hands of the thief."

The portrait of Catherine, painted upon wood, sold very well. The affairs of Andrew had prospered; while Balthasor was looking for a concealed treasure, and found only his own ruin. The two artists assisted at the nuptials of their young proteges in 1837. The prettiest child I ever saw (except my own) was the little black-eyed baby that the Painter presented to me in 1838 as the child of Andrew and Catherine.

THE PROCESSION OF DEATH.

A DREAM.

By J— H—, Jun.

Morpheus with leaden hand,
O'er me had waved his wand,

And round my limbs a troubled slumber threw;
When from my heated brain
Forth sprung a misty train

Of Ghosts and Phantasies a ghastly crew!
Nor, as they moved, did ought of sound
Betray where, feather-like, they skimmed the quaking
ground.

Quickly in line arrayed
The phantom cavalcade

Marched like a conqueror's triumphal course,
And from the observing crowd
Rose there a whisper loud

Like a sea's shoreward murmur, deep and hoarse;
And thus it spoke with mournful breath,
" 'Tis the procession of the dreaded Monarch, Death.

First, in his iron car,
Rode the red Demon, War,
New risen from a bath of reeking blood;
And as he rolled along
Thro' the surrounding throng

His track was noted by a crimson flood,
And at his back a tearful train
Of mothers followed, weeping for their children slain.

Next in the Phantom course,
Bearing a bloody cross,

Came Bigotry—War's Sister—Sin's first-born;
And in her shrivelled hand
She held a glowing brand,

The which she shook at all with threat'ning scorn
Who bow'd not at her gloomy fane,
Or joined not in the troop who blindly swell'd her train.

With wreaths of ivy dead
Bound round his bloated head
Came Drunkenness; his limbs with drinking swell'd;
And as to quaff he tried,
Into his bleared eyes
He spills the wine which to his lips he held:
Thus reeling on he wildly leads
His consort, Lechery, who thousand monsters breeds.

She, dancing by his side,
His lustful loathsome bride,
Came in a vest of painted silk arrayed;
And as her wanton hair
Played on her bosom bare,
She coyly blushing, feigns, like bashful maid,
To hide those charms with modest care
With which she hopes incautious, guileless youth to snare.

Next came her offspring dire
Following their drunken sire,
Disease's soul, writhing with pain along;
Their steps defiled the ground—
The smiling flowers around
Were blighted as they saw the sick'ning throng;
The earth with horror was oppress'd
While loathsome monsters such as these her bosom press'd.

Some, sightless, grope their way,
Deprived of cheerful day,
To empty caverns, where their eyes once shone;
Others their haggard form
Drag like a wounded worm
Along the earth—shocking the viewing sun;
And o'er this troop of monsters dread
The pale-faced Demon, Pain, doth wide his pinions spread.

Next stalked a gloomy shade
In spangled vest arrayed,
Deceit, and cunning stamped upon his brow;
False gold in bright display
He holds to lure his prey,
Round whom a net of endless folds to throw;
Then Ruin, Misery, and Want
Close at the Demon's heels display their figures gaunt.

With these in Gambling's train,
Came his attendants twain,
Cold-blooded Duel and pale Suicide;
Tho' both one mother bred,
And at one breast were fed,
Yet was there 'twixt the two a difference wide;
One walked erect with bearing high,
The other bent with trembling step and wandering eye.

Duel around him wore
Dabbled with crimson gore,
The threadbare cloak of Honour, old and worn;
But still in vain he tries
To lurk 'neath this disguise;
For plainly thro' the rents by Reason torn
Murder's half brother doth appear
Beloved of State, but to the hag, Revenge, most dear.

And fearful Suicide
In vain doth strive to hide
His trembling form, in Valour's mantle drest;
For plain his wand'ring stare
And tott'ring gait declare
He was no part of Courage but his vest,
And in his dastard mind he bears
A world of woes and vain imaginary fears.

But now advanced alone,
With awful step—the One
Inscrutable, Omnipotent, Divine;
He stalked along the ground,
With tread devoid of sound
As a cloud's shadow flitting o'er the brine—
And as he came, the awe-struck crowd
Straight at the Monarch's feet their trembling figures
bow'd.

But not to all alike
With form such fear to strike
Does Death appear o'er whom he holds his sway;
To those alone he seems
More dread than guilty dreams
Who join the sinful troop who lead his way;
To these he holds approaching near
High in his threat'ning hand, the scorpion whip of Fear.

Circling around his head
A crown of horrors spread
More awful than the Gorgon's locks of old;
Fluttering on pinions light,
Winging round him their flight,
Fell troops of Fiends their hellish gambols hold;
High towering o'er his threat'ning brow,
Tongues of red-forked flame their fearful chaplets throw.

But, see, amid the crowd,
With head on bosom bowed,
Yon drooping maid more fair than flowers fresh blown;
Her pale but oft flushed cheek
And lustrous eye bespeak
Consumption long has marked her for its own;
Her face is lighted by a smile,
As the pale moonbeams silver some still abbey's aisle.

And thro' the silent air
A fervent, humble prayer
Is borne upon the music of her breath;
With steadfast look resigned,
And head in thought declined,
She waits expectant for th' approach of Death;
To her no terror does He bring,
But peace and hope of Joy for ever in its spring.

A wreath of rosy beams
For ever circling seems
To throw a holy halo o'er his head;
Hope's golden anchor bound,
With bright May flowers around,
He bore, to cheer the few by Virtue led—
This, when the maid beholds, her eye
Shines brighter, and she dreams of bliss beyond the sky.

Around her seem to swim,
Thro' very brightness, dim,
Forms of dear loved ones whom the grave enwraps;
See! see! they stretch their hands—
Her soul has burst its band,
There Heaven flies, reclined in Angels' laps,
With them to roam those happy plains,
Where peace and perfect joy, and love for ever reigns.

THE DAYS OF ROMANCE. No. II.

A BATTLE WITH FOUR GIANTS. (From the Italian).

It had been proclaimed in the Court of Charlemagne, that the lovely Angelica should be the prize of him who could conquer her brother, Argalia, in arms; and great, therefore, was the contest among the brave Paladins, to see who first should engage with the scornful infidel. The lot fell first to Astolphus of England, next to Ferrau, third to Rinaldo, and fourth to Dudon.

The first champion, Astolphus, was a man remarkable for his personal beauty and his address. He was, too, exceedingly rich; courteous, gallant, and his only defect that he was a little boastful. It was with joy that he armed himself for the conflict, because he was captivated with the charms of Angelica. He now armed himself for battle, and his arms were equal in value to an immense treasure. His shield, for instance, was enamelled with large pearls, his coat of mail was all one mass of gold, and his helmet was of enormous value, for there was in it a ruby, large as the very largest-sized walnut. His horn was hung with silk, embroidered with leopards, and thus he proceeded to the place of combat. As soon as he arrived he blew a loud blast upon his horn, and defied Argalia to mortal combat.

The young Argalia was expecting him, and therefore entered the field fully armed. Angelica had desired to place on him his armour, and she it was who, when he mounted, held for him the bridle and stirrup. She had caused himself and his horse to be decorated with white, and she looked upon him with sisterly affection, with his shield on his arm, and in his hand the enchanted lance of gold, which was sure to strike down every knight that it touched.

Both knights courteously saluted each other, and then, in the presence of the damsel, it was agreed that she was to be given to the conqueror should her brother be overthrown, or, if his opponent were unfortunate, then he was to be the prisoner of Argalia. And having thus agreed, they moved from each other, in order that they might run their course, and then, both covered by their shields, and with their lances protruded, dashed together; but in the encounter, the legs of the Duke of England were seen to be lifted high in the air, and he fell to the ground. He blames his horse, his ill-luck, his saddle, everything but himself; and whilst he was thus lost in grief, he was seized by the four giants, who waited on Argalia and Angelica, and by them was he carried into the pavilion. There he was courteously and honourably received by the damsel, and there he was permitted to remain, unguarded, whilst at the approach of night he was placed upon a magnificent couch. When this had been done, the pavilion was guarded by the knight, Argalia, and the four giants.

Scarcely, however, had the new day arisen, when Ferrau appeared in complete armour. His horn of defiance was heard even while he was at a great distance, and instantly was it responded to by Argalia. The noble knight then mounted, and prepared to meet his adversary. His golden lance was in his hand, at his side was his good sword, while all his defensive arms were enchanted. But of all that of which he was the most justly proud, was his good steed Rubicano—a horse whose speed was such that it might be said he could outfly the herds, and outstrip the winds. Never was there a horse so swift—not even the celebrated Brighadora nor even Bayard; and yet, quickly as this horse moved, to the impatient Ferrau it seemed as if its rider was but approaching him at a slow pace. He scarcely stopped to salute him. All he wished for was to unhorse him, and every moment appeared an age until he had accomplished that feat. And now the lances of the two knights are at each others breasts. Argalia stood the shock, as if he were a tower; while Ferrau went tumbling head over heels to the earth. Who can describe his wrath, his grief, and his fury? In an instant his choleric disposition burst out into a flame, and in one moment he had grasped his sword, drawn it, and dashed at Argalia.

"What mean you knight," said the latter; "have you forgotten the compact between us? Stand back, fool, you know I cannot combat with my prisoner."

"If you do not wish to fight, I do," replied Ferrau, "and with that he made a furious blow at the legs of Argalia, which he with great difficulty avoided.

The giant grooms, seeing this, ran to aid their lord. The first of these was named Argustus; the second Lambardus, who was the eldest of them all; the third was Alganus, celebrated for his speed in running; and the fourth was Turlow, who was taller than the rest by the entire head, neck, and chest. Lambardus first came close to Argalia, and in doing so he flung a javelin at Ferrau that, had that knight not been fated—that is, impassible to wounds—he must on the instant have been transfixed. But when the javelin was thrown, never yet was there seen a cat, nor leopard, nor flash of lightning itself, to dart with greater rapidity than Ferrau flung himself upon the giant, who was struck by him in the right leg, and instantly it was cut across as if it were mere paste, and the monster fell to the earth. Ferrau, then, like to a lion, dashed amongst the other three giants, and Argalia, from very shame of seeing such odds against one, stood apart, and declined to take any farther part in the conflict.

Ferrau then made an awful leap. He rose at least twenty feet from the ground, and upon Arganus he came with such a blow, that all his head down even to the very teeth was divided. But while he was thus engaged, Argustus struck him on the back of the neck with an iron mace, and so desperate was the blow, that the blood gushed from the mouth of the knight. This, however, but rendered him the more furious, for he turned on the giant and instantly stretched him on the earth, cutting him in two down to the very girdle. But then, indeed, beyond any other period, was the knight in great peril, because Turlow, who was remarkable for his strength, had caught him from behind, clasped him close in his arms, and endeavoured to fling him to the earth. But, whether it was owing to chance, or to the strength of the knight, it is difficult to say, but at length he was able to release himself from the grasp of the giant, and both at the same instant aimed a blow at each other, and each was sure that it must be fatal to his antagonist. The immense giant had a club of iron, while the weapon of Ferrau

was a sharp sword. The blows of both took effect. That of the giant came with such power upon the head of the knight, that it smashed his helmet, and left his head unprotected; while Ferrau's sword descended as if it were a tempest, and struck the armour-covered legs of the giant, and cut them through, as if they were a mere rush.

Both fell to the earth, the one half dead, and the other with his head so confused, that he knew not for a few moments what was passing around him. He refused to yield himself a prisoner—he denied that he was bound by the compact; and, consequently, Argalia and Angelica determined to withdraw themselves from a contest in which they found that those who were conquered would not abide by the conditions into which they had entered, when they had the hopes of victory.

BERNI.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

To-day—to-morrow
Brings its sorrow,
Unforseen, Affliction slays;
With fierce glances,
Death advances
On us in a thousand ways!

Late a mortal—
Now, immortal,
Early thou'st abandon'd Time;
Who expected,
Death selected,
Thou, *so soon*, would'st ask my rhyme!

Infant stranger,
Out of danger,
Would that *all* were *safe as thee*!
Thou hast vanish'd,
Death is banish'd,
Thine's the perfect victory.

Thou dost blossom,
In the bosom.
Of thy Heavenly Sire, above:
God, thy Father,
Chose to gather
Thee, to perfume Heaven with love!

There—the vernal
Flowers, eternal
In consummate beauty glows!
By Life's river,
Flowing ever,
In that clime unscath'd by woes.

Farewell, Anna!
On Love's manna,
Thou wilt banquet evermore;
Unoppressed,
With the blessed,
On Heaven's diamond-studded shore!

THOMAS BARLOW, JUN.

NEIREIDA'S INVITATION.

A SONG.

By Mrs. Coombe.

Well met beloved mortal, on this moonlit shore,
Whose pale yellow sands I thus nightly have sought,
Whether nature reposed, or tempests swept o'er,
And each pressing moment with danger was fraught.
Nay, cease, cease thy terror; though not of this earth
Be one who now seeks thee, with love and song,
Believe a Sea-Maiden has truth and has worth
Sincere as to daughters of mortals belong.

Hark! shells of the Tritons proclaim that my sire
Rises up from the deep his wand'r'er to find;
O'er distant dim waves, lashed with fury and ire,
His wild horses rush with the fleetness of wind!
And stern is that Being, Monarch of Ocean!
Sad, sad is my fate, should he know I love thee!
Then pause not, but trust Neireidá's devotion,
And 'tempt the blue waters, thou dear One, with me.

I'll lead thee to caverns radiant in beauty,
Gemm'd by the lost treasures of this, thine own realm;
Where the fierce wrath, due to truants from duty,
Our joys shall not shade, or our fondness o'erwhelm.
Come, fearlessly launch upon the light billow!
Distrust not, but banish all dread and alarms;
Safe be thy wave-couch, and faithful the pillow
That's form'd by the clasp of an Ocean Maid's arms.

THE FEMALE CONSPIRATOR.

Louis the Fifteenth had just made his entrance into Strasbourgh, and he believed that the free and imperial city had at length given up all idea of recovering its liberty. He believed so; but Strasbourgh still preserved its ancient fierceness, its old pride, and its innate love of independence. He had yet to learn that it could dissemble its desires, and that it was not rashly about to expose itself to the destruction that must follow from a useless resistance.

The episcopal palace, which the King inhabited had been decorated with an unheard of magnificence. Opposite to the castle they had erected upon the Ill a magnificent triumphal arch; and on the river were to be seen men and young girls in fête dresses, who seemed all anxious to display their devotion, their loyalty, and their love for the new sovereign.

It was upon the 17th of October that the boatmen of Strasbourgh, and all the rest of Alsatia, came to present the king with the spectacle of a naval battle. Arriving two by two, and in the most perfect order, they ranged themselves on each side of the river, and prepared for the evolutions that were to precede the battle. An immense crowd pressed along the Ill, and the roofs of all the houses were covered with people.

Louis the Fifteenth, surrounded by the great lords of state and his courtiers, took his place at a window of the castle. The spectacle that was presented to him appeared to gratify him extremely; and the acclamations of the people upon beholding him actually drew from his eyes the tears of happiness. Who, to look on the large massive features of the Alsations, could doubt the sincerity of their joyful cries?

On a sudden a slight and almost imperceptible movement was communicated to the crowd. All eyes then turned towards the upper end of the river, where there was seen a small green boat, or rather skiff, of the slightest construction, and in which was a very young girl, dressed in white, who descended the Ill with the rapidity of an arrow. Her oars scarcely touched the surface of the stream, and her fairy-like boat hardly left a ripple on the water behind it. The dress of the young girl was that of a peasant girl of Alsace, except this, that it was a little broader, and entirely concealed her figure. Her face was the very personification of modesty and gentleness; but when her large black eye rested upon the crowd, it took an expression of boldness and a daring hardihood that it would be most difficult to describe.

The boatmen were astonished by this unexpected apparition; and, for a few moments, their attention was absorbed by watching her in her downward voyages. However, as the signal for commencing their evolutions had been given, they finished their admiration by the endeavour to arrest her, in order that, by removing her from the river, the sports settled for the day might be proceeded with. She did not permit them to reach her; for sometimes avoiding, and sometimes repelling with her oars the boats which attempted to impede her progress, she, by unexpected good luck, was able to arrive beneath the very windows of the castle. There new attempts were made to seize her; but she, by a species of miraculous address, rendered them all unsuccessful. Her little skiff glided like a serpent amongst the boats of her opponents; she seemed sometimes running to meet their shock, and then, by a skilful turn, she freed herself from the strait in which they placed her. Sometimes even a boatman was able to get so close to her, as to put one foot into her canoe; but the instant he did so, the girl passed an oar under his foot, and pitched him into the water amid the huzzas and the laughter of the crowd.

The King was greatly amused by this singular scene; but as he feared that it would terminate in a disagreeable manner for the young girl, he made a sign to the boatmen to cease from following her; and they, in obedience to the desire of their sovereign, returned to their places. The young girl then stopped her skiff, and, as the current of the river was by no means strong, she had no difficulty in making it stationary. Then, turning towards the King, she flung off the loose robes she wore, and appeared beautiful as the butterfly when it has first burst from its chrysalis. Her dress was a rose-coloured tunic, made tight at the waist, while, beneath, were white, tight-fitting pantaloons; a handkerchief was coquettishly fastened around her neck, leaving its two ends to float freely in the wind; and her hair fell in thick flaxen ringlets upon her half-uncovered and fair shoulders. Thus dressed, she appeared to be some fairy, some fantastic creation of a poet's imaginings, so full of grace and beauty was she. Those who looked upon her were equally surprised and delighted.

She saw that the King's attention was solely directed towards her. She placed her pretty fingers to her lips, and appeared to blow him a kiss. The latter replied to her by a smile. The young girl then drew forth a sling, placed in it a ball, and, with wonderful dexterity, flung it over her head, and into the chamber where he was sitting. His Majesty made a slight movement, as if, for the moment, overcome by surprise; while his attendants instantly rose to pick up the projectile and present it to him. It was a little black ball, made of wood, and hollow, that opened by means of a spring. On the ball was an inscription, "For the King. An answer expected."

Louis the Fifteenth was neither timid nor suspicious; but still he did not deem it prudent to open the ball himself; but confided that duty to one of the lords of his council. There fell from the ball a sealed note, which the King instantly opened, and read in it these words:—

"Sire,—There has been a conspiracy formed against you. Your life is in danger. Admit me to an audience; but it must be alone; for I do not wish to speak before witnesses; and I will reveal to you all that I know of the conspiracy. In a quarter of an hour it will be too late. Above all things do not tell to a human being why you admit me to your presence. By doing so you will greatly compromise me."

The King appeared to be greatly agitated while reading this letter. After a moment of hesitation he wrote in pencil upon the note these three words, "I expect you," placed the paper inside the ball, and threw it towards the young girl. She caught it as it fell, and, having read the note tore it into small pieces, and then, smiling at the crowd that surrounded her, rowed rapidly up the stream.

In a few minutes afterwards she presented herself at the gate of the palace, and, in obedience to the directions of the King, was instantly admitted. At the same time, the hall in which the King sat was cleared of every person; but, as a matter of precaution, attendants were posted in the neighbouring chambers.

"Charming child!" said the King, "I am deeply sensible of the interest you take in my safety. Although I do not fear for my person, still you must be conscious that an attempt upon the life of a sovereign is always a dreadful crime, and must be punished in the manner the laws have ordained for such an offence."

"Yes, Sire, I am conscious of it," replied the young girl; and I know also that your noble soul is superior to all common fears. Still I have thought it to be my duty to apprise you of your danger, and, if possible, to not permit that you should be basely assassinated. Strasbourgh has given you a magnificent reception; but let yourself not be deceived by outward show. This city still mourns its lost liberty, and never will you be able entirely to subdue that feeling."

"I thoroughly comprehend what you mean; the same observation has, before now, been made to me. But let us come to the object of your visit. You have spoken of a plot."

"Yes. By a singular chance I have learned the scent. Your death has been sworn to by the conspirators; and, at the very moment when you least expect it will the attempt be made."

"Well, well, we shall take every precaution; but explain yourself more fully. What is the hour fixed upon for the commission of the crime?"

"I fear, Sire, that all precautions will be useless. The conspirators are full of guile, and gifted equally with address and dissimulation."

"But then, if they are arrested; if the time does not suit to carry the plot into execution?" said the Monarch becoming a little impatient.

"Alas, Sire! there is no longer time. The conspirator charged with delivering Strasbourgh of its tyrants is—myself!"

The young girl pronounced the last word with a firm tone of voice. A glance, like lightning, glared from her eyes; and, before the King could recover from his astonishment, she bounded towards him, armed with a dagger, and with a sure, steady, and strong hand, struck him right on the heart; but, luckily for himself, Louis the Fifteenth wore a cuirass under

his purple robe. The weapon slid over the steel, and the King, free from danger, grasped the hand that still clutched the dagger.

The attendants that had been posted in the adjoining chambers instantly appeared, and laid hold of the young girl. She remained still, calm, moveless, and cold as a statue. She did not even make the slightest effort to escape from them. At that moment the King was informed that the administrator and sheriffs of the city were wishing to obtain an audience of His Majesty. They were desired to appear, and it seemed that, as they proceeded to the presence chamber, some one had informed them of the attempt on the King's life; for, upon being admitted, the administrator thus spoke:—

"Sire, I am rendered most miserable by this foolish, this novel, this wicked attempt to disturb the general joy. The guilty person can only be a lunatic; but still she deserves punishment. We pray you, however, to direct the persons present to speak not one word of this affair. It is not proper that the slightest doubt should be cast upon the fidelity and loyalty of Strasbough towards your royal person."

Then the administrator, turning to the young girl, thus addressed her in German, of which language he knew the King and all his courtiers were ignorant:—"Ger nurchin das vaterland wird noch andere Raceher haben" (Go; our country will have other avengers.)

A King's Attendant asked one of the Sheriffs what it was that the Administrator had said to the prisoner. The latter, with an imperturbable assurance replied, "He has told her that God will punish regicides with eternal damnation."

The young girl smiled, and then said, "*Nein, nein Gott wird sich meiner erbarmen!*" (No, no; God will have mercy on me!)

She had not yet finished speaking, when the guards entered to lead her away. At the moment in which the King's attendants were about to give her to the soldiers she slipped from their hands, made a bound towards the window, and disappeared. Her lovely and beautiful form was raised in a minute afterwards from the ground frightfully mutilated, and a general exclamation burst from the crowd—"She was a lunatic!"

Upon the evening of the 7th of October the wine rose, as on preceding days, from the fountains erected in front of the castle, fireworks were exhibited, and the city was illuminated. The population appeared as gay and as happy, as before the sad events that we have described occurred; but Louis the Fifteenth was no longer the same. He was sad and sorrowful; care sat upon his brow. There was joy no more for him; for those words—"Be not deceived by outward show"—still rang in his ears.

FR. X. M.

A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. First: she should be like a snail, always to keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back. Second: she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Third: she should be like a town clock, always keeping time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

My bonny Kate, though years have pass'd since last I saw thy face,

It hath not lost a single charm—thy form lost not one grace;
Thy smile's as bright, thy step as light, thy laugh as gay and free,

And o'er thy brow thy raven locks still twine as gracefully.

The years I've struggled through by thee without one care were spent,

They've glided lightly on, and left no impress as they went;
Thy forehead fair they did not dare to blur with touch or tint,
But many a line is traced on mine, which Time could not imprint.

The red rose from thy chaplet hath deposited the virgin white,
A graver glance, too, lights thine eye, but 'tis not the less bright,
Thy lips deep flush, thy cheeks soft blush, are lovely as they were,

But yet to me thou seem'st to be more lofty in thy air.

That snowy hand I used to press, displays a plain gold ring,
Two cherub babes around thee sport, or fondly to thee cling;
With pride elate you kiss them Kate; thine own, oh! can they be?

Yes—in each face mine eye can trace, a miniature of thee.

Hast thou forgotten when thy love was interchanged for mine?
Or hast thou been coerced to yield when thou would'st fain decline?

Could ought subdue my love for you, my heart were now at rest,

For other eyes, 'neath brighter skies, have woo'd me to be blest,

But no—my own love seemed to smile—it could not, could not be—

Ah! no—my own land seemed to rise, like Venus from the sea,
And beauties rare and climates fair, were nought—with hope elate

O'er realms of foam I sought my home, and find it—desolate.

But, fare the well—the light is set which guided me where'er
My footsteps turned—around me now, 'tis darkness and despair;

May love to thee propitious be—I'll seek the wild waves swell,
If keel or prow turn upward now, I care not—Kate, farewell!

J. F. C.

SUMMER.

Now have green April and the blue-eyed May
Vanished awhile; and lo! the glorious June,
While Nature ripens in his burning noon,
Comes like a young inheritor, and gay,

Although his parent months have passed away.

But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.

What matters this, so long as in the Past,
And in the days to come, we live, and feel
The Present nothing worth, until it steal

Away, and, like a disappointment, die;
For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
Flies ever on before, or follows fast.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

It was drawing towards evening when I reached the door of an humble auberge, in the mountain valley of Lutschine. My guide, a young man whom I had employed at a trifling remuneration, had been eloquent in his commendations of the comforts of this *sojour*; and, indeed, I had no reason to impugn his veracity, when, on entering, I found myself in a neatly-furnished apartment, where an old man and a cherry-lipped, dark-eyed girl, apparently his daughter, received us with that unaffected courtesy which distinguishes the inhabitants of these patriarchal regions. I had observed that, though a cordial smile of welcome was bestowed on me by my young hostess, there was a joyous sparkle in her eye, a deeper blush on her cheek, and a tone of sweeter pathos in her voice when she addressed Albert, my guide. The workings of the human mind in matters of the heart, however studiously we may seek to veil them from human inspection, are generally discovered more early than any other passion; thus, I almost immediately set it down that Albert and Maria were lovers, and as I watched the cautious but intelligent looks they interchanged, while the old aubergiste was providing for my accommodation, I had no doubts remaining as to the truth of my first opinion. My simple repast was soon spread, and though there were not the luxuries of a Parisian or London table to tempt a cloyed appetite, I possessed from the keen breeze of the Jungfrau, which I had been inhaling all day, a better stimulant than Oude ever invented. The cheese was of the highest flavour, the milk delicious, and the strawberries, as I was assured by the "neat-handed" Maria, had been gathered that day by herself, and this assurance gave to me a double relish. After supper was ended, I was invited by the old man to go with him a little way up the village, to witness a rustic concert by a few of the village girls, who had assembled to welcome my arrival amongst their native mountains.

I was delighted at the proposal; the aubergiste and myself went first, followed by Albert and Maria, who, left to the sweet communion of their own hearts, did not seek to intrude their company upon us. Our path was along the side of a steep valley, in whose bosom an impetuous mountain torrent rolled in whitening foam. The solitude of the place, and its primeval stillness, broken only by the song of the waters beneath—the sullen roar of the fall, or the melancholy music of the wind through the top of the dark pines, which clothed the sides of the glen—combined to fill my mind with such intense feelings of awe and rapture, that I became immovably rooted to the spot. We were standing upon a flat rock, which jutted like a platform over the dark abyss of the valley beneath—the mighty Jungfrau and its untrodden snows, radiant in the last rays of the declining sun, stood like a white-robed giant guarding the upper entrance into the valley. At that moment how I longed for the pencil of a Poussin to transfer to my canvass the glorious scene which burst upon my senses; but my meditations on this sublime spectacle were diverted by a strain of sweet sad music from an unseen songstress. She paused, and the melody was taken up by another voice in the same key. Two or three other singers then joined in a wild irregular, but still in a perfect harmony, rising and falling by such beautiful transitions, that each note seemed to be the echo of its predecessor. It was the first time I had ever heard the Swiss airs, and though I had fancied them singularly wild and beautiful, I was not prepared for the novel sensation these exquisite notes produced. A pleasurable thrill ran through my veins—tears,

tears of dreamy delight filled my eyes—and, though years have glided away, I can never hear a Swiss air without recalling the delicious mountain melody which captivated my soul in that delightful valley. As we returned, Albert, who watched his opportunity, beckoned me away from the group of peasants who had now joined our homeward-bound party, and premising his business with an apology for troubling me, told me what I had already shrewdly surmised, that Maria and he were mutually attached. "We are," said he, "the children of neighbouring peasants; yet even in our childish sports, before I even knew what love was, I liked Maria above all the other girls in the hamlet; and when, in riper years, reason and passion bade me whisper to her how very dear she was to my happiness, I one evening extracted from her rosy lips the ecstatic confession, that Albert, the poor peasant boy, was not indifferent to her heart. Blind to everything but the consciousness of being beloved by Maria, on the following day I called on her father, and with the arduity of a boy lover, besought him to consent to our nuptials. The old man shook his head gravely, and said—

"What means have you of maintaining a wife, Albert?" This material point had never before occurred to me; but with that ready facility with which love converts mountains into molehills, and oceans into rivulets, I laid down a thousand brilliant plans for our future life, at each of which Maria's father smiled most incredulously. At length, when I had nearly exhausted my stock of oratory and breath, he interrupted me by saying, "I see how it is, Albert, your sanguine disposition makes you think lightly of the difficulties you would have to encounter in struggling through the world. You are too young and inexperienced yet to bend your neck to a load of care; but I will tell you what my boy, turn your thoughts and your energies to some industrious pursuit in life; give up all thoughts of Maria for three years, and if, at the end of that time you are able to support a wife, and continue in your present mind, take her and my blessing. Accustomed from my childhood to traverse the most inaccessible of these mountain paths, I determined to become a guide to the strangers who visit this country in their journeys to the different celebrated spots of these romantic regions. For three years past I have persevered in this perilous occupation, and with such success that I have now realised a sum, which I hope will be sufficient to induce Maria's father to bestow her hand upon me. During the time of my probation I have never spoken to Maria except in the presence of her parents until this evening, when I told her of my determination of reminding her father of his promise. I need not say, sir, that the dear girl, whose heart has remained unchanged, though tempted by richer suitors, heard my proposal with delight, and it now only remains for me to obtain the old man's consent, which I propose asking to-morrow morning when he goes out to the field, to render me the happiest fellow in Canton —."

I sincerely wished Albert every success in his enterprize, and promised that I would not quit the auberge until his fate was decided.

That night I slept soundly after the fatigues of the day, on a homely but comfortable bed, from which the cheerful beams of the early sun streaming through my lattice aroused me ere the fresh breaking day had chased the misty robes from the mountain peaks, and I arose fresh and invigorated, prepared to make the most of the day by taking an early walk over the Henger Alp to Grindelwald. I was soon dressed, and stealing softly from my chamber, in order to avoid disturbing any sleepers

who might still wish to enjoy the sweets of slumber, I found myself in the principal apartment of the house, which communicated on one side with a small porch, through the half-open door of which poured a rich flood of sun-light upon the walls and tiled roof of the room in which I stood. Within the porch, on a rustic bench, sat the aubergiste's daughter, Maria; she was dressed with particular care, and I thought I never beheld the graceful costume of the Bernese displayed to greater advantage than on the beautiful figure which I then contemplated. I approached, unperceived, to a place whence I could observe her distinctly; she appeared absorbed in profound thought; her head thrown a little back, displayed a beautiful neck and throat, to whose whiteness the long plaits of her dark hair presented a striking contrast. She wore one of those peculiarly shaped dark net-work caps, which extend on either side of the face like the wings of a butterfly; her dark boddices confined a waist sufficiently small to set off the tournure of a well-formed bust, while the petticoat, coquettishly short, displayed a foot and ankle of symmetrical proportions. Her full dark eyes were fixed upon heaven, and her sweet ruby lips a little apart, seemed breathing some silent orisons. A fair-haired child, whom I had not perceived before, crept softly to her side, and in a tone of infantine fondness, lisped forth the word, "Sister!" the muser seemingly unconscious of her presence, allowed her to draw her passive arm around her neck, and gently pressed her rosy cheek to her bosom. I feared to breathe, lest I should break the holy spell that seemed to hover o'er them—it was the lively personification of love and innocence upon earth, and I sighed as a momentary thought crossed my mind, that, even they, the beautiful and the young, could not escape the cold blight of time or affliction. I had gazed silently on this group for a few minutes, when a quick step at the outer door of the auberge dissolved the reverie; the colour rose to Maria's brow in a crimson tide, but faded to a snowy paleness, as Albert entered and caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "Maria—my life—Maria, all is well—you are mine, mine own at last. The spirit which had sustained the fond girl suddenly gave way, and woman's tenderness alone remained. She strove not to disengage herself from her lover's circling arms, but, hiding her face in his bosom gave way to a flood of passionate tears. This was too much for my semi-philosophic mind, and I silently withdrew with an unusual mistiness over my vision, which to this day I cannot satisfactorily account for.

At breakfast I met this happy group, including Albert and Maria. I spoke but little, for I perceived that though every lip was wreathed in smiles, and every eye beaming with delight that each was too much engrossed with his own peculiar happiness to enter into conversation. However, I learned from Albert, in the course of my mountain tour that day, that Maria's father had not only consented to the union of the two lovers, but had promised to give to them the auberge, and to live with them as their guest during the remainder of his life. I delayed a few days to witness the felicity of this virtuous family in the nuptials of Albert and Maria, and when, after this event, I slung my knapsack on my shoulder, and took my staff in my hand to turn my back to the happy valley, perhaps for ever, I felt more regret than I had ever felt in quitting the splendid but heartless abodes of the great and gay.

CHARADE.

Why is the north-east wind like a new recruit? Because it goeth where it listeth.

VOL. 18.

THE SCARF OF SILVER AND BLUE.

By Edwin Addison.

"Bring forth my charger—my noble soldan!"
Cried loudly a brave youthful knight,
As he stood by the side of his lady fair,
Arrayed in his armour bright.
His noble steed waits; with one tender kiss
He bids his fair lady adieu;
While she binds on his arm a token of love,
A scarf of silver and blue.
"I swear, dearest love, by the light of thine eye,
This scarf shall ne'er leave my side,
'Till the heart that adores thee is laid in the earth,
Or I claim thee a warrior's bride!"
He vaults to the saddle; then, like the wind,
He sweeps over valley and plain;
His helmet of gold glitter'd bright in the sun;
He is bound o'er the angry main.

The sun smiles bright on the Palestine land,
Whilst o'er it a gorgeous array
Rush on to the fight 'gainst the infidel band,
To burst the Mahomedan sway.
The Lion of England waves proudly on high,
Glittering bright in its valour and sheen;
Whilst far in the distance, floating in light,
The Moslems' Gold Crescent is seen.
Like the march of the whirlwind that mighty host
Mov'd on in the pride of their power;
Christians and Moslems now kneel to their God,
To guard them in battles' dread hour.
In silence they pray; they breathe not a sound;
Their thoughts wander back to their home—
A bugle's shrill sound now rouses their souls;
Proudly on to the battle they come!
On the lightning's swift wings they seem to fly on,
As furiously onwards they're borne:
They meet with terrific and deafening sound,
And warriors from chargers are torn!
The banner of the Cross in the foremost is seen,
Its champions leading on to the fight;
The Moslems now gain that hallowed flag;
The Christians have taken to flight!
The brave Knight alone, who wears on his arm
A scarf of silver and blue,
Stands firmly his ground 'gainst th' infidel host;
To his cause and his country he's true.
"Base cowards!" he cries; then impetuously on,
Waving his bright sword on high,
He forces his way to the flag of the cross,
To regain it, or gloriously die!
The ranks of the foes are fell'd by his arm;
Their blood darkens the Palestine plain—
The flag is regained—the Christians have won!
That warrior lies 'mid the slain!

A noble youth smiles on his lady love,
Whom he fondly clasps to his side:
That Warrior Knight of the scarf of blue
Now claims his well-won bride!

R

He tells of his deeds in distant lands,
 And of battles lost and won;
 Of captivity under the Moslem yoke,
 Beneath a burning sun.
 "But now," he cried, "I've gain'd my home,
 And found my long-loved, faithful bride;
 I will lay aside my sword and scarf,
 Nor trust again the foaming tide."

A noble couple at the altar stand,
 To each other they swear to be true;
 Whilst proudly waves o'er them that trophy bright,
 A scarf of silver and blue!

MUSINGS OF A SOLITARY.

By George W. Burch.

NO. IV.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

"All's well that ends well."—*Shakespeare.*

Parting! There is something in that word which carries home to the heart a keen sense of human woe. We lose a friend, one in whom we had confided the inmost secrets of our soul; towards whom we had been accustomed to look for support in the hour of trial; a friend that sustained us in adversity; the only source from which, when deprived of all other worldly comfort, we could hope for consolation. How do we feel in losing such an one? As though the world had deserted us; and we stand amid that throng through which we had been accustomed to tread our way with such ease and indifference, now bewildered—lost; and we may, like another Diogenes, take up our lantern and search for an honest man; but it will be long ere the heart be again prepared to yield its full confidence to a stranger. All is doubt; we view so much of the world's deceptive influence; so much of its curious cunning; so much moral depravity of sentiment, in what is called every-day society; that, to the susceptible and unwary I would say—Caution! to the unfortunate—caution; to the disappointed—caution, still. For there are those ever ready to take advantage of us when they have what is called in common phrase gained our weaker side, and by the plausibility of their manœuvring, and the peculiar tact by which they bring their seductive influence to bear upon that part of our natures most open to their attack, by this means make us the instruments, if not the victims, by which the vilest purposes are effected.

I shall now proceed to illustrate my subject, and endeavour to show to how great an extent the heart may be worked upon, in order to accomplish ends which would be otherwise unattainable.

Let me introduce to the reader a young lady of eighteen; and, without entering into minute detail respecting the charms of which she was the possessor, it is considered enough to say that she was lovely, amiable, and virtuous, and all that one's ideas can assimilate of perfection in the female character, belonged to the youthful heroine of my tale. This young lady was the only daughter of the vicar of H—, near which village I passed some of the happiest days of my boyhood: its rural simplicity, the homely manners of its inhabitants, and the

good old English spirit of hospitality which characterized them, are indelibly impressed on my heart.

I shall not soon forget the excitement caused by the events which I am about to narrate; and would remind the reader that the incumbent of a secluded and distant village was then not unfrequently regarded with a kind of reverential awe which might now be deemed absurd; but in those days when the rural vicar was looked upon, in the more literal acceptance of the term, as the pastor of his flock, and where the individual chanced to be the possessor of those grand attributes to human excellence known as charity and godliness, it cannot become a matter of surprise that such a man should meet with the due reward of his virtues, in the love of those whom Providence had committed to his charge. Thus the vicar of H— was universally esteemed; the poor loved him for the care with which he ministered to their wants; for the unassuming urbanity which marked his deportment, and threw a charm around him, inspiring the most timid with confidence at his approach. His hand was ever open to the wants of the distressed; and his heart ever alive to the woes of others. If a misfortune chanced to befall any one, he would immediately repair to the village, and give such assistance as the urgency of the case required. I remember with what zeal he would apply himself to the task, and what heartfelt satisfaction lighted up the good man's face when his efforts were successful, as though it were his own case, and on the issue depended his individual welfare. The wealthy of his district revered him for the exercise of those acts of philanthropy which well became the holy office he so worthily filled, and for the independent nobleness of soul which characterized his conduct throughout.

From the contemplation of such a character then, we are led to expect the happiest results, in connexion with those whose moral and mental culture has been achieved under such auspices. Emily S. had now attained to womanhood; and all the hopes of her father were realised when he looked upon her, and viewed in her beautiful person the exact prototype of that which her mother had been; and when he contemplated the lovely exterior, which contained a mind and heart no less lovely, as the fruits of those heavenly precepts, which had been instilled with so much care, and saw the hopes and anticipations of years so happily realised in the attainment of his soul's dearest wish, his heart swelled with gratitude to God, and he felt animated with all a father's pride and love, when he reflected that so much beauty, virtue, and excellence dwelt in the person of his own child. The vicar of H— was a happy man, happy in the possession of that which is wealth indeed—a contented mind; and as the father of that angelic being whose character was the very model of his own. Reader, am I wrong to break in upon the harmony of this scene? am I wrong in allowing the demon of discord to enter this peaceful circle of happiness hitherto unalloyed?

But it must be so; it is necessary for the object I have in view, and to carry out the idea which I set forth at the commencement of my tale.

Amongst those who were most regular in their visits to the Vicar and his daughter were two young gentlemen of the neighbourhood, cousins, of the name of Davenport. The father of the elder was a gentleman possessed of a very considerable fortune, and the proprietor of an estate which was perhaps the most extensive and valuable in the county. Edwin Davenport, the junior of these two young men, was an orphan, dependent on the bounty of his uncle; his father, an officer and younger son, having met his death while engaged in one of the late Penin-

sular campaigns with his regiment. These two young men had lately completed their college education; and, at the time our tale takes its commencement, Edwin Davenport was about to proceed on a continental tour, by the desire of his uncle, who, having great interest, had procured the promise of a lucrative government post, which was to be conferred on the young gentleman in consideration of the services performed by his father during the war.

Edwin had long been acquainted with the Vicar, and it was from this worthy man he had received those instructions which had formed the stepping-stones to his present high classical attainments. During his frequent visits to the parsonage-house he had abundant opportunities to become acquainted with the mind and disposition of its lovely occupant; and it did not require long to enable him to appreciate those virtues which made her an ornament to her sex. To say that these were the sole attractions which awakened a feeling of admiration in his heart would not be doing justice to his taste: he admired those adornments of the mind and heart, which shone out so prominently in her character, and he loved her for herself.

On his return from college he repaired the following day to the vicarage, and was welcomed with all the warmth of a parent by the good old man, who, with tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, pressed Edwin to his heart in an ecstasy of delight, and, suddenly quitting him, in a moment afterwards he led forth Emily from an adjoining apartment, who ran forward to embrace her old companion, then, blushing, she hastily drew back, as though she had gone beyond the bounds of feminine decorum, she held out her hand, and advanced with half-averted looks, to the young man, who did not require much prompting in the affair, save that inward prompter, love, which, on this occasion, constrained him to fold the beautiful girl in one long, tender embrace, while the good Vicar looked on with an approving smile, and blessed them as they stood.

"My children," said he, "you are both good, amiable, virtuous; you are fitted for each other. I love you; your happiness is my happiness, and your welfare, mine. May your days like mine be peace! and, when I leave this mortal sphere, may my grey hairs go down to the grave in the blest assurance that I leave you in possession of that calm enjoyment of a lot, where contentment and true happiness is only to be gained by a life spent in the exercise of virtue!"

The day of Edwin's departure at length arrived, the night preceding which he took an affecting leave of the good old Vicar, and made solemn protestations of love for Emily, adding, that whatever he might have to encounter, or whatever should befall him, while he had life, she might rest assured of that which he knew she valued beyond all else—his undiminished affection. She sobbed, in the fullness of her heart, as he pronounced farewell; and the violent agitation of her frame told the agony she felt. The scene was a painful one, as all parting scenes are; but more especially where the affections are concerned.

Some weeks had elapsed since the departure of Edwin: meantime they had received two letters dated from Paris, and giving a glowing picture of that city, and detailing all that he thought would prove interesting, and containing renewed assurances of the warmth of his affection for Emily, who dwelt on that part of the letter which more particularly related to herself, with an interest coeval with the intense affection she bore the young man. She read it, and read it again—she moistened it with her tears—she pressed it to her lips, in the fervency of her young heart's devoted tenderness.

The visits of Charles Davenport, in the absence of his cousin, became more frequent, and his behaviour towards Emily more marked. In a word, it did not require much penetration to discover that he too had conceived a passion for her. His visits were not discouraged, for it afforded Emily an opportunity to expatiate on the merits of Edwin; and the apparent zeal with which his cousin entered into the subject; the warm manner in which he dwelt on his numerous merits, and the disinterested eulogy that he heaped on him, inspired the sensitive girl with a feeling of unaffected esteem for his friend. Thus matters continued to go on for the space of several months, during which time many letters were received from the Continent, and all these bore evidence of unabated affection on the part of Edwin; but sometime had elapsed since the receipt of the last intelligence, and Emily began to feel a slight degree of uneasiness at the protracted silence of her lover. On no previous occasion had a fortnight gone by without hearing from him, and already five weeks had flown. In the absence of a letter she grew sad. Her father used all his energy to console her, and described the many casualties that were likely to interrupt a regular course of correspondence; and it was with much difficulty that he was enabled to effect his object, in calming the painful throbbings of her heart.

One morning the Vicar was seated in his library, engaged in the usual studies that occupied his morning hours; the servant entered with a letter; the well-known seal. He broke it—'twas from Edwin. But how shall I depict the good man's grief as he read, and found that part of the letter which was generally devoted to the subject nearest his heart, now occupied by frivolous matters connected with his travels, which might have proved deeply interesting at any other time; but his daughter—her name was mentioned; her health, and all such common-place subjects enquired; but, will it be believed, the language of the heart, love, formed no part of that letter. After the first surprise and grief had passed away, the good man bethought himself how to account for the change—it was inexplicable. "Edwin"—the old man soliloquised—"my boy!" he ejaculated. "Ah! the world hath changed thee! thy young heart was not proof against its allurements. Would to God I had warned thee more than I did!" He wept, and they were tears of real sorrow. "Oh, my child, how wilt thou meet this unexpected stroke?"

But she did meet it; yes, she met it with comparative calmness, when her father said, "Let us forget him, my child; let us forget him; he was not worthy of thee; there is one more worthy. Charles Davenport, my child, has this morning told me of his passion for you. He loves you, and I have long thought so: and the way in which he spoke of his recreant cousin charmed me. He dwelt on his own love for you; and when he became fully aware of his cousin's depravity he wept; when most men in his situation would have rejoiced at the prospect afforded them for the accomplishment of their wishes."

Let it suffice then to say that Charles Davenport gained his object thus far, that Emily consented to be his. Deliberate villainy, and the most subtle treachery effected its designs; but her father thought proper to defer the communication for a few days, until such time as all parties might have time afforded to deliberate with themselves on the position of affairs.

One evening, shortly after the events just narrated, Emily was seated at her favourite window, which commanded a fine view of the high road that led to the village, and of the adjacent scenery, which abounded with picturesque beauties, and

afforded ample food for the admiration of a contemplative mind. She was melancholy—sorrowing. These shades, these lovely, secluded haunts, amidst whose sweet retirement she had spent the happiest moments of her existence in the society of him now—She arose from her seat; her brain grew dizzy—her heart was full to bursting, and she paced her little apartment to and fro with hurried step, labouring under an agony of excitement almost insupportable. “In a few days,” she thought; “yes, in a few days, all will be over. I shall be the wife of another. Oh, the anguish of that moment! Oh, the madness of that thought!” The dread look of supplicating misery expressed in those eyes, as she turned them towards Heaven to implore that mercy she so needed. “Oh, my Father,” she said, “bear with me! uphold me in this hour of trial! I need thy strength. Oh, save me!” She sank, overpowered by the intensity of her emotion, into the chair beside which she stood. For some moments she continued thus, with her face buried in her hands, until her thoughts were interrupted by a noise of wheels; she gazed from the window, and saw a travelling carriage enter the drive. Her heart throbbed—she knew not why. The carriage approached; she saw a stranger seated therein enveloped in a large travelling cloak. Another look—she could not be mistaken. It was him—Edwin! She lost all consciousness, and sunk back in the chair in which she had been sitting.

The young man was astonished at the doubtful reception he met with; but an explanation was asked for by the Vicar. He was led to the study. The letter was produced—the last letter. The astonishment depicted in his face as he perused it; the rage that filled his looks as he concluded—astonished the good old man.

“My God, Sir!” said Edwin, “this is no letter of mine. You have been imposed upon—deceived. Some villainy has been practised. Where is Emily?”

The old man returned leading in the trembling girl. She looked pale. Her tottering limbs well nigh refused their support. He ran forward to meet her.

“Stand back, Sir,” she said firmly, waving her hand; her eyes then met his. She read there his unfeigned astonishment. She saw the same Edwin that had left her; and read in his eyes the same love that she had ever seen there. Could she have been deceived? She was. She hesitated no longer. Oh, the impulses of the heart! Ah, reader, have you ever experienced a moment like this; when all the intense emotions of the soul have been wrought upon, and beyond which feeling could not carry you?

That afternoon was spent in the mutual enjoyment derived from each other's society, and in endeavouring to elucidate the mystery which had led to so much unhappiness. Charles Davenport had worked all this; he had sent an emissary to France; and he it was who had indited that letter, in the hand-writing of his cousin, to wean the affections of Emily, in order to effect his own nefarious ends. Charles was unable to meet his cousin; he could not face the friend he had so deeply injured, so basely traduced; and the treacherous author of so much villainy, immediately on hearing of his arrival (which had been quite unexpected) left the parental roof and passed over to France, where we shall leave him, a prey to that remorse which is the just reward of infamy.

The Bridal morning. All was joy within and without the vicarage. The same feeling which impelled the hearts of those more nearly connected with the ceremony about to take place, had communicated itself to the worthy peasantry: they loved

the Vicar, and all felt deeply interested in the happiness of the bride, from whom they had experienced so many acts of kindness. Garlands were woven, roses strewed the pathway leading to the church porch, the bells of which rang out a peal so loud and merry, so long and welcome, such another had never been remembered in the memory of the oldest villager. Now came the bridal party. The bride was habited in simple white, unadorned by superfluous ornament. She moved along tremblingly, gracefully. Then, beside, and bending over her with almost jealous care, the bridegroom, Edwin, looked as a bridegroom should look—happy, proud, excited. The villagers pressed forward; tears were shed, and blessings poured forth on either side, as the happy pair moved on between the avenue of smiling faces that lined the way to the entrance. Ah, there was joy indeed! Squire Davenport gave away the bride. The Vicar stood by while the service was performed by a reverend brother; he could not himself have performed the task. He wept as a child; I think I see the old man's tears.

After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the hall. The festivities were got up on a very extensive scale, and the good things of this life were largely distributed among the happy peasantry for miles around; and, leaving her thus happy, we shall bid adieu to the Vicar's Daughter.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF FORTESCUE.

We expect that about the time that this brief notice of the Earl of FORTESCUE appears before the public, his lordship, who has but within a very few weeks succeeded to the title, will be united in marriage to Lady Somerville, the widow of the late Sir Marcus Somerville, Bart. This is an event which must naturally be interesting to our readers, when they are apprised that the fair widow so soon about to be decked in the gay garments of a bride is a lady remarkable, even in the sister country, for her great beauty, grace, and liveliness of manners. She is in courtly halls “the gayest of the gay;” and the charms of her society are rendered doubly attractive by that purity, which seems never to have known anything that is contrary to the strictest rules of morality. It is not then to be regarded as a matter of wonder, that the widow of a baronet is about to be exalted to the vice-regal throne, or that her brows are to be bound by the coronet of a countess. In the good old times of knight-errantry, when ladies were our lawgivers and troubadours our historians, such beauty as that possessed by the future Countess of Fortescue, would have made her transform each grassy mound on which she reposed into a regal chair, and enable her to exclaim, like Constance,

“Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.”

There is, we believe, no one who has the honour of an acquaintance with either the noble earl or her ladyship, who is not rejoiced at the coming nuptials; for there have been in the

course of their wooing many curious, interesting, and to both parties highly honourable incidents, which, if combined together by an able writer, would make a most attractive romance; one too that would illustrate that well-known saying, "truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

The Earl of FORTESCUE is best known in the political world as Viscount EBRINGTON, by which title he was made a member of the House of Lords, when the important office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was conferred upon him. His lordship has always been very decided in his opinions; but in the maintenance and expression of them we believe he has never made a single enemy, nor caused pain to the feelings even of his most ardent opponent; and his motto might truly be—

"Nothing becomes him ill that he would well."

The following facts relating to the family of his lordship will, we are sure, interest our readers:—

This noble family deduces its origin from Sir Richard le Forte, a distinguished soldier in the invading army of William the Conqueror, who protected his royal master at the celebrated battle of Hastings, by bearing a strong shield before him; from which event, the French word "*escue*" (a shield) was added to the original surname of "*Forte*," and produced Fortescue. The son of this gallant warrior,

Sir ADAM FORTESCUE, Knight, being also a commanding officer in the same conflict, obtained from the successful monarch a grant of Wimondeston, or, as it is now written, Winston, in the county of Devon, of which he became lord. The descendant of this Sir Adam,

Sir JOHN FORTESCUE, Knight, being bred to the bar, was Lord Chief Justice of England in 1442, and Lord Chancellor in 1461. Sir John was esteemed a very eminent lawyer, and was the author of a celebrated treatise, entitled "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*." Sir John, being a faithful adherent of King Henry VI., retired after the final overthrow of that monarch to his seat at Ebrington, and died there, at the advanced age of ninety. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Miles Stapleton, and was succeeded by his son,

MARTIN FORTESCUE, Esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Richard Dynsell, of Filleagh and Wear Gifford, in the county of Devon, by whom he obtained those estates, and had two sons; from the younger of whom, William, descended the Fortescues, who became Viscounts Clermont, in Ireland; and from the elder,

JOHN FORTESCUE, Esq., of Filleagh and Wear Gifford, descended, lineally,

HUGH FORTESCUE, Esq., of Filleagh and Wear Gifford, who married Bridget, only daughter and heiress of Hugh Boscawen, Esq., of Tregothnam, in the county of Cornwall, and Margaret, his wife, fifth daughter, and eventually co-heiress, of Theophilus Clinton, Earl of Lincoln (whose eldest sister married Robert Rolle, Esq., of Heanton Sackville Court, in the county of Devon.) Mr. Fortescue married, secondly, Lucy, daughter of Matthew, first Lord Aylmer, and was succeeded at his decease by the eldest son of his first marriage,

Sir HUGH FORTESCUE, K. B., who was summoned to parliament, 16th March, 1721, as Lord Clinton, in right of his maternal grandmother, the above mentioned Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Theophilus, Earl of Lincoln, and Baron Clinton, and was created Earl Clinton, and Baron Fortescue, of Castle Hill, in the county of Devon, on the 5th of July, 1746; the barony of Fortescue to revert, in default of male

issue, to his half-brother, Matthew Fortescue, Esq. The earl dying second peer on the 3d May, 1751, the earldom expired; the barony of Clinton passed to Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Samuel Rolle, Esq., of Heanton Sackville Court, in the county of Devon, widow of Robert, second Earl of Orford, and grand-daughter of Robert Rolle, mentioned above; while the barony of Fortescue devolved, according to the limitation, upon

MATTHEW FORTESCUE, Esq., as second baron. His lordship married 8th June, 1752, Anne, second daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Calder, North Britain, and of Stackpole Court, in the county of Pembroke, by whom (who died in 1812) he had issue,

HUGH, the father of the present peer.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

Long years have pass'd, pale flowers, since you
Were cull'd and given in brightest bloom,
By one whose eyes eclipsed your blue;
Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years, but though your bloom be gone,
The fragrance which your freshness shed
Survives—and memory lingers on
When all that bless'd its birth has fled.

Thus hues—and hopes will pass away;
Thus, youth and bloom, and bliss depart—
Oh! what is left when these decay?
The faded leaf—the withered heart!

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The dissolution of Parliament does not seem to have affected this theatre much, as the houses have been both well and fashionably attended since; there has not been much novelty in the operas, the old standard ones being found more serviceable than the more modern productions, which are by no means equal to those we are accustomed to hear repeated season after season—in fact, the dearth of composers renders it difficult to give anything that may be called new, but which too frequently consists of the previous well-worn *motivi* that have done good service for many years past. The *Turco in Italia* has been but rarely played of late: it is a lively and amusing opera and forms a sequel to the *Italiana in Algieri* and was composed by ROSSINI in 1814, to fill up the void occasioned by the failure of his *Aureliano in Palmira*: it contains some very beautiful music especially the *piquante* duet, *e un bel uso di Turchia*, and the celebrated quintetto, *Oh guardate che occidente*, so well known in all the concert-rooms. It is a selection that shows much good taste on the part of PERSIANI, and the admirable way she gave the excellent music of this agreeable opera called forth the loudest praise. The principal novelty has, however, been the new ballet of *Mathilde ou la Magie Amoureuse*, composed by M. TAGLIONI. The plot is thus given.

Mathilde, TAGLIONI, is in love with Count Alphonse

ALBERT, who, however, prefers the cabalistic art to tales of "Ladye love;" his friend, *Theodore*, proposes to the *Countess* to restore him to reason, somewhat after the recently-discovered system of medicine, by which a disease is engendered to swallow up the original ailment. *Theodore*, therefore, repairs to the laboratory of *Alphonse*, and tells him he is in possession of the magic power he is in search of, and offers to convey this secret to him if he will implicitly obey all his commands for a certain period. *Alphonse* consents, and is led blindfold through a peristyle of the *Countess's* house to a cave in the gardens, where, after some pretended conjurations, *Alphonse* is left in the magic circle to call forth the spirit; it appears—an immense creature indeed, outdoing even *Vestris's* wonderful monster in the *Castle of Otranto*—the eyes roll wildly, whilst a tiny imp egresses from the mouth and descends the spiral folds of his tail like a winding stair-case, extending at the same time a pair of huge crimson wings, the cave changes to a beautifully illuminated tent, where *Taglioni* and *Guy Stephan* appear as the leaders of a Tyrolese dance, which is danced to the chorus of *Guillaume Tell*, he then falls in love with the *Countess*, and in the next act we find him at the lodge of the *Countess's* house transformed from the house into a roadside inn, where a troop of Arragonese dancers are introduced, and *Taglioni* executes a most admirable dance somewhat after the fashion of the Cachouca, and she subsequently joins a party of Nymphs, dancing herself at last most firmly into the love of *Alphonse*, and as an affair of course the ballet ends by a supposed matrimonial *pas de deux*. As a spectacle, it is truly magnificent, the gorgeoussness of the scenery and dresses have never been exceeded even here, *Grievé* seeming to have been imbued with more than usual spirit. The whole of the interest of the ballet, however, centres in *Taglioni*, and we have seldom seen her to more advantage; it is so constructed as to afford her an opportunity of displaying any dances she wishes, and those she introduced upon the present occasion are amongst the most beautiful and elegant that she has ever given. The Arragonese dance is a mixture of the Cachouca and Cracovienne, and is quite certain to become equally popular with either of those dances. Nothing can well go better than the ballet, for, whether *Taglioni* is the *déesse*, or *Cerito*, the dances are so admirably arranged as to ensure its being a general favourite.

HAYMARKET.—The revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at this house has been attended with much success, but not more than it deserves, since it is altogether the best got up of any of the plays *Webster* has yet produced; the scenery is entirely new, and much good taste has been shown in the laying out of the stage, some of the scenes being almost built upon the stage, and have an extremely picturesque effect. *Charles Kean's Romeo* is a very clever piece of acting: it is not so full of whine as most actors make the character, but of a more manly cast; the whole of the last act is excellently played by him, and it is altogether one of the best parts we have yet seen him in. *Ellen Tree's Juliet* is also beautifully played; her balcony scene, in particular, was most admirably acted, and received much and well-deserved applause; so, also, was the scene where she takes the sleeping draught—one of the most difficult in the play to give with good effect. *Wallack's Mercutio* also a very clever piece of acting, light and easy, and told remarkably well with the audience: the celebrated *Queen Mab* speech was most ably delivered. *Webster*, as the *Apothecary*, had but little to do, but that little was excellently done; his by-play, after he has sold the poison, was beautifully acted, and drew down quite a round of applause.

The new farce of *My Friend the Captain*, is a very amusing piece, not very new in its construction but very laughable withal, and makes an excellent piece after a tragedy. *Wrench* has a sort of Jeremy Diddler part, which he plays with much spirit and humour; and *Rees* excited no small amusement by the tribulations his Friend the Captain constantly causes him. The piece was as it deserved to be very successful.

Celeste continues playing the round of her favourite characters, and with increased success; the more we see of her performance the more we find to admire: her acting is always true to nature, and she produces the most powerful effects with the least seeming effort, the true test of good acting. Her playing in the *Child of the Wreck* and *Suzanne* are amongst the most beautiful things the stage can produce.

TO A FRIEND, LEAVING ENGLAND FOR INDIA.

By Mrs. George Norman.

My Anna, when red India's sun
Shall claim thee as its fairest flower;
When, all abstracted, still, and lone,
The moonlight draws thee to thy bower;
When stilly Night, her sable veil
Casts o'er the earth and rolling sea,
Then, dearest, by that moonlight pale,
Then, Anna, then—remember me!

Yet not in Fancy's gayest time,
When Mirth may tune the heart to song;
When sunshine dances o'er thy clime,
Lightens thine heart, and prompts thy tongue;
But when the winds, like zephyrs, sweep
At midnight 'cross the lonely lea,
And o'er thy sorrows thou may'st weep,
Then, in thy grief—remember me!

LITERATURE.

Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L. Laman Blanchard.
2 vols. Colburn.

Mr. Blanchard has well and wisely treated the memoirs of his gifted subject, and has given to the world a most interesting account of the chequered existence of the ever-to-be-lamented Letitia Elizabeth Landon. We regret want of space precludes us from giving a few of the many brilliant passages with which the work abounds.

The Sanative Influence of Climate, with an Account of the best Places of Resort for Invalids in England, the South of Europe, &c. By Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and Prince Albert. London, 8vo., 1841. Murray.

This is an able and a most useful work, and as such we strongly recommend it to the public in general, and invalids in particular.

Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister. By Catherine Taylor. 2 vols. Murray.

To our youthful readers we would recommend this instructive and well-arranged work. The style is simple, and the subject interesting.

THE COURT.

It is said Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the members of their respective households, will not remove from Windsor Castle to Buckingham Palace until shortly before the meeting of Parliament.

ROYAL VISIT TO STAFFORD HOUSE.—The Queen and Prince Albert, and the King and Queen of the Belgians, left Buckingham Palace at a quarter-past one o'clock on Thursday afternoon, July 1, for Stafford-house, to honour the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland with a visit. A select party had the honour of being invited to meet her Majesty. The illustrious party partook of a *déjeuné*, and remained two hours at Stafford House, and afterwards returned to Buckingham Palace.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

WOBURN-ABBEY, JULY 24.—For the last fortnight the most costly preparations have been making here to do honour to the reception of her Majesty, Prince Albert, and numerous suite, consisting of the principal noblemen and ladies of the Royal Household: so magnificent an entertainment to royalty as this is likely to be has not been given during the present reign, or long antecedent.

The Royal party (which we learn may probably include the Queen of the Belgians, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta) is expected to arrive on Monday afternoon, and sojourn in this ducal mansion until Wednesday, when the Royal *cortege* is expected to proceed to Pansanger, the residence of Earl and Countess Cowper, and to Viscount Melbourne, at Brocket Hall, in the neighbouring county of Herts.

The Cabinet Ministers, Prince Esterhazy, and the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers with their ladies, and a select party of the principal nobility, have been invited to meet her Majesty.

From what we have witnessed of the grand preparations, we should feel perfectly safe in asserting that no *fête* of equal splendour and magnificence has been given to a British Queen since the pompous times of Queen Elizabeth. We therefore feel justified in giving, in anticipation of this interesting event, those details which have come within our observation and knowledge.

The magnificent and extensive pile of buildings, this ancient seat of the Russell family, known as "Woburn Abbey," has real claims to that title; for on the site of the present mansion there existed in the early part of the 11th century a monastery, founded by Hue de Bolebec, a wealthy baron, and which was intended for monks of the Cistercian order. The monastery and its revenues, in the middle of the 16th century, on the suppression of religious houses, were by Edward IV., granted to John Lord Russell, who was soon after created Earl of Bedford, and it has remained in the possession of the descendants of that family ever since. A squadron of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry formed a guard of honour during her Majesty's stay.

WINDSOR, July 26.—Monday afternoon, shortly after one o'clock, the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert took their departure from the Castle for Woburn Abbey, escorted by a party of the 11th Hussars.

The following personages were in attendance on her Majesty and the Prince:—The Marquis of Headfort and Lady Littleton, the lord and lady in waiting on her Majesty; Hon. Miss

Cavendish, maid of honour, and Colonel Bouverie, equerry, and Mr. George Edward Anson, secretary to his Royal Highness.

WINDSOR, SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 25.—The town, during the whole of the day, has been filled with visitors from the neighbouring towns on the line of the Great Western Railway, and from London; and St. George's Chapel was literally crammed at the morning service, principally with strangers, who were present in the expectation that her Majesty and Prince Albert would have attended.

The Queen, however, who was rather indisposed in the morning, attended Divine worship, this afternoon, at St. George's accompanied by Prince Albert, and attended by several of the Royal household.

Immediately upon the return of the Royal party to the Castle, her Majesty and the Prince, accompanied by the Queen of the Belgians, took an airing in the Great Park, in a pony phaeton and four, with the usual attendants. Her Majesty did not return till past seven o'clock, at which time the thousands who had previously been on the New Terrace, in the expectation of seeing the Queen on the terrace, had dispersed. It is understood that the Queen was so pressed upon and crowded, last Sunday, as she passed from the orangery on to the private terrace by the throngs who were then in the gardens, that her Majesty came to the determination, to-day, not to promenade amongst the public as heretofore.

It must be admitted that her Majesty is frequently subjected to annoyances of this description, from the unruly portion of the strangers who visit the gardens and New Terrace on Sundays.

WEANING OF THE INFANT PRINCESS.—During the past month two most interesting occurrences have taken place in the Royal Household; the first of these is the *short-coating* of the Princess Royal, and the second a much more important and hazardous event is no less than the weaning of the Royal infant; this trying ordeal, we are rejoiced to find, the young Princess has borne with perfect good humour, and our readers will be glad to learn that the health of the Royal baby has not been at all affected by the change, and she becomes each day more interesting. Her Royal Highness takes her usual airing every day.

The health of the Duke de Brabant is much improved. His Royal Highness was enabled to take a carriage airing.

Viscountess Jocelyn has been on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle. It was her first visit since her nuptials, and the Queen has been pleased to present her with a very elegant *cadeau*, or present of brilliants, as an especial mark of her regard. The Viscountess (then Lady Fanny Cowper) was one of the series of Court beauties who attended as maids of honour at the coronation, and it is also on this account (partaking somewhat of Court etiquette) that this valuable present has been made. Lord Jocelyn and his accomplished lady will not leave for the continent until after Her Majesty's visit to Earl and Countess Cowper, at Pansanger, Herts.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.—On the 24th of June there was a grand presentation at the Court of Saxe Coburg, in honour of the Duchess of Kent, followed by a dinner of seventy covers in the Riesensaal. In the evening her Royal Highness appeared at the theatre, accompanied by her august relations. The Duchess arrived on the 5th of July at Amorbach, the seat of the Prince of Lienenigen, at which her Royal Highness's youthful days were passed, and whence the Duchess had been absent 22 years. The whole population of the place and neighbourhood went out to meet her, and escorted her home with every token

of the most affectionate welcome. The Duchess shed tears at this kind demonstration. Her Royal Highness has, we hear, intimated her intention of returning to this country previously to the 17th of August, being the anniversary of her Royal Highness's birthday.

Sunday, July 25, was the birthday of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex paid a visit of congratulation to the Royal Duchess in the afternoon. Several of the members of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps, including Prince Esterhazy, the Netherlands Minister and Madame Dedel, the Russian, Hanoverian, and Wurtemberg Ministers, Baron de Neumann, on a special mission from Austria; Baron Schleinitz, the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, and also many of the nobility and gentry, called at Cambridge-house in the course of the day, and left their names for Her Royal Highness.

DEPARTURE OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.—The King of the Belgians took his departure from Windsor, attended by Mons. Van Praet. The Earl of Fingall also attended his Majesty to Woolwich. The Queen of the Belgians, remains at Windsor.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.—At Buckland, Lady THROCKMORTON, of a daughter.—At Fort Augustus, Scotland, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel LOSACK, of a son.—At Bute House, Brompton, Lady SARAH INGESTRIE, of a son.—The wife of Mr. JOHN DOTTERILL, of the Vine Tavern, Stoke Road, of a third pair of fine and healthy children.—In Grosvenor Square, the Marchioness of EXETER, of a son.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The "Echo du Nord" states the extraordinary fact that a woman of the commune of Berlaumont, has been twice delivered of twins within the last eight months and a half!

MARRIAGES.—At St. Pancras New Church, HENRY LUXMOORE, Esq., of Gordon Square, to MARIA CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, eldest daughter of Sir JOHN J. HANSLER, of Tavistock Square.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Lord CREMORNE, to AUGUSTA, second daughter of EDWARD STANLEY, Esq., and Lady MARY STANLEY.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. LOVICK COOPER, of Empingham, Rutland, youngest brother of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., to HARRIETTE, niece of the late DAVID RICARDO, Esq., M.P., of Gatcombe Park, in the county of Gloucester, and eldest sister of LEWIS RICARDO, Esq., M.P. for Stoke.—At Hamble-le-Rice, Hampshire, the Rev. JOHN BARNEY, M.A., Vicar of Charlton Adam, Somersetshire, to MARY ANN BRADBY LUMLEY, only daughter of the late Captain JOHN RICHARD LUMLEY, R.N., of Charlton, Kent, and grand-daughter of the late Admiral Billy Douglas.—At Minto, by the Rev. Gilbert Elliot, Lady FANNY ELLIOT, second daughter of the Earl of Minto, to Lord JOHN RUSSELL.—At Uttoxeter, by the Hon. and Rev. T. Cavendish, the Hon. RICHARD CAVENDISH, brother of Lord Waterpark, to Miss HART, only daughter and heiress of T. Hart, Esq., and niece of Sir T. Cotton Sheppard, Bart.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Viscount VILLIERS, M.P., eldest son of the Earl of Jersey, to Miss PEEL, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P. The Lord Bishop of Oxford officiated at the ceremony. Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge were pre-

sent at the solemnization. At the conclusion of the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of the Right Hon. Baronet in Whitehall Gardens, where a sumptuous entertainment was given. Afterwards the happy bride and bridegroom started for Middleton Park, Oxon, the seat of the Jersey family, to pass the honeymoon.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF HANOVER.

HANOVER, June 29.—The Queen of Hanover died to-day. The "Hanover Gazette" has the following notice:—

"It has pleased the Disposer of all human events to-day, at twenty minutes past twelve, to remove from this life the most August and Illustrious Frederica Louisa Carolina Sophia Alexandrina, by the Grace of God Queen of Hanover, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Cumberland, Duchess of Brunswick and Lunebourg, &c.; born Princess of Mecklenburg, &c. His Majesty the King, the Royal Family, and all faithful subjects, are hereby plunged into the deepest affliction.

"After being confined to her bed for three months her Majesty expired from a decay of strength, constantly attended by the King, the Crown Prince, and the Duchess of Anhalt Dessau. Her Majesty will be ever remembered as a mother and Queen.

"Hanover, June 29th."

"VON SCHELE.

DEATHS.—The Right Hon. T. P. COURTENAY, late M.P., and brother of the Earl of Devon. The Right Hon. Gentleman was on a visit to his noble relatives, at their seat at Powderham Castle. He proceeded to Torquay for the benefit of sea-bathing. Whilst swimming a short distance from the beach, it is supposed he was seized with the cramp, and sunk to rise no more. The Right Hon. Gentleman formerly filled the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Commissioner of the Board of Control, and was several years Member of Parliament for Totnes. He was in the 59th year of his age. In 1805 he was united to Anne, daughter of Mr. Mayow Meynell Mayow, of Sydenham, Kent, by whom he has left a family of twelve children (eight sons and four daughters) all of whom, with his lady, survive their melancholy loss. The deceased, in common with the brothers and sisters of the present Earl of Devon, by royal grant, enjoyed precedence of an Earl's younger children. Other accounts state, that the Right Hon. Gentleman, being seized with the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy, caused by the shock which his system received from the sudden immersion in cold water, made a rush to the shore, and expired on the beach. Mr. Courtenay has one son a clerk in the Treasury, and another a clerk in the House of Lords. The deceased had been in the receipt of a pension of £1,000 a year.—At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sir THOMAS ANDREW STRANGE, Knt., D. C. L., formerly Chief Justice at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and subsequently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, aged 85.—At his house in Arlington Street, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Feversham, in the 77th year of his age.—At Tunbridge Wells, CAROLINE, fifth daughter of the Bishop of Chester.

DEATH OF MADAME CATALINI.—Letters have been received from Milan, which announce the death of this great mistress of song. She expired at her casino, on the banks of L'ac di Coma, on Sunday, the 20th of June, in the 61st year of her age.





The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses



The Latest & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses.



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning & Evening Dresses

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIEN FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Indian green taffetas robe; the skirt is trimmed with four deep *biais* tucks. Embroidered muslin *canexou*, a three-quarter height, trimmed with a shawl lappel, which is bordered by a row of Brussels lace, laid on flat. Short tight sleeve, rendered full at the lower part by two falls of lace. The hair is banded on the forehead, disposed in full tufts of curls at the sides, and twisted up behind. A lace *fichtl* is placed very far back upon the head, and the ends tied under the chin.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—White *pou de soie* open robe, over an India muslin dress; the latter is embroidered round the border, and at the top of the *corsage*, which is low and square. The *corsage* of the former is made *en gerbe*, high behind, but very open on the bosom; it is bordered with a *volan* of the same material, disposed in round plaits, and turning over on the *corsage*; this trimming is continued down the fronts, and round the border of the skirt. Demi-long sleeve, of the hanging form, and rather wide, finished with a *volan* to correspond. *Tulle* cap, placed very far back upon the head; a wreath of blue ribbon is placed round the bottom of the caul, and the puffs of *tulle* at the sides are intermingled with blue ribbon.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 3.—Robe of rose-coloured *foulard double*; the *corsage*, a three-quarter height, and tight to the shape, is ornamented with a row of fancy silk buttons up the front, and trimmed with a lace frill, which also encircles the top of the *corsage*, falling over. Demi-long sleeve, terminated by lace *en suite*, and the upper part confined to the arm by close *bouillons*. A row of fancy silk buttons ornaments one side of the skirt. *Ceinture* of very rich figured ribbon, with floating ends. Small round cap, composed of Brussels lace, and trimmed with green ribbon.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Blue taffetas robe *glacé de blanc*; the skirt is trimmed very high with deep tucks edged by fancy silk trimming. High *canexou*, composed of alternate bands of muslin let in full, and embroidery, and trimmed round the top with a *rûche*. The sleeve is disposed in a succession of close *bouillons*, of nearly equal size, from the shoulder to the wrist. White crape bonnet, a small and rather close shape. The trimming consists of white ribbon, and small delicate flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Organdy* robe, over an under dress of the same material; it is open in front, edged with a very light embroi-

dery, and bordered with rose and white silk fringe. The *corsage* is tight to the shape, and made *en schale*. The sleeves, demi-large; both are decorated with fringe. A rose and white silk cord and tassels encircle the waist. Small round cap of English point lace, trimmed round the back of the head with a wreath of flowers which mounts high at each ear.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Striped *foulard* robe; the border is trimmed with three rows of *biais* tucks, three in each row. *Corsage* and sleeves quite tight to the shape; the former, high behind but very open on the bosom, is trimmed with a row of lace, falling over. Blue crape bonnet; an oval brim, very open, and trimmed in the interior with flowers; the exterior is decorated with a blue and white feather, ribbon, and a lace *voilette*.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe composed of *organdy broché*; the *corsage* low, and draped in the fan style. Demi-large sleeve, the top trimmed with a double *volan*. Two *volans*, lightly festooned at the bottom, ornament the skirt. *Chapeau resille*, composed of straw-coloured crape, and covered with silk net; it is a small and perfectly round shape, the interior trimmed on the one side with lace, and on the other with flowers, attached at the ears by green ribbon, which forms the brides. Rose-coloured *pou de soie* scarf, bordered with a straw-coloured fancy trimming.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Cambric open robe; the *corsage* tight to the shape, half high, and descending *en V*, on the bosom, is partially covered by a *pelerine*, which forms the *cœur* on the bosom, but terminates in a scallop at the bottom of the waist; it is richly embroidered, bordered with lace, and trimmed down the front with round rosettes of pink ribbon. Demi-large sleeve, and lace ruffle. The fronts and bottom of the skirt are finished by a broad hem, and edged with lace. Petticoat of the same material, trimmed round the border by two lace *volans*, each headed at some distance by embroidered *entre deux*. *Bonnet à la Fermière* of *organdy*, trimmed with lace *rûches*, and pink ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Striped *foulard* robe; the *corsage* is tight to the shape, turning over in the shawl style, and bordered by a *rûche* of fawn-coloured ribbon corresponding with the ground of the silk. The *rûche* descends *en tablier*, down the front of the skirt. The *corsage*, very open on the bosom, is trimmed with lace standing up, and displays a richly embroidered *guimpe*. Long tight sleeve, and lace cuff. White *moire* bonnet, a square and rather deep brim; the trimming consists of white ribbon, and a sprig of roses. Blue silk scarf, trimmed with very rich fringe.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of *barége chiné*, a white ground figured in *grosaille*; a drawn *corsage*, high behind, but opening *en V* on the bosom, and trimmed round the top with lace. The sleeve is moderately full in the centre, but drawn close to the arm at the top and bottom. The skirt is finished by a single flounce. White crape drawn bonnet, a rather close shape, the interior trimmed with flowers and green and white *brides*; the exterior, with a wreath of foliage. Black silk scarf.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Striped *foulard* robe; a half-high *corsage*, and demi-large sleeve. White *pou de soie chapeau*, nearly covered with Brussels lace draperies, intermingled on one side with flowers; light sprigs of which also adorn the interior; it is a round and very open shape. Muslin *mantelet*, lined with yellow gauze; a round shape and very full, trimmed with Brussels lace.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Pou de soie* robe, *chiné et broché*, the *corsage* partially high, and trimmed with a *revers* of three folds each, edged with fancy silk trimming; it forms a *cœur*; demi-large sleeve, the upper part trimmed with two folds. The skirt is decorated with three tucks, each edged with a trimming deeper than that on the *corsage*. Rice straw *chapeau*, a small oval, and very open brim; the interior trimmed with *gerbes* of wild blossoms, the exterior with shaded *marabouts*.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Organdy* robe, the border trimmed with three tucks, each surmounted by a wreath of flowers, embroidered in fine Cashmere worsteds. Low *corsage*, draped *à la Sevigné*, and short tight sleeve, finished by a tuck, surmounted by a wreath, corresponding with that on the skirt. Evening *mantelet* of pink *pou de soie*, a short round shape; the hood has a drawn lining, and is bordered, as is also the round of the *mantelet*, with a *riche*. Head-dress of hair decorated with a bouquet of roses.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Maize-coloured *pou de soie* robe, the *corsage*, half high and tight to the shape, is ornamented with fancy silk trimming, which is continued down the front of the skirt in the form of a broken cone. Tight sleeve. Blue crape bonnet, partially covered by a Brussels lace *voilette*, attached on each side by a bouquet of roses; a half-wreath of these flowers decorates each side of the brim. White silk scarf.

RURAL BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Organdy* robe; a low *corsage*, made *en gerbe*: short tight sleeve, both trimmed with lace and blue ribbon. The skirt is bordered with a very deep hem, surmounted by ribbon disposed in waves, each point ornamented with a *nœud*: *ceinture* with long floating ends. The hair is decorated with a very full knot, and ends of blue ribbon.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1841.

We are now at that time of year when Fashion allows her prime ministers, Taste and Fancy, to modify, according to their good pleasure, the ORDINANCES which she issued in the early part of the season. This discretionary power has seldom been more skilfully exerted than at present. We may appeal with confidence for the truth of this assertion to our plates, and to the intelligence which we are about to lay before our fair readers.

BONNETS.—We observe that there is a little, though very little diminution in the length of the brims, so that, in many instances, the bonnet does not quite close under the chin; this, in our opinion, is a change for the better, as the excessive length of the brim, descending as it did upon the throat, had in general an unbecoming effect. We may cite among the novelties of this month, the bonnets and dresses intended for the sea-side, and the different spas. Several bonnets for the early part of the morning are composed of very fine sewed straw, a small close shape, trimmed on the exterior with small tufts of foliage intermingled with straw-coloured ribbon; there is no trimming in the interior, indeed the brim is too close to admit of it. Another style of morning bonnet that will be very much in request for the early morning walk is composed of *poussière gros de Naples*: it is rather larger than those above-mentioned, is drawn in casings put two and three together at some distance from each other, and simply trimmed with ribbon disposed in a novel style of *bouillonné*, intermingled with ends round the crown; the interior of the brim is decorated in the cap style with *tulle* only. We should observe that a veil is indispensable with these bonnets, and the straw ones.

TRAVELLING AND PROMENADE ROBES.—The French material *coutil* is coming very much into favour for these dresses. They are usually made with the *corsages* high and close to the shape, and tight sleeves; but this extreme plainness is relieved by the manner in which they are trimmed. Some, composed of green and white striped *coutil*, are ornamented with mother of pearl buttons. Others, of a kind of dingy orange, a hue which is coming much into vogue, are trimmed with three rows of silver buttons. A third kind, sufficiently elegant to be adopted in half-dress, are striped in black and marron; they are trimmed with tortoiseshell buttons with a small gold point in the centre of each, these buttons descend in two rows down each side of the *corsage* and skirt; a rich silk braiding is entwined among them from the top to the bottom, forming altogether a novel and extremely *distingué* style of trimming.

LINGERIE.—We may cite among the novelties of the month the *cols* and *manchettes à la Chevalière*; they may be adopted according to the materials, either in early morning or in half-dress, for the form for both is the same; but in the first they are composed of fine clear cambric, in the other of lace. The collar is small, square, partly turning down, and partly sustained round the throat by a fancy neck knot. The *manchette* is a cuff of the gauntlet form, made so deep as to reach nearly half way from the wrist to the elbow; it fastens at the side by a row of small buttons, under which is a very small slip of whalebone to keep it out from the arm. We may cite among the new *canezons* for half-dress those composed of India muslin or *organdy*, made half high, and with short sleeves; they are finished at the waist with a row of rounded *tubs*, forming a kind of short jacket, edged with lace and beautifully embroidered. These *canezons* are always worn with coloured silk skirts. The effect of this trimming falling over the skirt is ex-

ceedingly elegant and novel. We must not forget *organdy* scarfs, edged with lace, which have recently come very much into favour in half-dress.

SCARFS AND MANTELETS.—We refer, with one exception, to our plates for the little change that has taken place in them during the last month; that exception is a *mantelet* that has just appeared on a lady of high rank. It is composed of rose-coloured *poult de soie* shot with white, and trimmed down the fronts with a rich embroidery executed in round white silk braiding in relief, the pattern is in the *brandebourg* form, each *brandebourg* is terminated by very small cords and tassels, which fasten the *mantelet* down the front. A small pelerine, of a novel form, replaces the *capuchon*. The *mantelet* is made with half sleeves, they are covered, as is also the pelerine, with embroidery.

EVENING ROBES.—We refer, for some of the most elegantly simple that have appeared, to our second plate in particular, and in a general sense to some of the others. We shall cite, also, those India muslin robes made with *corsages à la Grecque* embroidered round the top in a very light wreath. Short tight sleeves, embroidered at the bottom to correspond with the *corsage*, and finished, as is also the top of the *corsage*, with fine narrow lace. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of *bouillonée* set in at a considerable distance from each other, and of different breadths, the one at the bottom being very deep, the second narrower, and the third narrower still; each is headed by an embroidery similar to that on the *corsage*: this style of trimming has, from the difference of the widths, a novel appearance. We may cite among the silk robes those of white *poult de soie* made with two skirts, the upper one looped by very rich *nauds* of fancy silk trimming terminated by tassels. *Corsage en cœur*, ornamented with fancy silk trimming, terminated in the centre of the breast by a bust and tassels corresponding with that on the skirt, but much smaller. Short sleeves, decorated with similar ornaments. We may cite, also, *moire* robes of light hues, made open in front, and both the *corsage* and skirt bordered with a row of antique lace laid flat, short hanging sleeve also bordered with lace laid flat. Last, but by no means least, are the *robes à la Giselle*, they take their name from a ballet now performing with great applause in Paris. They are composed of the clearest *organdy*, and made with three skirts, each trimmed with only a broad hem, they rise one above another by the breadth of the hem; the *corsage* is plain, cut low, and quite square on the back and bosom; it is traversed by embroidered bands edged with lace, which cross upon the back and on the waist, in the same style as a ribbon *ceinture*. Small tight sleeve composed of embroidered bands divided by lace. A wide half sleeve, bordered by a broad hem, is inserted in the tight sleeve, the fulness is gathered in at the bend of the arm by an opal *agraffe*, a cameo, or a knot of white ribbon. These robes are so exceedingly light, simple and graceful, that we think they are very likely to retain their vogue during the remainder of the season.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES.—It will be seen by our plates that the hair still continues to be partially covered in evening dress. We have selected the most elegant of those *coiffures* that have recently appeared, for our plates, and have only to observe that, generally speaking, their style is remarkably simple; they are decorated either with flowers or ribbons; feathers being for the moment quite laid aside.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS have not experienced any change this month; but white decidedly predominates, both for bonnets and evening dress.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

We still say Parisian Fashions, because the modes that our *élégantes* display, either in their *chateaux*, or at the different fashionable watering places, all proceed from the *ateliers* of the most celebrated Parisian *artistes*. We must not however lead our fair readers to suppose that *belle Paris* is absolutely deserted. On the contrary, the *Bois de Boulogne*, that delightful promenade, in which you may enjoy all the charms of a country ramble without going out of town, is generally thronged with stylish *élégantes*. Let us see what is most remarkable in their *toilettes*, beginning, of course, with *la tête*.

CHAPEAUX ET CAPOTES.—There is, as may be supposed, at this season, but little change in the form of either. There are however modifications sufficiently numerous to attract the attention of our fair readers. We may cite among them the *capotes* of white *poult de soie*, ornamented with a double *rûche*, and the *chapeaux* composed either of coloured crape or *pou de soie*, covered either with a rich plaiting of *point d'Angleterre*, or a more simple one of *tulle*. A little tuft of dog-roses and marguerites, or of jessamine and honey-suckle, is usually employed to ornament the latter, and has a very tasteful effect. We may cite, in a style still more *distingué*, *capotes* composed of English point lace of a very open ground; they are ornamented with *petites points* of *marabouts*. This kind of trimming has a strikingly novel as well as elegant effect. We must not forget the *chapeaux* of *paille de riz*, the brims lined with rich lace *voilettes*, always turning up over the brim, and attached at each side by a tuft of flowers; those usually employed are either mignonette, jessamine, honey-suckle, or myosotis. Another style of trimming for rice straw *chapeaux*, which, though less expensive is still elegant and distinguished, is composed of a wreath of foliage and shaded ribbons. We have remarked also within the last few days several *chapeaux* of this light material, with the brims much deeper than any we have yet seen this season; they are lined with crape or taffetas, and ornamented with long ostrich feathers. We may cite, as among the lightest of all the light head-dresses of the season, the *capotes* of *tulle illusion*, decorated with *marabouts*, and those of crape ornamented with tufts of violets of Parma, or else roses, jessamines, honeysuckles, or, what is considered as still more elegant, a wreath of camellias, mingled with marguerites of delicate colours. In speaking of what is most elegant for the promenade, we must not forget what is most fashionable for the early morning walk: the *pallaison* (it is a Dunstable straw *chapeau*) is the most in request; it is ornamented with narrow velvet ribbon, laid on flat, which sometimes retains a lace veil; the velvet is disposed round the back of the crown in a row of *coques*.

REDINGOTES FOR THE EARLY MORNING WALK.—We may cite, as the most decidedly novel, those composed of plain *barège* or *mousseline de laine*, edged with a narrow *rouleau* and opening in front, displaying a petticoat trimmed with a broad plaited band. Another style of *redingote*, that has been just introduced and promises to become very fashionable, is composed of dimity, and worn over a petticoat of the same; the latter has no trimming, but the former is bordered on each side of the front with a row of muslin puffs of different sizes let in; they are large at the bottom, but diminish in size as they approach the waist. The *corsage* and sleeves are made tight; the former is partially covered by a pelerine bordered with puffs, but considerably smaller than those on the skirt. The

sleeve is ornamented only with a turned up cuff, finished round the top with small puffs.

REDINGOTES FOR THE PUBLIC PROMENADE—The most elegant are those composed of *foulard double*; the *corsage*, a three-quarter height, descending moderately in the centre of the bosom, and trimmed at each side with fancy silk ornaments of a small size and a novel form. The sleeves are tight; but slashed from the elbow to the wrist with muslin puffs, formed by fancy silk buttons. This sleeve is in fact a revived fashion; but it is so long since it first appeared, that it has all the effect, of novelty, and has really an original and striking effect. The front of the skirt is trimmed *en echelle*, with fancy silk ornaments. We may cite also the *redingotes of pou de soie*, of different, but quiet hues: the front of the skirt, trimmed with *bouillons* of the same material, forming a *tablier*: a high *corsage*, tight to the shape, and trimmed with a *bouillon*, which meets those of the skirt. The sleeves are tight, and made without any ornament to take off from the very plain, we may indeed say, decidedly undress look, that tight sleeves at all times have, and now, more than ever, must have, when contrasted with the highly ornamented style of the different demi-large sleeves recently in wear.

ROBES IN NEGLIGE DU SOIR.—We may cite among the most remarkable those of light green *poult de soie*, with the skirt trimmed very high, indeed, nearly two-thirds, with *biais* and *gases*; the *corsage* draped, and the *ceinture* formed by a *bouillon*: long tight sleeve, ornamented with *bouillons* at the top. The robes of *batiste écrue* are in a more simple, but nevertheless elegant, style; they have for the most part a *corsage* and sleeves *à la Jardinière*. The skirt is finished with three tucks, each surmounted by a narrow silk *cordonnnet*. Muslin robes must not be forgotten, since they are now very much in vogue. Some of the most elegant are embroidered, open before, and trimmed on each side with a *rûche*, disposed in festoons upon a broad robing of the same material. The under dress, which is much displayed, from the robe being open, is composed of white *poult de soie*, and trimmed with *éfilés* of different colours, forming *volans* nearly to the top of the skirt; the *corsage* is pointed, and trimmed with a small *pele-rine*. The sleeves are tight, and adorned with three rows of *éfilés*, the first disposed in the jockey style.

FULL DRESS ROBES.—Some of the greatest beauty are composed of clear *tarlatane*, and ornamented with four English point lace *volants*, of great depth and exquisite beauty. We must observe *en passant*, that lace *volants* perfectly retain their vogue; but they are the only ones now considered decidedly fashionable. A tuck of the material of the dress surmounted the *volans*, which, being placed in the Spanish style, very nearly covered the whole of the skirt. The *corsage* was composed of small drawings, intermingled with lace, set on full from the bottom to the top of the *corsage*, cut low, and made *à l'enfant*. A short sleeve, also disposed in casings, and intermingled, like the *corsage*, with lace. We may cite also some robes of white *poult de soie*, or rather, we should say, the ground is white, strewed with a variety of Chinese flowers, and trimmed with two rows of English point lace, disposed *en tablier*, raised, and rounded at each corner by a rosette of ribbon. The *corsage*, low and tight, was arranged *à la Chateaux*, by double rows of lace, displaying the centre of it, ornamented with an *echelle* of ribbon. We shall close our account with a dress recently made for the lovely youthful bride of a highly distinguished nobleman; it is composed of white damask, embroidered with small coral beads, and trimmed with two rows of

lace, surmounted with coral. Short sleeves, ornamented with lace, surmounted by tassels of coral beads.

COIFFURES DU SOIR.—Our most youthful *élégantes*, we mean, of course, married ones, continue to wear *demi-coiffures*, a thing unheard of in summer until the present time; but this pretty and becoming *intermédiaire* between the *coiffure en cheneux* and the cap, is too elegant and becoming to be quickly laid aside. We have given some of these head-dresses in our plates, and we shall endeavour to describe some others. Nothing can be prettier than a lappet of gothic lace, carelessly but becomingly intermingled with the hair, and with half-blown roses. Equally becoming, but in a more imposing style, for it is borrowed from the *siècle de Louis XIV.* is the *petit bonnet Pompadour à papillon*; the lace narrow on the forehead, plain on the cheeks, but forming wings as it approaches the throat. The trimming consists of a bouquet of rose-coloured daisies, green gooseberries, and sprigs of orchis placed on the left side, and a rosette of rose-coloured gauze ribbon on the right. What can be more simply elegant than a *bonnet d'Angleterre*, with floating lappets, trimmed with a wreath of the sweet-smelling pea. We may cite, as equally simple and elegant, caps of blue gauze, trimmed with *rûches of tulle illusion*, intermingled with blue velvet ribbons. Lastly, and we may say the most bewitching of all, are the *coiffures* composed of a single *point d'Angleterre*, placed very far back upon the head, and with the points at the sides partially shading tufts of *roses multiflores*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ELEANOR" is received and approved of; but we must, unwillingly, defer its publication 'till our next, and shall in the meantime be happy to hear from our fair Correspondent again.

We have received two communications from "C. M. D.," which are under consideration, and, if found suitable to our pages, shall appear. The Editress of the "World of Fashion" wishes to impress upon the numerous Contributors to her Magazine that, although she may appear somewhat too fastidious at times, yet it is not for the purpose of intimidating her youthful friends; but rather to inspire them with a desire to persevere till they become successful in producing what can without reluctance be laid before the readers of the "World of Fashion."

"THE ROSE OF ELSINORE" is received, and, if found blooming, shall be duly appreciated.

The assertion contained in the *unpaid* letter of an *Anonymous Correspondent* is untrue.

We have received the communication of a Correspondent from Baltimore, United States, which shall receive our earliest attention.

"J. H." and "S. W." are inadmissible.

We would willingly give insertion to "A Dream of Love;" but the allusions are too coarse for "The World of Fashion." In other respects the tale possesses merit.

"RIO CASTON" is received, and, if approved of, shall appear.

BOOKS and MUSIC, for review, are requested to be forwarded, addressed to the Editress of the "World of Fashion," at the Office, 299, Strand.

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VOL. 18.

LOVE IN RUSSIA.

“ Quando las miserias y desgracias comenzan á perseguir á un desventurado, jamas le desamparan un solo instante.”

CORNELIA BOROQUIA.

“ Un 'ombra alquanto men che l'altra trista
Me si fè incontro, e mi chiamo per nome
Dicendo: Questa per amar s'acquista.”

PETRARCA—*Trionfo d'Amore.*

The following circumstances, curious and romantic as they are, while they are authenticated, too, by official documents, must prove to the reader that, in despite of the disparity of manners and of characters, the inhabitants of the cold Russias are like the people who dwell in the most southern clime of Italy, accessible to the stronger passions of nature—that their love is as vehement, and their hatreds as vindictive, as those whom a warmer sun shines upon, and a more lovely country entrances. The circumstances that we refer to occurred in the district of Novogorod, that ancient Sclavonian republic that still preserves the name of “great,” and that remains, in spite of all the efforts of inverse centralization, the metropolis of commerce between Europe and Asia.

The following tale is to be told, not by the narration of facts as they occurred, and as coming from a third party. It will be found to be told in documents, such as the Russians use in all their criminal proceedings, and by which the fate of the innocent as well as of the guilty are determined upon without the intervention of barristers, or the solicitude of attorneys. With this introduction we leave the documents to speak for themselves, trusting that the reader will experience as much pleasure in perusing, as we have had in translating them.

No. 1.—*Report addressed to Captain Ispronwick, of the district of Oustajie, by Mikita Muranow Kolova (Mayor) of the village of Trehemiria.*

“ Upon Wednesday, 20th April, 1839, Nadiejda Yakoolena, daughter of Yakov Osipovitch, a fisherman, residing at Trehemiria came to my house. She was distracted with grief, and it was with difficulty that I could comprehend from her (so inarticulate was she from her sighs and tears) that an assassination had been committed in the village. I followed the young girl to her father's house, and there I found, stretched on a bed, a young man—pale, livid, it might be said, half-frozen by the near approach of death, but who was still breathing. Yakovi and his wife were bestowing the most tender cares upon the youth. They were doing their utmost to stanch the blood which was flowing from his wounds. By the side of his bed I

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observed his clothes, which were dripping with wet. The young girl was so plunged in sorrow and despair that she could give no answer to the many questions I put to her; but her father declared that his daughter had gone at a very early hour in the morning to withdraw from the river Volga the nets, which it is the practice to set there at this season of the year. He said, that when he was himself occupied in the labours of his fishery, he was alarmed by loud shrieks that he immediately knew to be those of his child. Running, as he said, to the bank of the river, he saw a boat approaching him, which was directed by his daughter, and in which lay the body of a man, that by its paleness and ghastly aspect, he at once believed to be that of some one who had been murdered. At the same moment he thought, in spite of the mistiness and darkness of the morning, he could observe a large boat, which taking advantage of the current, was hurried off with the greatest speed. After having carried to his cabin the body of the man that had been taken from the water, and while his daughter was weeping over it, he recognized that the person saved was Iran Semenov, cornet in the regiment of Lancers of Archangel, who, two years previously, had been cantoned in this village. As yet, I have not been able to obtain any information from Nadiejda, who still weeps, and is still incapable of uttering a word. As to Iran Semenov, his wounds are so many and so serious that I have scarcely any hope that you will be able to arrive in time to see him living. Be pleased to send instantly a physician to this village.”

No. 2.—*Report of Nicholas Petrowitch Polechko, Captain Ispravnik, of the District of Oustage, to the Chancellor of the Governor of Novogorod.*

“ I arrived on the night of the 20th of April, along with the physician of the district, Doctor Frantz Mager, at the village of Trehemiria. We found there in the cabin of the fisherman Yakov, Mr. Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, cornet of a regiment of lancers, upon leave of absence. He has received fifteen wounds, but the surgeon assures me that none of them are mortal, and that he is certain he will be able to save the life of this fine young man. The wounded man has denounced as his assailants Paul Ivanovitch, a corporal of lancers, and Peter Alexicievitch Tsaryna, a soldier, both belonging to his own regiment. At the time at which he was wounded, the Cornet Semenov was repairing to his relations at Rybinsk, and was on board a boat laden with cloth, both of which were his property.

“ I left the doctor with his patient, and without a moment's delay repaired to Rybinsk. There, aided by the police, I immediately set on foot a search for the assassins, one of whom, the corporal Hortinja, was, I found, already known there.

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When I arrived at the port, I was informed that a boat, having a cargo of cloth, and brought by two men, had entered there early on the morning of the 21st, and that the cargo had some hours after that been sold to an Armenian merchant of Astracan, the name of whom nobody could tell me. At length, after a strict inquiry on the part of the police, I discovered the name of the purchaser. It was Jerome Smilabej, an Armenian merchant, who admitted his having purchased the cloth, worth at least 20,000 rubles for 10,000, and of these he had only given 4,000 being, he said, bound to pay the remaining 6,000 on the 1st of May, at Astracan. I did not give entire credence to the declarations of the Armenian, because I know that he belongs to a set of men who are great liars and notorious instigators to crime, whenever they can make a profit of it. Besides, I could perceive beneath the customary smirk upon the face of the Armenian no small share of trouble and anxiety. I asked him where were the cloths? 'I have sent them on,' said he, 'to Astracan.' 'That,' I replied, 'is impossible; for you only bought them this morning, and the steam-boat does not set sail until to-morrow.' He then said to me, that he had sent them forward by the same boat in which they were brought, and that he had bought at the same time. "And where did you get the rowers," I demanded of him. He grew deadly pale, and stuttered out, 'I engaged the same rowers that brought them here.' At this answer I seized the merchant by the collar, and threatened to bring him to the police office. I was thus engaged when the chamber-door suddenly opened, and a man armed with a dagger rushed upon me. I instantly knew him to be Hortinja, and, letting go the merchant, I unsheathed my sword, for the purpose of parrying the corporal's blows, while I barred the door behind him, and cried out, 'Murder—murder—seize the assassin.' Fortunately for me, the Armenian, instead of coming to the aid of Hortinja, ran and hid himself under the bed. The inhabitants of the house, and those who were passing in the street, soon came to my assistance; but still it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to make a prisoner of Hortinja. In the struggle, he wounded three men, and three times did his steel penetrate my uniform, leaving with me each time a flesh wound that cannot, however, be attended with any serious consequences. We then dragged the Armenian from under the bed, and he trembling with fear, admitted that the accomplice of Hortinja was about half a league from Rybinsk, waiting with his boat for his comrade. I immediately sent some policemen to the place, and Tsaryna was arrested without offering any resistance."

"Rybinsk, 23d of April, 1839."

The Order of the Imperial Attorney General

"Having received from his Excellency, Lieut.-General Okonnief, Governor-General of Novogorod, the report of the Captain Isprawnick, of the District of Oustiage, I, in virtue of the Imperial Ukases, do direct Nicholas Petrovitch Polechko, Captain of the said District, to proceed to an inquiry into the attempted assassination of the Cornet Semenov. The inquiry will be directed in the first instance to the examination of the cornet Semenov, the corporal Hortinja, private Tsaryna, the maiden Nadiejda Yakovleona, the peasant Yakov Osepovitch, and the Armenian Jerome Smilabej, and then to all other persons, whose testimony may be considered necessary. The inquiry is to take place at the village of Trehemiria, and it is on its conclusion to be instantly submitted to the judgment of the criminal tribunal of Novogorod."

"Novogorod, 26th April 1839."

The Examination (Sledztvo).

"By virtue of the order of the Imperial Attorney addressed

to me N. P. Polechko, Captain of this District, I immediately repaired, on the 26th of the month, to the village of Trehemiria, where I proceeded to the examination in the following order:—

Iran Prokopovitch Semenov, a merchant, residing in Rostroma, where he possesses considerable property, and in which he is also a proprietor of several cloth manufactories, entered into his Imperial Majesty's service in the year 1830, as a Cornet in the Regiment of Lancers of Archangelnk. He commanded the second troop of the 3d squadron, in which Hortinja was corporal, and Tsaryna, a private, acting as the servant of the Cornet. In the year 1836, Cornet Semenov's troop was stationed in the village of Trehemiria. In 1837 the Cornet Semenov sent in his resignation, for the purpose of retiring to his father's estate. On the 12th of November, 1838, both Hortinja and Tsaryna presented themselves to Semenov at his residence in Kostroma. The first declared that he had received his full dismissal from the service, and the other that he had obtained leave of absence for six months. The Cornet Semenov received them both as brave soldiers; he gave Hortinja a situation in his father's establishment, and he made to the other a handsome present in money, for the purpose of enabling him to spend his time pleasantly amongst his friends. Hortinja having once entered into the service of the elder Semenov, conducted himself with such remarkable propriety that he gained the approbation of his employer, and was engaged in matters which showed that the greatest confidence was reposed in him. During the spring, he twice went to Rybinsk, intrusted with the most valuable cargoes, and each time he brought back with the greatest exactness the money he had received. Upon the 15th of April a new cargo was about to be sent to Rybinsk, and the younger Semenov determined to travel by the boat that carried it that far, and then to proceed on his way to Astracan. Tsaryna arrived the day before that fixed for sailing for Rybinsk, and as he had been a sailor, before he became a soldier, he entreated of Cornet Semenov to take him on board in place of a sailor, urging that his leave of absence was about to expire, and that his regiment was cantoned near Novogorod. The Cornet acceded to this request, and the next day they all started in the boat—the passengers being Semenov, his servant, Hortinja, Tsaryna, and a sailor. Upon the second day of their voyage, the sailor, and the servant were seized with such a sudden and violent illness, that it was necessary to leave them behind, at the village of Bahorka.

Upon the 19th Semenov observed that Hortinja and Tsaryna had several secret conferences with each other, and seemed to him to be settling upon some plan between them. That night, after having in vain tried to sleep, he walked out of his cabin, and, after pacing up and down the deck for some time, he stood at the prow of the boat. At that moment he saw a light shining in the distance, and he said to his fellow travellers, "My friends, I see that we are in view of Trehemiria, and I am almost sure that the light we see is that cast by the lamp of the old Yakoo, who is as usual mending his nets." The two men made him no answer, and he continued by saying, "By my honour, if the nets of the old fishermen could catch fish as quickly as the dark lashes and the bright eyes of Nadiejda attract the lancers of Archangelnk, he would very soon be a rich man." And scarcely had he uttered these words, when he felt himself struck from behind with a knife. He wished to turn round; but before he could do so he was cast upon the deck, and there he struggled for some time; but while doing so felt that he was frequently wounded. He shouted out for help, and he thought he heard in the distance an answer to his

cry. At that moment he was flung into the river. The coldness of the water in some degree aroused him; but he could not explain how it was that he had been found in the little boat of the young maiden Nadiejda.

After the Cornet had given the preceding details, the following questions were put to him:—

"Have you never inflicted corporal punishment upon Hortinja, or Tsaryna?"

"Never. So far from punishing the soldiers, I have frequently been ridiculed by my brother officers for the tenderness I have exhibited towards them."

"Have you not excited the jealousy of some comrade?"

"Not that I remember. On the contrary, I do not believe it."

"What do you say of this Nadiejda, who has saved your life? Do you know anything of her?"

"All I know of her is this: that she is the most beautiful girl in Trehemiria. I know that her virtue is irreproachable, and her face the subject of praise amongst the soldiers. Amongst those who have thus spoken of her is Hortinja. I have always esteemed her as a most amiable and innocent girl. This is what I always thought of her; but, of course, to think of her as a wife, was a notion that never entered into my mind."

"I will not press you upon that point; but do you not know that Hortinja was her admirer?"

"I do not know it more than this, that I believe every one in the regiment regarded her as the prettiest girl they ever saw."

"Do you now suffer much from your wounds?"

"No, Captain, I feel myself altogether better, and expect soon to be perfectly recovered. You see that in this, as in so many other instances, the hand of crime trembles when it strikes. My desire would be, that the guilty should suffer the lightest possible punishment."

Thus closed the examination of the Cornet Semenov, and that of Corporal Hortinja was next proceeded with.

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja declared that he was born in the year 1787, in the city of Smolensko. He entered the army in 1806, and had served thirty-two years and a half, and of that time he was fifteen years and four months a corporal. He had made eighteen campaigns, was at forty-nine pitched battles, and at a hundred and three engagements. He had been decorated with the cross of St. George, and had received four medals. His *congé* and his certificates were most honourable. His character is best explained by the subsequent declarations made by him.

"What reason had you for disliking the Cornet Semenov?"

"None. He was always good and kind to me, and to all the soldiers. Never was there a better nor a kinder officer."

"And what then induced you to commit so abominable a crime as that of attempting his life?"

"Oh, father! (the ordinary exclamation of a Russian soldier) my action is abominable in the sight of God and man. But listen to me, and I shall tell you all. I, an old man—I who had reached my fiftieth year—loved, and loved, for the first time, a child, a mere child—that Nadiejda. I loved her, as our fathers loved the glorious Empress Catherine. I was a corporal; I had saved some money, and she was poor—very poor—a peasant slave girl. I wished to marry her, having first purchased her from her master the Count Strogonoff. I would have paid 500 roubles for her. Her father had consented to everything; but she—she refused me with disdain, and I could not understand wherefore. It was upon this that Tsaryna came

to me, and said, "Comrade, you are sad; you are wrong for being so; because Nadiejda is the beloved one of the Cornet. She never leaves the house in which he is lodged. The affair is perfectly well known, and yet you are the only one who seems to be ignorant of it."

"My heart failed me at these words. My brain was turned; but I did not say anything, for the Cornet Semenov was my officer. All I did was to watch after Nadiejda, and I saw that she really did go very frequently into the house where the Cornet lodged; but no idea of vengeance then came into my thoughts. It was at this period that the Cornet sent in his resignation, and he left for Kastroma. I saw then the tears of Nadiejda. Grief undermined her health, and sorrow paled the roses of her cheeks; but still, still I loved her. A year thus passed away, and at the end of that time I again proposed for Nadiejda; but she again refused me, and, in doing so, declared that she loved Semenov, and at the same time vowed that she never would be the wife of any one. At this time Tsaryna became my friend and confident. He always represented the Cornet to me as one who had betrayed the affections of her I loved, and, believing this, I was determined to avenge her. I obtained my dismissal, he his leave of absence, and we both repaired to Kastroma. The reception that was given to us by the Cornet; his kindness, goodness, and frankness, disarmed me; and, in despite of the words of Tsaryna, I had determined upon abandoning the criminal projects that I had formed. Things were in this state when the Cornet Semenov resolved upon repairing to Astracan. Tsaryna asked permission to take the place of the second sailor, and he was accepted. The evening before our departure he spoke to me of our old project. I became indignant. He then descanted upon the beauty of Nadiejda. He recalled to my thoughts her unhappiness and my shame. I did not say anything; but God alone knows what were my tortures; aye, the very tortures of hell, that were burning in my heart.

"We then set out. The third day of our voyage the sailor and the servant fell sick. It is as true as that I hope God will save my soul and pardon me my crimes, that I am utterly ignorant of the cause of their malady. I advised the Cornet to take another sailor. He did not wish to do so; for the passage of the river was easy, and the current strong. We then set sail. When we arrived opposite to the village of Trehemiria, Tsaryna was beside me. He had been constantly speaking to me of Nadiejda. At the sight of the village I felt myself moved—disturbed; and then, when the Cornet spoke to me of Nadiejda, I was no longer master of myself, nor of my passions—I drew my knife, and I struck him."

"Did you strike him one, or several blows?"

"I do not know; for I then lost my senses."

"Did Tsaryna aid you in committing the crime?"

"I cannot say that; all I remember is, that he cried out, 'Some one is coming! A boat, a boat!'"

"And what did you do then?"

"I was furious—desperate—out of my senses. When day dawned I saw the banks, the river, the boat; but I did not see the Cornet, nor the village of Trehemiria. Tsaryna then depicted to me all the enormity of my crime. I wished to fling myself into the water; but I had not the power to do so, and I let myself be persuaded that it was necessary for me to live, and to seek my safety in flight."

"On arriving at Rybinsk, what did you do for the disposal of the cargo?"

"I knew Jerome Smilabej, and I avowed my crime to him. He consented to save us provided that I abandoned the cargo

to him, and he was, on that condition to arrange the rest, and conduct us to a place of safety."

"But why did you attack me?"

"I had promised the Armenian that in case of any unforeseen peril I was to defend his life as if it were my own. I saw the moment of danger had come, and I could not break my word."

"Thus, then, you accuse Tsaryna of having provoked you to commit the crime, and of having assisted you in the execution of it; and you accuse the Armenian of having protected criminals, and appropriated to himself property that did not belong to him?"

"I do not denounce him, nor accuse any body. I have told the truth. I seek neither to deny my crime, nor to throw the consequences upon others. I am a great criminal."

Peter Alexievitch Tsaryna, the son of a citizen of Kastroma, formerly a native of Finland, was next interrogated. He said that he was thirty-two years of age; had entered into the army in the year 1828, as a recruit in the regiment of lancers, and, upon his denying all participation in the crime, this examination took place.

"You were the first to declare to the Corporal Hortinja that there was an intimacy between the Cornet Semenov and the young girl Nadiejda?"

"I said it merely for the joke's sake. The Corporal was as cross as the devil, and he used to break our bones with his cane. I wished to revenge myself by thwarting his ridiculous love for a young girl, when he was old enough to be her grandfather."

"How came you to meet Hortinja again at Kastroma?"

"By mere chance."

"Why did you select as your time for returning the very moment at which the Cornet was repairing to Rybinsk?"

"Only that I might save my money in travelling."

"It is proved that you gave the Cornet's servant and the sailor some sort of poison, which made them very ill?"

"Oh! they were nothing better than a pair of gluttons, who were always ready to gulp down brandy. They were like tubs without any bottoms, and you could never fill them with liquor; and it was merely for the purpose of playing them a trick, that I put some snuff into their brandy bottle. Is it my fault if they happen sometimes to have a weak stomach?"

"Did you not, while on the voyage provoke Hortinja to assassinate the Cornet? Observe, he says you did so."

"The old Corporal is an old dreamer, and he may have dreamt that amongst other things."

"Why then did you not defend the Cornet when he was attacked?"

"Why! I could not do so. The Cornet was in plain clothes; the Corporal was in uniform; and I am, you know—a soldier."

"Why then did you throw the Cornet into the water?"

"To save him from the rage of the Corporal. I perceived a boat coming down the river, and closing on us."

"Then, why did you warn the Corporal that the boat was approaching?"

"I did so because I was so rejoiced to think that the Cornet might be saved."

"How did it happen that you did not denounce Hortinja, and declare the crime he had committed when you reached Rybinsk?"

"Because I am a private soldier, and he wore the stripes of a corporal."

To this examination it was added, that no questions and no

expedients, not even flogging, could obtain any other avowals from the prisoner. When confronted with Hortinja he replied to the indignant observations of the old soldier by sneers. When in the presence of the soldiers who had heard his constant incitements to Hortinja he disavowed them; but in the presence of Nadiejda he became deadly pale, ground his teeth, and would say nothing—absolutely nothing.

The deposition of Nadiejda Yakooleona was next taken. She declared that she was twenty-one years of age, and she avowed with frankness that she had long loved, and still loved to distraction, the Cornet Semenov; but that there was no intimacy of any kind between them; and that the Cornet was, up to that moment, in utter ignorance of her affection for him. She stated that the private soldier had long paid his addresses to her, and that upon her rejecting them, he had sworn that he would take vengeance upon whomsoever she might love. In the first place she found that Tsaryna had his suspicions of Hortinja, and said he knew how he could easily get rid of the old scoundrel, and then he shortly afterwards came to her and said, "Listen to me; either be mine, or I swear by St. Nicholas you yourself shall be a witness to the death of Semenov."

Nadiejda did not pay attention to this threat, as Tsaryna was well known as a coward. The Cornet left the regiment. Tsaryna renewed his declarations and his importunities without success. Before setting out for Kastroma he said, "I will make the old fellow do my business; and as to you, who are now so proud, I engage, when you see the handsome bridal present I shall have for you, you will be ready enough to listen to me."

As to Hortinja, she declared that she never heard him utter a threat against the Cornet. He was a sad and melancholy old man; one too, who was incapable of committing a crime without being provoked to it. This was her account of the night on which she saved the Cornet:—"I had," said she "a sad presentiment, which oppressed my heart before retiring to my bed. Scarcely did I fall asleep when I had horrible dreams, and I awoke in crying, 'Woe is me!' I arose, and, according to my father's directions, went towards the Volga. I heard cries, and I thought I could recognize the voice of Semenov. It was more than a year since I had seen him; and yet, in the obscurity of the night, I was able to recognize him. I immediately pushed towards him. I heard the noise of a body falling into the water. Happily, most happily, I was near him, and had strength sufficient to take him out of the stream. It was Semenov, and he was saved—by me."

The inquiry then concluded by some unimportant declarations. As to the merchant Smilabej, he excused himself for his purchase, by declaring that he wished to gain money; that being his trade, and at the same time to save the lives of the two men, in order that they might have time to repent! He confirmed the truth of the avowals made by Hortinja; and as to the old fishermen, he repeated the menaces that had been uttered by Tsaryna, if he did not obtain his daughter in marriage.

The enquiry terminated on the 13th May was, on the same day, presented to the criminal tribunal at Novogorod.

On the 29th May the tribunal pronounced its sentence, and by it were condemned Hortinja to two years' labour in the mines of Siberia, and then to transportation for life; Smilabej, the Armenian merchant, to a year and six days in prison, a fine of 1600 roubles, and the entire costs of the prosecution; while Tsaryna, as a soldier, was sent before a court-martial, and by them condemned to run the gauntlet three times, and afterwards to labour for life in the mines of Siberia.

These two sentences were submitted to the Emperor, and by him confirmed, only that the punishment of labour in the mines, pronounced against Hortinja, was commuted for that of transportation.

On the 30th of June the sentence was carried into execution. The miserable Tsaryna, covered with wounds, was borne into the hospital of Novogorod, from which he was, in a few days afterwards, removed to his grave.

A Russian journal shortly afterwards contained the official announcement that the Emperor had been pleased to decorate Nadiedja with a medal of gold, attached to the ribbon of Saint Whadimir.

The Cornet Semenov had, before the prosecution terminated, married Nadiedja Yakoolevna.

BELINDA.

M A D E L I N E.

'Twas night; a gay and glitt'ring throng were crowding in those halls,
And nought, save mirth and melody, was heard within those walls:
Many a beauteous form was there, smiling in joy and love;
But one there was so very fair, she seemed as from above.

"I saw her but a moment;" her sunny hair was waving,
Like the bosom of a lake, its grassy margin laving;
Her heaven-lit eyes were glancing, with their orbs so blue and bright,
And her smile so sweet entrancing, with its look of love and light.

Her sylph-like form was gliding in the moving dance's maze,
Her beauteous face was blushing at his fixed and ardent gaze:
I thought her like a lovely flower that blooms but for a day,
Whose beauties first are brought to view, then "fall and fade away."

And so it was; that lovely girl paled, withered, drooped and died;
And when her spirit took its flight, he then was by her side:
He wiped the starting tear away, and said, "I love thee now
Better than when I saw thee first, with joy upon thy brow!"

And so she left this joyless world for regions brighter far,
Where pain and sorrow are not found—perchance 'twas yonder star!
For her spirit, bright and beautiful, would seek its native sphere,
Where, as an angel, she might roam to those who loved her here.

ELEANOR.

STANZAS TO SELINA.

The lures of this world, and crime may beset me,
To change all the feelings I once had possessed;
But, dearest, I will not, I cannot forget thee,
For with thy young love I've too deeply been blest.

In boyhood I fondly, implicitly, trusted
To those who seemed pure as the dew on the spray;
But I found—oh! too late—that they only lusted
To gain my warm heart—then to fling it nway.

I looked on the beings I once loved, with loathing;
For perfidy lurk'd in each glance of their eye;
Their smiles were deceptive—the base, baneful clothing
Of souls that could sneer while affecting to sigh.

In my heart sat despair; it was blasted—'twas riven!
I could weep, I could laugh—aye, and feign pleasure too:
Those faults and those failings, all, all, were forgiven;
Again I was blest, I was loved—loved by you!

Though I pass amongst others, and feel all the pleasure
That life with its million bright dreams can bestow;
Although I gain glory, fame, honour, or treasure,
Am wild with enjoyment, or madden'd with woe—

I never—oh! never—can cease to remember
Thy brow o'er which wanton'd full many a tress,
Half shading that sweet smile which first woke the ember
That slumber'd unseen in my heart's deep recess.

And can I forget, too, thy young, artless love,
All absorbing, all-fervent, all-trusting, and warm,
Like a sunbeam that gleams from its bright throne above,
Bringing light to a heart deeply crushed by a storm.

And can I forget the wild infantine joy,
That lit up thy features whene'er I drew near,
And showed the heart's gladness, without an alloy
To drain from its depths e'en a single hot tear!

And can I forget—but oh! 'tis unavailing
To tell thee how deeply thou'rt lov'd by this heart—
A love that can never know coldness or failing
Till life and sensation for ever depart!

T O A G N E S.

I'll fly with thee, love, to some bright sunny isle,
Far away from a world I despise,
And deem my lot happy while cheer'd by thy smile,
And blest by the "light of thine eyes."

The foul tongue of Envy, which oft gave us pain,
No more to our hearts shall be known;
But love and content in our bosoms shall reign,
While we live for each other alone!

I'll train the wild flow'rets to twine round our cot;
The birds shall rejoice on each tree;
Forgetting, and by the cold worldling forgot,
Our home an Elysium shall be.

The rose and the lily shall bloom round our bow'r;
The myrtle and jessamine fair;
And all that is fragrant in leaf or in flow'r
Thy lover shall cull for thee there!

THE EVIL WISH!

AN IRISH LEGEND.

— Pero que golpe
Tan terrible! que violenta
Separacion!

El viejo y la Nina.

"Do you see, Sir," said an old peasant, whom I lately met in the neighbourhood of Bruff, in the county of Limerick—"do you see, Sir, that horrid-looking ould castle that hangs over the strame, that runs through the very centre of the lands of Ballygrennan; do you see, Sir, them ould ruins—but I believe you don't, for all that's left of the castle, is two big pillars of stone that sarved for the gates—do you see them?"

"Why," I replied, "I cannot say that I do see any such thing as you talk about."

"Ah! then I wish you did, or could, or that I had my eyesight to see them either; but it is the greatest pity in the world that you can't *discriminate* them, for, of all the queer stories that ever you heard, is the story that is told of that same castle; *that was*—"

"Well, but suppose I do see the castle—do you tell me the story."

"Then, as your honour has been so good as to say you supposed you saw it, I *shall* tell it to you, and it is this—and now mind you don't laugh when I'm telling it; for it is true, as that you are standing there, and *can see* the great old castle.

"It was then once upon a time, a very long time ago, when there were Kings and Queens in Ireland, and when Dukes were as plenty as blackberries, and you might pick a baron off every bush—it was a long time before the Protestants were ever heard of, or that Cromwell—high hanging and bad luck to him—ever come amongst us; it was that period in our annals, that there lived in the Castle of Kilmacnoule a great, grand, beautiful young lady, that was called the Lady Eveleena. She had a fortune that was past countin', and an estate of a clear one thousand two hundred and fifteen pounds, seventeen shillings, and sixpence a year; and that was a great estate, I can tell you, in them times, when you might buy a cow for a sixpence, a pig for a penny, and cocks and hens ran about the country mad for somebody to come and eat them. Well, sir, that was the time that this Lady Eveleena lived; she had neither father nor mother, nor sister nor brother—no, nor so much as a cousin-German, when she came to *man's* estate, which we all know is twenty-one years to the minute. There, then, she was the beauty—as blooming as a May morning, and with a crock full of gold to give to whoever she liked, not countin' upon herself, that was a treasure, with her black eyes like sloes, and cheeks like rosy apples, and lips sweeter nor the sweetest honey-bag that a bee brings home in an evening from a garden filled with nothing but roses. There she was, I say, and lords, and dukes, and counts, and one king, a brave fine ould fellow he was too—one King O'Dick all the way from the Salmon-Weir, at Kilmainham in the county of Dublin—were amongst her lovers; and they were all busy a coortin and a serenading her from morning till night, so that nothing was to be heard or seen but cock-fighting, and bull-baiting, and boxing, and dancin, and fightin, and every other sort of diversion under the sun—and all striving and straining to get but a single smile from her; but she would not as much as look at the same side of the road they walked upon, because

she had made up her mind to marry one Barney Mulrennin, a neighbour's son, who was as poor as Job, and as handsome as Prince Albert, who is, I am told, a beauty entirely and the resort, too, of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, long life to her, and a hundred children, moreover!

"Well, sir, the Lady Eveleena did marry Barney Mulrennin, and although he hadn't, the morning he went to his own wedding, as much as an old *camac* in his breeches-pocket, and even what he paid to the priest, he had to borrow on his word of honour; but he paid it afterwards like a gentleman, and gave a *dowser* to the lender, besides. But though he was poor the day he was married, faith! he wasn't so the next day; for he was not only the husband of the prettiest creature in the country, but had a crock full of gold, to play jack-stones with if he liked, and was moreover, for that was the custom of them days, the Lord Baron Barney Mulrennin, of Kilmacnoule Castle, in the county of Limeric, and the owner of an estate of one thousand two hundred and fifteen pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence a year. There was an uprise for you, and all for love too, and through the liking of the best young woman that ever eat bread and butter, and gave lashings and leavings to every poor body that asked her.

"Lord Barney Mulrennin, of Kilmacnoule Castle, doated alive upon the Lady Eveleena, and wouldn't he have been the brute beast if he hadn't done so? He couldn't bear to let her even for a minute out of his sight. Wherever she went he was running after her like a little spaniel dog—fawning on, and colloughing with her, and swearing black was white, that he doated on her—and he said what he thought; and whether he did or not, she the poor girl believed him, and *consequently* was the happiest wife then to be seen in the county of Limerick.

"Well, sir, this went on for months and months, and every body said that Barney was the broth of a boy as a husband, and by dad he said so himself too; but at last his profession of love bordered on blasphemy (the Lord preserve us from all harm!)—for one evening, as they were walking along the sweet little stream of Ballygrennan, and nobody to listen to them but themselves, Barney said to his wife—"My own little Colleen, its too fond I'm getting of you—you are my religion—my adoration—and I can worship nothing but you."

"Oh! fie for shame; don't you be talking in that unhandsome manner," says the Lady Eveleena, "for that's the greatest sin you could commit."

"May the devil whip me round the Castle wall of Kilmacnoule," says he, "but its the truth; and I defy the very devil himself to make me love you less than I do this very minute ———"

"And just as he said that, they both heard a hoarse laugh, which was something I am told between a jackass braying, and the rolling of a thunderbolt; and may be it didn't frighten the life and soul out of poor Lady Eveleena, who advised her husband to be off to confession, and to beg for grace, for he had evidently been forgetting to say his prayers, while at the same time he was challenging the devil himself to do them both harm.

"The devil a prayer I'll say for a week to come," said Barney Mulrennin, "just to show how little I care for the ould brimstone-burner;" but, my dear, the words were hardly out of his mouth, when one of the servants ran up to them out of breath, to say, that the Count San Wauchab, who had been for eighteen years a prisoner in England, had just made his escape from the barbarians, and was returning to his castle of Kilmalloch, and would be mighty happy if they would allow

him to come and pay his respects to them in company with his daughter, the young lady Norah.

"Such news as that, you may be sure, took the breath out of the two of them, for the current report all over Ireland for eighteen years back, was that the Count Sam Wauchab, had been drowned in the river Thames, while trying to escape out of the Tower, where he was taken and was going to be hanged, merely because he was an Irishman! Did you ever hear of such barbarity; but that was nothing at all to what they used to do to us in times gone by. But as the Count come back, everybody said that it was a lie that was told about him, although there was no one who could pretend to say who was the mother of Lady Norah, only as the sprichau herself could talk French, of course everybody declared that the mother that owned her must have been a foreigner—my opinion is that she came from very *foreign parts* indeed.

"Now, by reason of his being a neighbour, the Count was invited, and Lady Norah also, to come to the Castle of Kilmacnoul; and a mighty extraordinary pair they were sure enough. The Count Sam Wauchab had the very look of a warrior—and a wicked old warrior too—he seemed to be about sixty years of age: he was six foot high, his hair was as white as turf ashes, and so was his beard and his two big eye-brows; and there were as many wrinkles in his forehead as there are lines in my wife's cross-bar check apron—and, in fact, he looked older than he said he was, and everybody would have sworn the same, but for his eyes, that were black as a coal, and threw out a sort of light from them just as if they were going to kindle into a great flame. Oh! murder, murder! but its he that could give a look with them that would be worse than a process, and more frightful even than a tithe-proctor! Then his daughter was in her own way, just as extraordinary; for she was a weeney, dawsbey, fairy-like little thing, with a dark skin like a foreigner, but the prettiest face that ever was seen: her nose was as straight as an arrow, and her cheeks appeared to be blushing at their own redness; and her forehead was full and high, and surrounded with hair that fell in ringlets, of the blackest satin; and then her waist was so small you could span it with your hand; and in all her motions she was as light as a fly, and made as little noise in crossing a floor as a cat; and she, too, had the eyes of her father: they were black and blazing, and seemed to burn into the heart of everybody (that was young) that gazed upon her. Besides that she could sing like a lark, and to see her on horseback, she was like a bird that just rests with its wings expanded upon the moving branch of a tree—and, in short, she was horrid handsome and frightfully fascinating; and Mister, or rather my Lord Barney Mulrennin looked at her, the first time he saw her, twice as often as he did at his wife, which is a thing that no married man ought to do. Now, whether it was owing to that, or some other cause that may be, she couldn't very well explain to herself, the fact is, that Lady Norah had scarcely set foot in the house, until the Lady Eveleena wished her well out of it; and it was plain that the Lady Norah thought the Lady Eveleena a very stupid person, and that the Lady Eveleena believed the Lady Norah to be nothing better than she ought to be. It all ended in this, that the Lady Eveleena determined never to show her fair and angel-like face within the walls of Kilmalloch Castle; and that Barney Mulrennin had made up his mind to go there as often as he was asked.

"I flatter myself, Sir, that we may boast of very queer places in Ireland—that we are able to match any part of the world for oddities; but this it must be said, that the queerest

and the oddest, and the most curious, and the most astonishing place that ever yet was seen was the Castle of Kilmalloch, as long as Count Sam Wauchab was to be found there. There never was any thing like it; for, from morning until evening, there was nothing but cursing, and damning, and blasting, and blowing one another's eyes out. The Count couldn't say a word without tacking a big oath to the end of it, and one of his servants could'n't answer him without wishing himself and all that belonged to him, to damnation. They never went, master, mistress, man or maid, to mass, church, or meeting-house—and as to charity, they would never give away as much as a battered farthing, a cold potatoe, or a naggin of sour buttermilk. And then as to bewitching Lady Norah, she wasn't a bit better nor her father; she never flung a tester to a starving widow, and never as much as was seen to bless herself. Everybody thought it was a shame to see such a set of pagans in a civilized country; but then they considered that they had learned their bad manners in London, and they pitied them accordingly. Besides that, it was well known that if the Count Wauchab heard anybody saying a bad word of himself, he'd think no more of making a knife the lining of his waist-coast than I would of cutting the head off a turnip. But then you may ask me what did the priest of the parish say to all this? All I can tell you is that he paid the Count Wauchab a visit once, and he came home as much frightened as if he were after paying a visit to Martin Luther himself. What he saw there, he never said; but I'll be bound for it, what frightened him was not a library full of prayer-books.

The priest only paid a single visit to the Castle of Kilmalloch, and I wish Mr. Barney Mulrennin had as much sense in his head. But he hadn't. Good luck had spoiled him, as it did Boneyparte. He was now for nothing but pleasuring, and the Castle of Kilmalloch was made for nothing else. There was nothing to be seen there but horse-racing and hunting, and shouting and singing, and dancing and drinking. Out the Count would sweep of a morning from his Castle like a whirlwind, and lords upon lords after him, all cursing and swearing like so many militia officers; and there they'd go after a poor innocent hare, tattering through hedges, tearing over fields, trampling down the praty ridges, and doing every sort of harm that they could to the poor, and who dare say a word or ask for payment? Faith! if he did so, may be, instead of money, he'd have to walk back to his home with his head in his fist! These were the doings of the Count and his friends during the day; but whoo! when the night came it was a thousand times worse. Then the hall and the parlour, and the drawing-room, aye, and the very garrets themselves were blazing away as if it was with millions upon millions of lights, or as if the chandler's bill was never to be paid; then too there was the master and his guests, not forgetting Barney Mulrennin, and all the servants too, drinking and carousing from the top of the house to the bottom; then would be heard the champaign corks firing off, like so many rockets, and the bottles smashing, and the punch tumblers boiling, and all this mixed with the biggest of curses, and the loudest of fighting, and to crown all, with songs that were so bold and so barefaced, that they would make a pig blush over a trough of potatoes. And after this came the cards and the dice, and then there was nothing to be seen but "five and ten," and "beggar my neighbour," and the "five fingers," and the rattling of boxes and the paying down of gold and silver, as if the guineas and shillings were as common as buttercups and daisies; and then, too, were to be heard words that nobody could make any meaning out of such as 'seven's

the main,' 'eleven's the nick,' 'deuce ace;' only all guessed that Old *Nick* must be in the midst of them, and the *Deuce* had a *hand* in them, even if he did not *deal* out the cards.

"The only thing to be remarked peculiar about them was, that they had more decency than some people of the present day have (as I am told); for the moment the sun rose the gambling ceased, the drinking was at an end, and the castle became as quiet as a convent. Sorry am I to say it, that it never was until sunrise that Lord Barney Mulrennin recollected that he had a wife, nor that she lived in a place called Kilmacnoulle Castle. There it was that he would then go, looking like a vagabond, as he undoubtedly was, and there he would find the darling creature, with a smile on her face, to welcome him, when its a kicking he ought to be after getting. There she was, lone and desolate, during the live-long night, waiting up for him, and her only companion her prayer-book, and her thoughts of him, who was becoming so unworthy of her. The fact is, your honour, my heart bleeds when I think what the dote of an angel must have suffered on account of her rascally husband. The Lady Eveleena saw, sooner perhaps than Barney himself knew it, that he had fallen in love with the Lady Norah. Now, she fought hard against that affection, and she did her best to win her husband back to her; and if there be one to be pitted on the face of the earth that is one who is as full of sorrow as my field is full of thistles,—it is a wife like Eveleena, who clings to the heart of her husband, and will not, if she can, let herself be torn from it, by the exertions and the struggles of a rival. To pull her out of that heart is to pull a tender plant from the soil in which it has grown in beauty, and—to kill it! But to make a long story short, Barney Mulrennin did not become an out and out blackguard all at once. He felt at first ashamed and sorry for himself, and to wish he never saw the Lady Norah, nor her old thief of a father; and at last he could neither think of himself, nor his wife, nor any body in the wide world, but the Lady Norah, and the immense fortune she had; it being fifty times as great as that of the Lady Eveleena; and then to wish he was a bachelor; for he knew the Lady Norah liked him, for she used to look at him as a hungry dog does at a broiled shoulder of mutton. And then, the scoundrel, he wished, aye, he actually wished, that his wife was dead. Only think of the ungrateful monster!—a lady and a beauty, and a good little creature too, raising him from the very earth, to make him a lord and her husband; and, after all that, that he should wish to see the daisies growing out of her quilt! Troth, it's a shame to say it; but I can hardly think, when I ponder on such villainy, that Barney Mulrennin was an Irishman. If he was, he was a disgrace to his country.

"Things went on in this way for some months, until at last, it was plain to be seen, that the Lady Eveleena was dying of a broken heart; and one evening, while they were playing cards, at which I may say, that dirty Barney Mulrennin had lost nearly all his wife's fortune—for he had none of his own to lose—the wicked old Count Sam said to him, 'What a pity it is, Barney, my boy, that your stupid wife is not dead; for, if she were, you'd make an excellent match for my daughter.' And when he said that, the Lady Norah, who was sitting beside Barney, gave him a pinch on the toe, so hard, that he thought a coal of fire had dropped on it.

"That pinch put horrid bad thoughts into Barney's head; for he hurried home as fast as any hunter could carry him. And what do you think was the news for him, when he did come? 'That the Lady Eveleena was dead.'

"He couldn't in decency but stop to see the wake; and

having ordered in the candles, and the snuff, and the pipes and the tobacco, and every thing being arranged properly to make the neighbours right and proper, so that they could have their sorrow in comfort, and look at the corpse as they drank their punch—now, what do you suppose the unnatural baste did? turned every human being out of the room, saying he would wake her himself. Did any body ever hear of the likes in a Christian land, let alone in Limerick? But just see what comes of it.

Barney Mulrennin gazed at his wife, and there she lay before him, pure, fair, pale, cut off in the prime of life. She looked like a little lily, that has fallen upon a bed of snow; only that when the lilies come the snows are not to be seen; but she was as purty as the lily, and the sheets that were around her were as white as snow. He gazed at her, and then he thought—not of her goodness, but of the charming Lady Norah—and he wished his dead wife was buried, and his new wife, that was to be, come home; and thus he was thinking, when he saw his wife sit up; for she had only been in a faint; and then—the villain of the world!—he rushed at the Lady Eveleena, and he stabbed her!

"The blood of his wife gushed out upon his face—he heard her heart-thrilling shriek—the blood covered his eyes. He brushed it away with his hand, and he beheld before him the Count Sam Wauchab, or rather, something like the Count, for it was larger than life; it blew out flames from its mouth, and its tongue seemed to be one mass of white fire, hissing hot, like a poker that you'd warm a pot of porter with. But then the eyes and the laugh, there was no mistaking them; they were those of the Count Sam Wauchab; and as he sneeringly looked down upon Barney Mulrennin he said, repeating Barney's own words, 'May the devil whip me round the castle wall of Kilmacnoulle but it's the truth; and I defy the devil himself to make me love you less than I do this minute.' Now you have defied the devil; you have loved her less; and now the devil will whip you round the castle wall of Kilmacnoulle. So now, my fine fellow, tighten up your garters; for I will never stop scourging you, from this till the day of judgment.' And with that he took out of his pocket a whip, the handle of which was made of a serpent six feet long, and it had nine tails to it that were all made of fire, some blue, some red, and some yellow, and, whew! he gave one touch of the whip to Barney, who let a screech out of him that you would hear from this to Bantry Bay; and there, as long as there was a stone of the castle standing, was Barney Mulrennin to be seen every Saturday night, from ten to eleven o'clock, running round the castle, and the devil himself flying after him, and whipping him as if it were for a wager, or as if Barney was a spinning-top.

That is my story, Sir. But may be you may not think it's the truth. All I can say to you is, that I would be obliged to you, if you could show me that such a thing did not happen. This I know is the truth, that when the Lady Eveleena recovered from the stab her husband gave her, she became so disgusted with being called the Lady Eveleena Mulrennin, that she resolved upon changing her name; and therefore she married King O'Dick, who brought her down to the salmon weir, Kilmainham; and if they did not live happy (and by all accounts they did) then that you and I may!

W. B. M.

ENIGMA.

Two spoons, two epergnes, two dice, and three glasscs,
Combined, will make that which delights lads and lasscs.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

It is, we suppose, some two or three and twenty years ago, and when London was by no means as pretty a city, as it is now; when those who are now men and women were either very noisy boys, very great girls, or *unborn babies*; and when, too, those who are now catching the glancing brightness of a snow-white hair upon their brows were then in the very prime of youth, of strength, and of beauty; it was at that very time that there was remarked in the neighbourhood of Cavendish and Grosvenor Squares, and all along Piccadilly, an exquisitely handsome Spanish woman, apparently not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age; she played the guitar as she passed along the streets, and nothing could exceed the delicacy of her touch, or the sweetness of her voice. Her songs were constantly interrupted by her sighs; and it not unfrequently happened, that while she was in the midst of one of her national romances that she suddenly interrupted it, dashed away from the crowd that surrounded her, and ran after some person that she thought she knew, and then, when she discovered her disappointment, gave way to the most frantic emotions of grief. She sustained herself by the charity so freely bestowed upon her by those who stopped to listen to her; and having satisfied her own daily wants, it was remarked that she gave whatever else remained to those mendicants that chance threw in her way as she passed along the streets. At the West-end, "the musical mad Spanish woman" was often spoken of; for it was impossible to see and to listen to her, and not admire the beauty of her features, the perfection of her figure, the sweetness of her voice, her skill as a player, and at the same time not to deplore her insanity, which appeared in so many of her eccentricities. She did not, it was remarked, know but a few words of English, and those only such as were required to purchase the common necessities of life. She seemed not to think on any subject but one, and that engrossed all her thoughts. She looked at every one as they passed for an instant, and then cast down her eyes; but if an infant was brought near to her she insisted on seeing its face. If any one refused to let her see the child, she exclaimed, it was her "child that they had stolen from her," and became actually wild, violent, and frantic, until she saw the face of the infant, and when she had scanned its features the chill of disappointment and despair seemed to benumb all her faculties, and she was heard to murmur, "I am a fool" (*Soy loca*).

One afternoon this poor creature was standing at the gate leading into Hyde Park; she was resting upon her guitar, and watching the faces of all who passed her. Her dress was a dark stuff gown, which could not conceal the delicacy and beauty of her form. A lace mantilla, that half veiled her olive-brown forehead, fell upon her neck and covered her shoulders. She took not the least notice of the crowd of foot passengers that surrounded her and wondered at her beauty. She continued still to watch all who were in carriages or on horseback, when, all of a sudden, a bright and vivid flash of joy lighted up her entire countenance, and gave the dazzling brilliancy of lightning to her eyes. With one bound she burst through the crowd, and flung herself upon a carriage, even though in doing so she narrowly escaped from being crushed under its wheels.

"*Hijo mio! hijo mio!*" (my child! my child!) she cried to a man who appeared to be about forty years of age, and who was in the carriage. "My child! in the name of the Holy Virgin! my child!" (*Hijo mio, por la Virgen Santissima! mio hijo.*)

The gentleman who was in the carriage, at first sight of the woman, trembled and became pale; but in an instant he conquered his emotion, and replied in a quiet tone, "My good woman I do not know you at all; I do not, I assure you, comprehend what you mean." And saying this, he made a sign to the coachman to drive on. The coachman whipped his horses, and they started off at a gallop. The maniac clung with both hands to the carriage-door, and let herself be thus dragged on for a few seconds. Then she was observed to let go the carriage with one hand; draw from her girdle a short dagger, plunge it into the side of the gentleman, and then to fall to the earth. A wheel of the carriage passed over her body, and left her bleeding and almost lifeless on the road, while the carriage itself was hurried out of sight: whether it was that the coachman did not know that his master had been wounded, or that he had been desired to drive forward by the wounded gentleman.

Policemen were soon on the spot, and they raised up the unhappy musician, and conveyed her to an hospital, where every care and attention were lavished upon her. Her cure was very difficult, and required the lapse of some months before it could be declared completed; for, from the first she was afflicted with a violent fever, accompanied by madness. While it continued, the poor creature never ceased from morn till night to cry out in tones of the bitterest anguish, "My child, my child!" At length her fever abated—then it disappeared—her wounds were cured, and she was restored to health. When that occurred she was immediately conducted before a magistrate, and an interpreter was sent for.

The Spanish musician refused to tell the magistrate either her name, or the place in Spain where she had been born, or from whence she had last come; but then she at once and frankly admitted that she had stabbed the gentleman in the carriage with a dagger; but she would neither tell the name of the gentleman, nor her reason for assaulting him. When pressed upon this point she looked at the judge; her eyes flashed fire, and she exclaimed—

"*Es muerto, mi secreto morira conmigo, se vive todavia, lo diré en su presencia y delante de la justicia.*" (If he is dead my secret shall die with me. If he is living I will tell it in his presence, and in a court of justice.)

This answer greatly displeased the magistrate; for in spite of all the exertions of the police, they were not able to discover who was the gentleman who had been wounded by "the mad Spanish singer,"—the designation, in all their informations, that they were compelled to give to the prisoner, as she would not declare what was her real name. Much time, much skill, too, and dexterity in examination, were wasted in the vain endeavour to discover those points, upon which the mysterious stranger, had made up her mind not to speak! At length the magistrate determined to send the case to the superior courts, and there "the mad Spanish Singer," was placed upon her trial; for "inflicting grievous bodily harm, with intent to kill."

When placed at the bar she appeared there looking as beautiful as when she excited admiration in the streets. There was modesty in her look and melancholy deeply imprinted upon every feature. When called upon to plead, she said, "I did stab him with a dagger; I did it to avenge myself, and to put him to death." The assistance of an advocate was tendered to her; but she wiped a tear from her dark and colourless cheek, and exclaimed, "Put me to death, and God bless you." (*Agá me usted morir y que Dios lo bendiga*). Notwithstanding

ing all the efforts that were made to save her she persisted in her plea of guilty, and the judge sentenced her to be transported for life.

"When am I to die?" she said to the interpreter.

"You shall live," replied the interpreters, and then explained to her the nature of the sentence that had been passed upon her.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "I thought I had suffered enough in this life to be allowed at last to die." And saying this she followed in silence the jailor into the prison.

She was not there long before the profound melancholy, the quiet resignation, and the gentleness of manner, in the new prisoner attracted the attention of Mrs. Fry and her excellent companions and followers in the blessed work of charity. "The mad Spanish Singer" received the kindnesses of Mrs. Fry with thankfulness; but they seemed to be in a moment afterwards lost upon her; for she seemed to feel that solitude was the only blessing that could now be bestowed upon her. It is, too, to be observed that neither understood the language of the other, and Mrs. Fry determined to overcome this difficulty, (as she has a thousand greater), returned to the prison one morning, with a lady, who saluted in Spanish the poor captive. In hearing the sound of her native language, which had not reached her ears since the day of her trial, the musician trembled, stretched out her hand to her visitor, and melted into tears.

"Ah!" said she; "must not hands that are covered with blood sicken you with horror?"

"God always has his arms open to receive the penitent. Weak sinners ought to endeavour humbly to imitate Him in His mercy. Allow me to console you."

"Seek not at all to console me. I would wish to repent, but I cannot; for I feel as if it were, in despite of myself, a demon-like satisfaction that I stabbed that villain. I hope he is dead!"

"You must endeavour to be restored to a better state of feeling," said the companion of Mrs. Fry. "Confide to me your sufferings. I shall, if possible, console, or, at least, I will share your sorrows. Look upon me but as a tender and affectionate mother."

"A mother!" exclaimed the Spanish girl. "*There was* a mother in Madrid who died of grief, because she had a daughter who basely quitted her to follow the footsteps of a foreigner. A mother! Oh, utter not the word; for you now make me feel that all that has happened to me has been brought about by the Divine Justice, and that I was wrong in aiming at the life of him who has been the instrument of the vengeance of God. To abandon your mother for a lover! Oh! you cannot comprehend that, for you have never been in love. A Quakeress must feel contempt for the burning passions of a woman of Spain."

"I have loved, and I have suffered because I have loved," replied, with great frankness and simplicity, the Quakeress.

"But you have never been betrayed—never abandoned."

"I have been both betrayed and abandoned," again answered the Quakeress. "Many and many a long and sleepless night has been spent by me in tears; and I, too, like you, have had my thoughts of vengeance. He who betrayed me, he who has filled my life with sorrows, was the man that I had chosen out of thousands of suitors to give to him the name of my husband; to make him wealthy with my riches; to make him noble by my rank. He said that he loved me, and what he coveted was my enormous fortune. He has made my youth to pass away in tears and in shame; for I despised, from the

bottom of my heart, him that, in my heart, I loved—that I still love. To love the man that you despise—is not that suffering? is not that anguish? You too desire death. Do you suppose that I have not prayed that Heaven would shorten the sufferings that its justice requires from me? The only amelioration to my sadness is to console, if I can, others—I, who am myself inconsolable, and for whose griefs there is no remedy."

"But you," said the Spanish woman, rising and clasping her hands together, "You have not given birth to a child that has been afterwards stolen from you. Oh! Senora, the villain who took me from my home, who made me abandon my mother, and who afterwards abandoned me; he whom I had loved more than my mother, only sought me, after once abandoning me, in order that he might rob me of my child. I cast myself at his feet; I supplicated him to leave me my son. He forced me from him; he laughed at my tears; and when I sank on the ground, fainting and insensible, he disappeared, carrying with him my beloved baby. He must have placed him in some charity-school; for he wished to conceal the proof of my unhappiness and his own baseness. He has covered with filth the stain that ought only to be washed out with blood. When I came to my senses I set out in pursuit of him. I fell the very first step that I made in the street. Many days and many nights passed away without restoring to me that reason of which I had so much need, in order that I might recover my child. Alas, I could learn nothing. The villain left the country, and all I have been able to ascertain is this: that he concealed from me his real name. But this much, at least, I was certain of: that he was an Englishman; and therefore I travelled to England. I sought for him a long time; at last I again saw him, and I asked from him my child. He turned away his head, and then it was that I recollected I had a poignard—a poignard prepared for myself—and I struck him with it."

"Poor creature!"

"What has become of my child—my poor child?" continued the Spaniard, her eyes glaring with the wildness of insanity, and her hands clasped convulsively together. "My child! my child!"

"And then, have you no means by which I can assist you in discovering the name of the miscreant?"

"Yes," she said, "I know his coat of arms; they are engraved upon a seal-ring that he always wears. The crest is the head and neck of a griffin."

The Quakeress, who listened to the Spanish musician, turned pale, sank fainting into a chair, and murmured to herself, "Lord, give me strength to bear this new trial, and do not forsake me in this anguish!" The coat of arms, of which the crest was thus designated, were those that her husband alone, by right of marriage, could display.

Without hesitation, this truly noble woman told ALL to Mrs. Fry. The latter went upon the instant, in company with the Quakeress, to the Lord Chancellor. They told him all that they had heard, and supplicated him to obtain the pardon of the poor foreigner.

"My husband," said the noble Quakeress, "was but slightly wounded. In the name of Heaven, then, aid me, my lord, to save an unfortunate woman!"

Mrs. Fry joined her solicitations to those of the Quakeress, who had been Lady W——, and the Lord Chancellor immediately laid the matter before the Sovereign, who at once granted to the Spaniard a free pardon.

Mrs. Fry and the Quakeress hastened to bring it to the captive; but, to their surprise, she did not manifest the slightest

joy, and she even besought of them not to cause any change in her destined punishment.

"Let me depart for Sydney," she said; "for all I have now to wish for is death in the very obscurity of darkness. It will save at least the honour of a name that ought not never to be discovered."

"And your child, your poor child," stammered out Lady W—.

"My child! Oh, do you know what has become of it?"

"Yes," answered this benevolent and excellent woman; "yes, the villain that I have just discovered has told me of the place in which it can be found. We are both going together to see it, and to take care of it."

"My child! I am about to see my child! But what is the real name of its father?"

"It has no father," said Lady W—.

* * * * *

There is to be seen very frequently in the gardens of the Thuilleries a young man who is remarkably handsome, and who is always walking with two ladies, who still retain great pretensions to beauty. This very young gentleman speaks with equal propriety and fluency the Spanish and English languages. This noble-looking youth, as it was said by the Quakeress, on the day the Spanish Musician left the prison, has no father—but *then he has two mothers.*

FRANCIS X—.

THE EVENING WALK.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

I'll linger yet, the ringdove's calling
To its mate, the dewdrops falling
Seem like stars to light my way
As bright they dance in Cynthia's ray.
The Fairy cap her leaves has closed,
All Nature seems alike reposed,
Save when the night-bird's mellow song,
The echoing woods and hills prolong,
And that is all o'er lake or lea,
Breaking eve's sweet solemnity.
How soothing now methinks to stand,
Amid the works of God's great hand,
Feeling fresh spirit o'er me shed
A deeper blessing on my head,
And sense to know and serve and love
The Triune God, all gods above!
Surely 'tis sweet in the evening hour
Sweet thoughts come dight with double power,
When all is still and pure and bright
Our hearts and dreams alike are light,
So were it mine to fix my lot,
'Tween day or nights in this calm spot,
I'd choose to rove in the moon's mild rays,
To wilder spirits leave the days.

ENIGMA.

In the morn you may see my nose,
At evening time, my finger;
But catch me in the noontide hour,
And then with you I'll linger.

THE LOVERS.

The evening was calm, and all around was hushed, still, and quiet; not e'en a breeze or the fall of a leaf was heard to disturb the death-like stillness that prevailed. 'Twas on such an evening that two lovers were seen winding their way through one of the most picturesque walks in Switzerland, wrapped up in sweet converse with each other.

"Constance," said the youth, "to-morrow I leave you for a month or so; 'tis not long, yet still I feel a sad foreboding of coming evil upon my mind. God grant it may only be my anxiety for thee that conjureth up such dark imaginings, and that I may return in safety to claim thee as my promised bride."

They embraced and parted, each pursuing the way which led to their respective homes. Alberto (so the youth was called) turned from his course and ascended a sloping green, one side of which hung o'er a valley that lay some hundred feet below, and soon was lost in meditation. Suddenly, a man was observed gliding along with slow and cautious steps. Soon he quickens his pace, and, with a sudden spring, he cleared the chasm that separated him from his victim; and the next moment, ere the astonished Alberto could recover from his sudden panic, had seized him by the throat, and dashed him over the precipice.

Months rolled on, and still Alberto did not come to claim his bride. His friends at last gave him up for lost, and, like all other things, he was soon forgotten. When a rejected suitor of Constance again appeared, and once more declared to her his love. Her father encouraged him, threatening her with a parent's curse, dare she resist the match. The poor girl's spirit was broken, and, through fear of her father's malediction gave her hand, but not her heart, to one she did not could not love. The bridal morn arrived, and with a sorrowing heart she approached the altar; the service was begun and had reached that part which was to bind her to the man she hated, when a commotion was perceived at the further part of the church, and a voice was heard which filled the intended bride with joy, and the bridegroom with fear, uttering these words—

"Hold! reverend Father, would'st thou administer the rites of this holy sacrament to a murderer? for such he is in the sight of God."

The Bridegroom turned pale with fear and rage, and taking a poignard from his vest, was going to bury it in the bosom of Constance, when Alberto, who had observed the movement, with a sudden bound reached the altar, and struck him to the earth. Alberto then related to the astonished and panic-struck spectators the attempt of the prostrate man to murder him, by throwing him o'er the precipice, how he had been caught in his descent by a projecting bush, and was found by a fisherman so mutilated and disfigured as hardly to have the appearance of life, and to whose kind care it was that he had been restored again to health; that for twelve months he never left his bed, and had only then regained the use of his limbs, and so secluded was the hut and distant from all habitations, that not the slightest report had reached him either of his supposed murder, or the marriage of his betrothed.

Little now remains to be told, as my readers may easily conclude. It was not long before Alberto led his Constance to the altar, that very altar at which, not long before, she was to have become the wife of her husband's intended murderer.

C. M. D.

THE ROSE OF ELLINORE.

"And, dearest, will you never part with it? will you keep it for my sake," said the young Lord Everard to the beautiful Evelyn.

"My own dear Everard, do you doubt me? I will guard it with my life," replied the young and enraptured Evelyn.

"And, my adored, when I am tossing on the billow will you look at this miniature; will you bless, will you pray for the safety, the happiness of the original? will you pray he may return to claim the only gem he covets—this angelic form, this lily hand?" he could add no more, but clasping the trembling girl to his breast, he rushed from her, not daring to trust himself with another look.

Before we proceed farther, it may be necessary to give some account of the families of the youthful pair. Lord Everard Ashton was the only son and heir of the proud Earl of D—, who as soon as he discovered his son's attachment to our fair heroine, procured him a commission in a regiment about to depart for India, hoping by this step to efface all remembrance of his youthful love. The father of Evelyn (or as she was commonly called), "the Rose of Ellinore," was of noble family, but, through misfortune, was left with but a small income to support himself and only daughter, on whom he doated with all a father's fondest affection. Evelyn had just attained her eighteenth year; she was rather above the common height; her complexion was of the clearest white; her auburn ringlets hung in rich clusters around her fair brow; but, above all her lovely eyes, of the purest azure, shaded by long dark lashes, might have touched the coldest heart. No wonder the young and handsome Everard was captivated. The first time they met was at a ball given by a neighbouring nobleman, with whom Lord Everard was staying. From that hour he had haunted her footsteps, had hung on her words like a magic spell. They had walked, read, and sung together; and, at the hour our tale commences, they were seated on a rustic bench, the arm of the youth encircling the form of Evelyn; the last hour they would probably spend together for years, as Everard was to sail for the distant shores of India the ensuing day.

Months rolled away, and no tidings came of Everard; the bloom on the cheeks of the Rose of Ellinore began to fade. Two years passed, and still nothing was heard of the youthful adventurer.

At last, one fine summer's morning, a letter was brought to Evelyn; it was from Lord Everard Ashton; he was on his passage to England, looking joyously to the time when he trusted his parent would give him permission to claim the hand of his affianced bride. From that day Evelyn watched unceasingly the distant and treacherous ocean. The calm state of the weather seemed to favour the idea of her Everard's reaching his native land in safety. Weeks, however, rolled over the expected time of his arrival, and the vessel had not been heard of; at length came the report that she had struck on a rock, was dashed to pieces, and all board had perished. At this heart-rending intelligence, the paper which contained the paragraph dropped from the hand of Evelyn, and she fell senseless to the ground. The stern father of Lord Everard never enjoyed one happy moment from the time this distressing report was circulated, his conscience reproached him as being the cause of his son's untimely end, and also the destroyer of the peace of the youthful Evelyn, and before four months had expired the proud Earl of D— slept with his fathers. In the meantime the title and estate passed into the hands of a distant relation,

as no doubt was entertained but Lord Everard had with the rest of the crew, found a watery grave. But to return to Evelyn; after a period of eight months she was able to attend her father in his walks. The physicians advised the father to take his daughter to Italy, as change of scene they hoped would banish all thoughts of the still idolized Everard. Accordingly, they set out for the beautiful shores of that well-known fairy-land, and arrived in safety. The bloom on the cheeks of the Rose of Ellinore began to regain its influence; but in that lovely face might be seen the traces of settled melancholy. Suitors crowded round the angelic form of the English maiden, but all were rejected. Her father's health being on the decline, he earnestly requested his Evelyn to choose one among the many noble youths who had solicited him to speak in their behalf, adding that, until he saw his child placed with a protector that was worthy of her, he should not die happy. Long, long, did Evelyn stand irresolute; that she could never love another she was well assured; but at last determined on securing the happiness of a beloved parent by giving up her own. Four years had elapsed since the departure of her first, her only love, and since that moment she had not known happiness. Her father still urgently pressed her on the subject, and she consented to receive the young Earl W— as her accepted suitor.

Twelve months from this time the bells of Ellinore were ringing a merry peal; it was on account of the nuptials of the Earl of W. and the "Rose of Ellinore." As the bridal party were proceeding towards the church, a post chaise was seen descending the hill with such rapidity, that all were alarmed for the safety of the occupants. In a moment it reached them, and a young man rushed into the arms of the intended bride. Reader, canst thou guess who this was? It was Everard Ashton. He had been saved from shipwreck—the only one of all the crew.

Explanations of course followed. The young and noble-minded Earl of W. consented to forego his own happiness to secure that of the woman he loved.

A month passed, and the bells of Ellinore again rung merrily: it was the bridal morning of the long-lost Everard and his adored Evelyn. All sorrow was forgotten in that happy moment. Shortly after Everard was put in possession of his title and estates, and they now enjoy in the bosom of their family that pure and heavenly happiness which love alone secures.

F. P.

BEAUTY AND POETRY.

Beauty is to a woman what Poetry is to a language, and their similarity accounts for their conjunction; for there never yet existed a female possessed of personal loveliness who was not only poetical in herself, but the cause of poetry in others. Were the subject to be examined, it would be discovered that the first dawn of poetical genius in a man proceeds from his acquaintance with the other sex. Where love exists poetry must exist also; for one cannot live without the fellowship of the other—they live together, and together they must perish.

THE SPANISH LOVERS.

A TALE.

In the suburbs of the little town of Gandia, situated in the most fertile and beautiful part of the enchanting kingdom of Valentia, resided two old farmers, Señors Josef Perera and Antonio Vires. They had been playfellows in their youth, and having been left orphans at an early age, had entered on the cultivation of their respective farms nearly at the same time, and with equal prospects of success. They were alike attentive to their duties; but fortune did not equally compensate their exertions. Thirty years passed over, and found Josef a thriving and opulent agriculturist; while Antonia still continued to farm his cottage, his few acres, and small garden, with but little, if any, addition to its original value and extent. It also found the farmer father of a blooming and beautiful girl, just turned sixteen years, named Maria; while the latter's son, Juan Baptisto, was entering on his twentieth summer. Though differing so considerably in circumstances, the friendly intercourse of the two old men had not entirely ceased; and if there was a little purse-pride superiority assumed, at times, by Josef over his less fortunate neighbour, yet he seemed ever glad to see him at his house, and share with him the hospitality of his table. This friendship, originating with the parents, naturally descended to their children; and the lively and youthful pair were accustomed from their infancy to stray over the rich meadows and magnificent corn-fields, through the gardens of orange and lemon trees, and along the smiling groves of Acacias, olives, and palms, which the luxuriant vegetation of this charming Eden presents every where to view. With joyous heart and playful bound they, hand in hand, ascended these romantic hills, thickly studded with the relics of moorish grandeur; they had strolled along the green margin of the San Nicolas and the Alcoy, whose streams are the fountains of life and fertility; they had heard the notes of the nightingale, had breathed the sweet atmosphere impregnated with perfume, and beheld, in all its varied splendour, the glories of the southern sun. Meantime they had increased in years and grown in beauty. The climate, so propitious to bloom and ripeness, had had its full effect upon them; and long ere that period had arrived which, in colder regions, nature requires to perfect the instinctive attachment of the sexes, had matured their forms in gracefulness and their minds in affection, tinged with the enchanting colours of enthusiasm, and embellished with the delightful illusions of romance. Thus passed the spring-tide of their days, lovely as their own skies; but as the lightning will sometimes burst through the serenest heaven, so will the bolt of affliction break down the calm atmosphere of happiness, even when it appears most tranquil and least liable to commotion. So it was with our lovers; they felt delighted in each other's society; to them life seemed a perpetual garden; they wished for no change, nor thought of any; and (though what we call "pledges of love" were neither given nor received), secure of the integrity and inviolability of their tacit and unsworn attachment, they looked for no ill, nor saw the danger till it was ready to burst over their heads. Juan Baptisto was now of an age when it was necessary for him to advance himself in the world. His father's employment of agriculture was little suited to his taste; for, however a lover of Nature when robed in her finery, he but little admired the drudgery coupled with a constant attention on her wants; and as the profession of a physician was the cheapest and most respectable, his father had procured a sum sufficient to send him

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to the university of Valencia, for the purpose of taking out his degrees, and the time of his departure was now arrived.

It was evening, and the mellowed rays of the declining sun descending behind the distant mountain; a roseate glow stood trembling over the tranquil landscape, tinging the peaks and stirlless Mediterranean with crimson and gold; the silvery moon, rising in cloudless majesty from out of the horizon was proclaiming herself the queen of heaven; the groves of almond, orange, and acacia trees were diffusing their odours, and the bird of night warbling forth its love and thankfulness; when a youthful maiden, with light and hurried step, came tripping over the luxuriant herbage, and made towards an arbour which stood at the extremity of a large plantation of vines, thickly overshadowed with the foliage of the olive and mulberry. She was of the middle height, but of the most exquisite symmetry, which the charming snow-white corset and floating apron trimmed with flowers set forth to full advantage; while beneath the short petticoat appeared limbs of the neatest proportion and finest mould, and her long golden hair streamed in the perfumed breeze. She was met at the entrance by Juan, who, by appointment, had come to tender his farewell; and the dark blue eyes of Maria glistened with delight; and then a tear stole down her cheek at the thought of their separation. Juan kissed away the tear, folded her in his arms, assuring her that his stay would be as short as possible; desired her to look up and be happy.

"Yes, but," cried the lovely and artless girl, "you are going to a city where you will see every thing great and splendid: noble equipages, beautiful women, and lovely damsels; and you will forget Gandia, our corn-fields, our gardens and meadows, and you will forget your Maria, and—"

"Never! oh, never! by yon lovely Heaven!" cried the youth pressing her with extasy to his bosom, and impressing on her lips a burning kiss of tenderness. And thus comforted, thus vowed, thus sworn to each other, they bade farewell; and the next morning found Juan on his way to Valencia.

Months passed over, during which our hero had seen all the beauties of the city. He had promenade on the Alameda, the evening resort of beauty and fashion; he had visited the theatre, the circus, and the opera; yet, amidst all that could captivate the youthful mind, or estrange the senses, the remembrance of home, and the image of her on whom his first affections were bestowed, continually obtruded themselves, and cast a deep shadow of regret over his pleasures.

Six months had passed over. He seldom heard from his father; and when he did, his letters contained only a general assurance that all was well, and a recommendation to attend to his studies, without even the name of his mistress being so much as mentioned. This was hard for a lover; but particularly so for a Spanish one; yet it was borne, and the time fast approached when the vacation would permit him again to visit the scenes of his youth, and redeem the parting pledge from the lady of his heart.

He had just returned one evening from a stroll in the alleys of Mount Olivet, when a letter was put into his hand. He broke the seal eagerly, beheld the signature, and, in a passion of extasy, pressed the paper to his lips. It was from Maria. With eyes sparkling with pleasure, he commenced the perusal; yet, as he dipped deeper into the contents, his gratification subsided, and the opposite feeling of disappointment took its room, till at length, bursting with rage, he crushed the billet in his gripe, and rushed into the street, muttering undefined yet vehement curses. With unsettled, yet desperate purpose, he paced through

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several narrow and unfrequented lanes, till, arriving at a stable where mules were let out for hire, he ordered one to be in attendance in an hour, and that evening found him at full gallop on his way to his father's cottage.

While he is on the road we must take a short retrospect of the affairs at Gandia, and inform the reader of the cause of his sudden journey. Juan's father, in the frequent companionship of the young couple, anticipated the results, and with pleasure beheld the growth of a passion which would prove so advantageous to his son. Maria's, on the contrary, never anticipated the natural consequences of such an intimacy, nor could for a moment suppose that the son of his needy friend would ever entertain the audacious wish of possessing the hand of the lovely heiress of all his wealth, and the discovery of the startling fact, which took place in the following manner, was the more astounding, as it was unexpected:—From the time of Juan's departure for the university, a complete change came over the spirits of the maiden; her domestic occupations were no longer attended to; the walks in which she so much before delighted were neglected; the flowers which she had tended with so much care, were now entirely left to the guardianship of Nature; her corset was no longer laced to its fullest extent; her hair exhibited not its wonted neatness; and the smile of joy which had irradiated the blooming ripeness of her cheek, was now changed to the tear of sorrow, which, trickling down its snowy course, or glistening in her eye, added a less happy, but perhaps more enchanting loveliness to her charming countenance. These changes could not escape the observation of her doating father; and, not content with the feeble excuses which she made to his frequent enquiries, he took her seriously to task, and commanded her, by her filial duty, to tell him the true cause of her affliction.

Thus conjured, she narrated her unvarnished tale, and, with all the simplicity of her native innocence and genuine modesty, acknowledged her love for her playfellow.

Had an adder stung him, it would not more have startled the old man than this unexpected declaration. For the first time in his life he desired her to begone from his presence: and, calling up a servant, despatched him in haste to old Vires, commanding him and his son never again to approach his doors. Then, communing with himself for some time as to how he would crush at once this ill-directed passion, he came to the resolution of proceeding at the instant to the house of Don Alphonso de Ramirez, a wealthy merchant in the town of Gandia, and proposing a match to him between his son, Lorenzo, and Maria; a union which he had in view a long time. No sooner was this resolved, than he ordered his mule, and, arriving at the merchant's house, propounded his scheme, which was received by Ramirez with the fullest satisfaction.

Lorenzo had frequently seen Maria at the chapel, and felt the full force of her attractions. Nothing, therefore, could be more gratifying to him than the contemplated union; and, with the consent of both parents, he set about preparing himself for the courtship in the following poetic manner:—

Evening having arrived, Lorenzo, accompanied by a travador, musicians, torch-bearers, &c., proceeded to the residence of his intended, and commenced his serenade, praising her beauty and accomplishments, declaring his passion, and inviting her to a participation of his joys and blessings. But he sung in vain; the lattice remained closed; nor was the object of the harmony even perceptible within its transparent casement.

Dejected and disheartened, he returned home; but encouraged by the parents, and prompted by revenge for his slighted

suit, his entertainment and solicitation were renewed; and night after night he appeared beneath the window, without a word or sight of the lady he thus so pertinaciously wooed. Mean time Maria's father was not idle; he argued, urged, and finally threatened her with his highest displeasure, if she refused the proper acknowledgment of regard for her wealthy suitor. But she could do nothing but weep, and declare her intention of retiring to a convent, if not permitted to marry him, to whom alone she could offer her hand and heart.

It was while suffering under these persecutions that she had written to Juan that letter which caused his so sudden departure from the university, and which contained the facts as narrated, with only this addendum—that, come what might, she would be his, or for ever remain a virgin. Two days had elapsed between the writing of this letter and its delivery, though but eight leagues from Valencia, during which time her father, seeing her determination still unshaken, and fearful of her health, which began to decline under these repeated assaults, with a wisdom which it were to be wished men would more generally adopt, came to the determination of making a virtue of necessity, and permitting her to be united to the man of her choice. With this intention he waited on Don Ramirez, apologized for the obstinacy of his daughter, and requesting of him to explain the matter to his son, returned to his house to acquaint his daughter with his resolves.

Affairs were in this state, and Maria, assured of her father's sanction, retired early to her chamber to indulge in those visions of future happiness, which the youthful and sanguine mind know so well how to conjure, when Juan, jaded and fatigued after part of a night and a whole day's riding, arrived at his paternal cottage. Without waiting to give or receive a word's explanation, he threw himself off his mule, and proceeded to the habitation of his lady, where, placing himself beneath her window, he commenced humming a well-known air, which brought Maria to the casement, who welcomed him home with all the ardour of a Spaniard. Her father and the domestics having all retired to rest, and she being unwilling to disturb their repose by the impetuous queries and transports of Juan, as well as the pleasure of enjoying his company once more in her long-neglected gardens, threw her veil around her head, and placing her arm within his, strolled on towards the arbour in which they last parted.

The reasons given by his father to Lorenzo for foregoing his claims on Maria were by no means satisfactory to that high-spirited gentleman, and he determined that, since she could not become his, she should never be the wife of another, but, last of all, that of his hated rival; and he had determined on that night giving her her choice, either to become his partner in flight, or bid adieu to matrimony and the world at once, by receiving in her bosom the murderous stiletto.

Thus resolved, as soon as Night had thrown her sable mantle round that portion of the globe, he issued out, and arrived beneath the lattice just as the happy couple were proceeding on their ramble. Stung with madness, and fired with jealousy, he now saw vengeance within his grasp, and followed the lovers with suppressed foot-falls. They had reached the entrance of the arbour, and their last sad parting contrasted with their present happy meeting occurring to Juan, he pressed her to his bosom, and indulged in a perfect transport of delight. This was too much for the malignant mind of Lorenzo, who, drawing his poniard, rushed upon his prey, and stabbed him to the heart.

Juan just pronounced the name of his beloved, and fell to

the ground a corpse. Maria, with a piercing shriek threw herself upon him, and the assassin dashed through the arbour and disappeared.

The morning dawned, and the unhappy lovers were found, Juan bathed in his blood, and Maria stiff and lifeless at his side. Lorenzo was never heard of after. On the parents' miseries, as we can give no description, we mournfully draw the veil.

P.

THE CAMEO BRACELETS.

By N. C. Brooks, A. M.

HEBE HARNESSING THE PEACOCK OF JUNO.

Heavenly vision ! I love to trace
The beauties of thy celestial face,
When thy thoughts, like changeful pictures appear
Now tinted by hope, now shaded by fear ;
When smiles in the rosy dimples glow,
Like crimson birds amid flowers below ;
And modesty, innocence, virtue, and truth,
Bask in the light of perpetual youth.

Heavenly maiden ! I greet thee now
With a lovelier beauty upon thy brow,
And a gentler grace in thy modest mien
Than deck'd the child of Olympus Queen,
When in stately grandeur thou offeredst up
To wassailing gods the nectar cup !
For where is a scene of more virtuous pride,
Than a ministering child by her mother's side ?

Beautiful maid ! thou boundest along,
With a footfall light as the echo of song,
To lead from the walks of their flowery fold
To Saturnia's car of flashing gold,
The winged coursers, whose glittering plumes
The light of the opening day illumines,
And array for their flight through the azure air
The gorgeous steeds in their tresses fair.

HYLAS CARRIED AWAY BY NAIADS.

Through the wild and devious solitude
He threaded the maze alone,
To a lake that, fringed with underwood,
Like the eye of the forest shone :
He parted the branches waving o'er
The glassy waters' brink ;
Ne'er parted, save by the fawn, before,
As it glided through to drink.

He stood upon the grassy mound,
And his urn descended deep,
While dimples play on the lake around,
Like the smiles of a babe asleep.
From the pearly fountain's hidden springs
Breathe music's sweetest tones,
And his bosom the sweep of the golden strings
In rapt enchantment owns.

And the naiad sisters, who wildly roam
The azure depths of the wave,
Enamour'd bear the youth to their home
In the cool and rocky cave ;
And as the mossy couch is spread
His epithalamium swells,
And the waters dulcet music shed
As they sigh o'er the tinkling shells.
Baltimore, United States.

A PORTRAIT.

Through the gazer's breast is stealing
A pure rapture sweet and wild ;
While thy face its charms revealing,
Fair as snow-flakes undefiled,
Speaks a woman with the feeling,
And the lightness of a child.

With thy locks like sunlight streaming
Thou art beauty's self fair one ;
With thy cheek in beauty beaming,
From high thoughts and feeling won,
And thy lustrous eye out-gleaming
A bright sabre in the sun.

As the bird in tropic bowers
Ever waves its sportive wing
'Mid the bright and balmy flowers,
Without voice of sorrowing ;
So, 'mid smiles and joys, thy hours
Flit, thou light and fairy thing !

May no cloud of earthly sorrow
Shade thy brow, or dim with tears
Thy bright eye ; but may each morrow
Shed a rainbow o'er life's fears,
And a milder radiance borrow
From the gentle flight of years.

Baltimore, United States.

N. C. B.

ENIGMA.

I'm cased in steel, like knights of old,
And sometimes, too, as death I'm cold ;
Great draughts I swallow, deep and strong,
And without legs I move along :
My heart is filled with ardent fire,
And yet I feel not love nor ire ;
Then tell me where I may be found,
Above the earth, or under ground.

CHARADE.

My first is the natural note of surprise
When aught unexpected encounters the eye ;
In my second an Irishman's known to delight,
And my *tout* is the prize for which emperors fight.

THE HEADSMAN'S WIDOW.
AN HISTORICAL SCRAP.

Lucia de Manfredi, at the early age of sixteen years, became an orphan. Her immense wealth, her high birth, and especially her beauty, attracted to her palace, in which she lived with her uncle and guardian, a great number of suitors. Lucia took notice of some of her lovers; but especially of the Prince of Strozzi and the Count Papoli. It was generally believed in Milan that the choice of Lucia would fall upon one or the other of those cavaliers; and already congratulations were offered to her uncle, the commander of St. Anselmo, upon an alliance which must add new dignities and honours even to her and his high family. So thought the public; but the public was deceived.

In a tournament that was given by the nobles of Milan to the King of France, Louis XII, Lucia had remarked amid the crowd one man, whose aspect and costume proved him to be a foreigner. This man observed the impression that he had produced. He contrived to obtain a seat near to that of the beautiful maiden. He entered into conversation with her. He loved, and was beloved in return. In a few days acquaintance ripened into the warmest attachment, and the stranger, it was plain, was destined to be the husband of Lucia de Manfredi.

The cold reception that was given both to Strozzi and Papoli at the palace of the Commander soon apprised them that their suit had been rejected, and some other rival preferred to them. They determined to ascertain who it was. Their self-love was wounded by the rejection, and they swore to avenge themselves. And when did power, such as they wielded in Milan, once having pledged itself to such a purpose by an asseveration, ever become forsworn? They combined together their plans for the purpose of getting at the secret of Lucia. They scattered gold by handfull; they bribed the servants, and their spies watching the slightest movement of the lovers were soon able to apprise who was their rival.

Having gained the knowledge of this secret, Strozzi and Papoli, requested an interview of Lucia, and begged of her to grant them one favour—the last favour they said they should ever ask from her. The last favour was this: to accept from them a public fête, which they proposed to have in the Palace de Bombellini, a few leagues from Milan. The unsuspecting girl at once accepted the invitation. The day for the fête was then fixed by Papoli, and the *élite* of the Milanese nobility were invited to accompany her, as the queen of the banquet, in a brilliant cavalcade.

The day impatiently expected by the conspirators at last came. Three hundred young gentlemen, mounted upon superb coursers, repaired to the palace of the Commander. Lucia herself mounted into a species of triumphal car, drawn by four white ponies, and the cortege then proceeded. The pride of Lucia was flattered by this magnificent exhibition. She did not love any of those who pressed around the golden burnished wheels of her chariot; but then she was intoxicated with the incense that they offered her; with the sweet compliments, with the gallant devotion, that they exhibited towards her. A true daughter of Eve, she listened with pleasure to the eloquence of the serpent.

The cavalcade that attended Lucia was very numerous; and, in order that it might be seen to the greatest advantage, they proceeded by a considerable round. They passed before the old cathedral of Saint Ambrose, along the street of the ancient Dukes, by the ramparts of the Golden Key, and the Sezzarona,

and, doing so, they were on each side invested by immense crowds. At last they came to the wide space of the *Purfurati*. There a scaffold had been raised, and the executioner of Milan, dressed in red, and armed with a long and shining sword, walked up and down upon those fatal boards, which were soon to receive the weight of a new victim to the offended laws of the state. The cavaliers, however, who surrounded the car of Lucia on all sides, prevented her from perceiving the dreadful preparations for a public execution. The multitude, who saw on one side the preparations for death, and, on the other, this magnificent display of youth and vanity, felt indignant at their approximation to each other. It looked as if Folly was casting a defiance at Death. But then, the young persons by whom this mad prank was played were members of the most powerful families in Milan; and, although the people murmured, they did not dare to do anything else.

The car of triumph, surrounded by a close squadron, continued to approach the scaffold, and at last it reached the foot of that horrible theatre. The instant that it did so, a signal was given by Strozzi, and instantly there darted from out of the body of the multitude twelve men, who in an instant yoked the horses from the triumphal car, and left the car itself upon the scaffold.

"Jacobi," said the Count Papoli to the executioner, "you neglected yesterday to invite your mistress to the tournament, in which you are, to-day, to perform so distinguished a part. Now we have wished to perform this good office for you, and therefore have we conveyed, upon the very step on which you are wont to perform your bloody exploits, the incomparable Lucia. Look at her; for she is noble; she is too surpassingly fair. The diamonds that sparkle on her brow, and the pearls which are entwined with her hair, render her like to a queen. Make her then queen, Jacobi; make her queen of the gibbet; for she is worthy of the throne of ignominy, since she passed by those who were nobly born, to fix her affections on one low and base as yourself."

Lucia had recognized her lover! Jacobi had recognized his mistress! At her sight his sword, as headsmen, had fallen from his hand; but the words and taunts of the Count de Papoli awakened in him the utmost fury and rage. He grasped his sword again, and, in accents that inspired terror in all who heard him, he exclaimed, "Tyrants! nobles of Lombardy! you cannot dishonour the headsmen, but you have dishonoured weakness, beauty, and womanhood, and justice has armed my hand to teach you to respect the laws of God and of man. I am going to fulfil my office; for punishing traitors, and ruffians, whatever be their rank, is doing good service to society." And, as he said this, the head of the Count de Papoli fell upon the scaffold. Jacobi did not quit the scaffold; but his sword flashed around him, and as it did so, the young nobility fell mortally wounded—until Strozzi, seizing a long pike, was with it able to reach Jacobi, and struck him to the earth. The Executioner rolled, in the agonies of death, upon the scaffold, and fell, covered with blood, at the feet of his mistress, who now fainted.

Lucia was carried back to the palace of her uncle; but neither medical aid, nor the tender care of her family, nor the affectionate pity of her friends, could save her—she lost her senses for ever, and her madness was dark and terrible; for she could think of, and talk of nothing but swords, and blood, and executions; and the name by which she was ever known by, when the story of her life was told, was this—"The Headsman's Widow."

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF KENMARE.

Within the past month the subject of our present memoir has, by the gracious act of our excellent Sovereign, been made a member of the Imperial Parliament; but has not been thereby advanced in the peerage. The motto of the Noble Earl's family is "*Loyal en tout*," and never was there one more properly adapted, nor one to which a truer claim can be laid, by the endurance of great suffering, and great persecution, for the sake of a king who was mistaken, and of a religion that his Lordship and his ancestors have believed to be true.

The present Earl of KENMARE is the son of the first Earl, by his second wife, and he succeeded to his father in 1812. Since the time that he came into the possession of his Irish property his Lordship has constantly dwelt on his estates in that country, and by so doing he has conferred inestimable blessings upon the poor of a district, that, before his time, were neglected, and greatly distracted by intestine quarrels. In the neighbourhood in which he resides, by the tenantry with which he is surrounded, and in the county that may be said to be peculiarly his own, he is venerated and regarded rather as a father or a friend, than as one whose great wealth and exalted rank separates him from his fellow men. It is because this is his character, that the compliment that has been bestowed upon him is regarded by Irishmen, and especially those of his own persuasion, as a favour bestowed upon themselves, and as a testimony of the Royal wish to dispense the favours of the Crown impartially to all.

We could not avoid mentioning—and we trust it is not misplaced—the feelings that the elevation of the Earl of KENMARE to the British Peerage have created in the sister country. We do so, because, while we avoid politics, we will not omit facts. As it is not our custom generally to give the Irish peerages, we cannot refrain from placing more at length than we usually do, the account of the family of the Earl of KENMARE. In doing so, we give our fair and gentle readers a slight insight into Irish history, of which so little is known in England.

The founder of the family of Earl KENMARE in Ireland was

Sir VALENTINE BROWNE, of Crofts, in the county of Lincoln, knight, who was constituted auditor-general of Ireland, and died in 1567, leaving

Sir VALENTINE BROWNE, his heir, who, in 1583, received instructions, jointly with Sir Henry Wallop, for the surveying several escheated lands in Ireland. He was subsequently sworn of the privy council, and represented the county of Sligo in Parliament in 1585. On the 28th of June, in the same year, Sir Valentine purchased from Donal, Earl of Clancarr, all the lands, manors, &c., in the counties of Kerry and Cork, which had been in the possession of Teige Mac Dermot Mac Cormac, and Rorie Donoghmore. Sir Valentine married Thomazine, sister of the Lord-keeper (Sir Nicholas) Baron, and had two sons, the second of whom,

Sir NICHOLAS BROWNE, of Ross, in the county of Kerry, knight, died in 1816, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

1. VALENTINE BROWNE, Esq., who was created a Baronet of Ireland on the 16th February, 1622. Sir Valentine, after his father's decease, presented a petition to King James the First, praying an abatement of the yearly rent reserved on the estate, which he held from the crown as an undertaker, at the annual sum of £113 6s. 8d.; in regard of the small profit he made of it, being set out in the most barren and remote part of the county of Kerry; which request was complied with, and he received a confirmation, by patent, of all his lands at a reduced rent. Sir Valentine married Elizabeth, fifth daughter of Gerald, Earl of Kildare; and was succeeded by his grandson,

2. Sir VALENTINE, born in 1638, who was sworn of the privy council of King James the Second, and created by that monarch, subsequently to his abdication, on the 20th of May, 1689, Baron of Castlerosse and Viscount Kenmare. His lordship, who was colonel of infantry in the army of King James, forfeited his estates by his inviolable fidelity to that unfortunate monarch. He married Jane, only daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Plunket, and had five sons and four daughters. He died in 1694, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

NICHOLAS, second viscount, an officer of rank in the service of King James, and attained in consequence. His lordship married in 1684, Helen, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Brown, Esq., of Hospital, by whom he obtained a very considerable fortune, but which, with his own estates, became forfeited for his life. The crown, however, allowed his lady a rent-charge of £400 per year, for the maintenance of herself and children. His lordship died in 1720, leaving four daughters, and a son, his successor,

VALENTINE, third viscount, who continued outlawed by the attainder of his father and grandfather. His lordship married in 1720, Honoria, second daughter of Thomas Butler, Esq., and great-grand-niece of James, Duke of Ormonde, by whom he had issue, Thomas, his successor, and two daughters. His lordship married, secondly, in 1735, Mary, Countess-Dowager of Fingal, only daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Castle Ishin, by whom he left a posthumous daughter. He died in 1736, and was succeeded by his only son,

THOMAS, fourth viscount. This nobleman married in 1750, Anne, only daughter of Thomas Cooke, Esq., of Painstown, in the county of Carlow, by whom he had a son and a daughter. His lordship died 9th September, 1795, and was succeeded by his son,

VALENTINE, fifth viscount, who was created (the viscount of King James the Second never having been acknowledged in law) on the 12th of February, 1798, Baron of Castlerosse and Viscount Kenmare, and advanced to the Earldom of KENMARE and Viscounty of CASTLEROSSE, on the 29th of December, 1800.

CHARADE.

I was born in Dublin, imprisoned in Cork;
I'm seen much in London, and often in York;
I dwell in the wood, and I roll in the seas,
And wherever I go I am certain to please;
I live in a prison that is dark, and yet light;
And such is my lot, and so wond'rous my flight.
That I love my confinement, with layman or priest;
Perfect freedom my bane—for I die when released.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This theatre closed for the season on the 21st; and, though we wish much to congratulate the director on the success of the past season, we are afraid we shall not have it in our power to do so, since we believe it to be one of the most unprofitable for some time past; several causes have led to this, the company has been a more than usually expensive one. We have had at the same time, and indeed on the same evening, GRISI, PERSIANI, LOEWE, PAULINE GARCIA, RACHEL, TAGLIONI, CERITO, GUY STEPHAN, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, MARIO and LABLACHE, thus embracing the principal talent of Europe in every department. This has been altogether a more expensive company than for many seasons past, and the receipts have not exceeded, if they have ever reached, those of many seasons of far less expense to the management. FANNY ELLSLER not returning to fulfil her engagement was also a serious loss to the management, as deranging all the previous arrangements made for the early part of the season.

In looking back to the past season we find that it has been a better one for the public than for many previous seasons. The operas have been excellently cast—*Marino Faliero*, in particular, is quite the perfection of an opera, where we find LABLACHE and several of the other principal singers leading the choruses. LOEWE has also proved herself a great acquisition to the *corps lirique*; though the *Straniera* is not an opera to our taste, in the other operas she was heard to more advantage, and was gaining rapidly in favour with the public. CERITO, also, has considerably improved in her dancing, and become more than ever in favour, bidding fair almost to make us forget the *déesse* herself; and towards the close of the season GUY STEPHAN fully proved that she has abilities of the highest class as a dancer, and will, if she continue to improve as she has done, become one of the most popular dancers of the day. RACHEL'S engagement was a fortunate card for the manager, though the very heavy sum paid to her was a considerable drawback to the profits; she will appear again next season and we hope with the same success. The principal cause of complaint during the season has been the want of novelty in operas—a want by no means to be attributable to the management, since those that were produced were not successful; the fact is, there are no new operas at the present day worth producing. Since BELLINI'S death we have scarce any one since DONIZETTI, as a writer; and, beautiful as many of his compositions unquestionably are, his later ones are but repetitions of his earlier works, and when produced the public still complain that they are not new; and under these circumstances the management did all that lay in their power with the old established favourites, by casting them with unusual strength, and certainly the operas have never, during any previous seasons, been in every respect so admirably produced.

It is reported that RUBINI would leave the stage at the close of the present season, but such is not the fact; he has engaged himself at the Italian Opera in Paris for one half of the season, the rest of his time he passes in Italy or at Madrid, where he has the offer of an excellent engagement, and he returns to London for the ensuing season at this house.

With regard to the members of the opera company, they are dispersed throughout this country until the beginning of the season in Paris. CERITO goes to the north of England. TAMBURINI, and we believe DORUS GRAS, are in one party, whilst GRISI, RUBINI, &c., are announced at Birmingham, and we have no doubt will make their various tours no less of pleasure than profit.

HAYMARKET.—A new *petite* comedy called the *Court of Queen Anne*, has been performed here with much success. It is far superior to many of the modern pieces, as the interest is remarkably well sustained and the situations are worked out with much skill and always with good effect. The plot is founded upon the circumstance of a wild young *attaché* played by CELESTE, who, in legal parlance, "commits matrimony" at the very modest age of 16; but the powers that be rule that he shall, until he attains years of discretion, be deprived of the society of his wife, to which his wife, nothing loath, consents; the youthful husband is, however, far from being agreeable to this arrangement, and in order to prove himself every inch a man, sets up as a regular libertine, vows eternal constancy to all women, married and single, in the shape of ready made *billets dour*, and embroils himself with the husbands, whom he meets in duels and places *hors de combat*, together with a variety of other equally profligate acts in order to show that he is a fit candidate for matrimonial honours; the wife of course relents, thinks him older and wiser than he looks, seeks him in secret, and the ruling powers agree at last that he shall be allowed to have possession of his wife. The piece is well and smartly written and is well sustained throughout. CELESTE, as the youthful husband, played with excellent spirit, and met with considerable applause. The other characters were well sustained by Mrs. STIRLING, STRICKLAND, &c., and is likely to be a permanent favourite. MACREADY has been playing the round of his favourite characters with great success; his *Virginus*, *William Tell*, &c., have attracted very full houses. We believe SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S new play, in which CHARLES KEAN and ELLEN TREE are to appear, will be reserved until the town fills again, in order to give the play a fair chance of success.

SONG.

I love to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave,
It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.
I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.
To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful site;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sun-beams shine as bright.
The showers descend as softly there
As on the loveliest flowers;
Nor does the moonlight seem more fair
On beauty's sweetest bowers.
"Ay! but within—within there sleeps
One, o'er whose mould'ring clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away."
And what of that? The frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below,
As little of their banquet heeds,
As of the winds that blow.

THE COURT.

Owing to the present interesting condition of her Majesty, and the strong veto interposed by Dr. Locock, the Queen, contrary to her previous intention, did not open the new Parliament in person, but permitted the Royal Speech to be delivered by commission.

We understand it is not the intention of her Majesty to leave Windsor Castle until a few days previous to her expected accouchement, when she will remove to Buckingham Palace.

The young Princess Royal takes her usual airings and progresses in health and strength; she already appears to notice with approbation the enthusiastic cheers with which she is daily received.

WINDSOR, TUESDAY, AUG. 17th.—This day the annual revel in honour of her Majesty's accession to the throne, and in commemoration of the birth of her Majesty's august mother, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, was held by the bachelors of Windsor and their friends. At an early hour in the morning the auspicious day was ushered in with the discharge of several pieces of artillery, which was continued at intervals until the evening. About nine o'clock, A.M., the bachelors perambulated the boundaries of the Acre, and walked in procession through the principal streets of the town, preceded by a band of music. A variety of rustic sports, consisting of marches at cricket, back-swording, &c., afterwards took place, and for which suitable prizes were awarded to the successful competitors. At noon the 72d Highlanders were marched into the Home Park, and reviewed by Lieutenant-colonel Arbuthnot, the commanding officer. The celebration was concluded at nine o'clock in the evening with a grand display of fire-works, in the presence of several thousands of the towns-people and visitors from the surrounding districts. The bells of the parish church and St. George's chapel were rung almost unceasingly throughout the entire day. The bells were rung at Kensington at an early hour, also at intervals during the day, in honour of the event. The tradesmen of her Royal Highness dined together, to celebrate the day, at the King's Arms Tavern. The Bachelors of Windsor celebrated her Majesty's accession to the throne, and likewise the birth-day of the Duchess of Kent, by giving a revel in their Acre.

WINDSOR, SATURDAY, AUG. 21.—At two o'clock her Majesty held a Privy Council at the castle. At the council the topics to be embodied in her Majesty's speech to Parliament were discussed and agreed upon. The whole of the members who attended the council, together with the Marchioness of Lansdowne and Lady John Russell, the Countess of Uxbridge, and the Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, had the honour of joining the royal dinner party in the evening.

CELEBRATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTH-DAY.—WINDSOR, THURSDAY, AUG. 26.—This morning, the bells of St. George's chapel and the parish church commenced ringing merry peals, which were continued at intervals throughout the day. Between six and seven o'clock the band of the Royal Horse Guards (blue) proceeded to the Home-park, and stationed themselves under the terrace wall, just beneath the window of her Majesty's bed-room, in the Augusta tower, where they serenaded the Prince from seven till past eight o'clock. The first piece played was the *Reveille*, by Walsh. This was succeeded by a *Chorale*, an original piece composed by the Prince, and the "Prince's quick step." At the conclusion of "God save the Queen," the band retired to

the Castle, where an excellent breakfast was prepared for them. The Prince stationed himself at the window during a portion of the performance, and a few of the Royal Household were on the Terrace. The bells of the parish church (which is but a very short distance from the Castle) were rang nearly the whole the time the band was playing, thus almost entirely destroying the effect of the music. It was the intention of the Queen to have partaken breakfast with the Prince at Adelaide Lodge, where the military band had instructions to attend. Several of the gentlemen of St. George's choir would also have been present at the lodge to serenade his royal highness at the same time, but from the gloomy state of the weather, and from her Majesty being rather indisposed, the *dejeuner* at Adelaide Lodge (which had been tastefully decorated with festoons of flowers, &c., for the auspicious occasion) did not take place. At eleven o'clock the 72d Highlanders paraded in review order, and afterwards marched to the Home Park, where the regiment formed into line, just beneath the wall of the New Terrace. Precisely at twelve o'clock the troops opened to a pace distance from the centre, and fired a *feu de joie* in honour of Prince Albert's birth-day. They then took off their bonnets, and gave three loud and hearty cheers for his royal highness; after which the regiment marched past in slow and quick time, and then defiled by sections in front of the Victoria tower, at the windows of which were her Majesty, and Prince Albert, and several of the royal attendants. The illuminations in the evening were upon a far more extensive and magnificent scale than usual.

Her Majesty's accouchement, whatever may have been promulgated to the contrary, is not expected to take place before quite the middle or the end of October.

Queen Adelaide will pass the winter in this country, and not at Malta, as was generally expected. It is said that, next month, her Majesty goes on a tour of visits in the midland counties, and, it is said, Scotland. Her Majesty has completed her forty-ninth year.

The Queen Dowager will pay a visit to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir, about the 15th of September.

A letter from Ems states that the King of Hanover lives there in a very retired manner, not appearing in public. His Majesty receives and answers despatches every day.

The Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household has appointed the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothersley Noel, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, in the room of the Rev. Alexander John Scott, D. D., deceased.

HER MAJESTY'S ARABIAN PONIES.—Great difficulty had been experienced in rendering passably tractable the pair of beautiful Arabian ponies which were forwarded to her Majesty last year, as a present from the Imaum of Muscat. Indeed the Queen has never yet ridden behind them, although some of the members of the Royal household have frequently driven them, in accompanying her Majesty in her drives in Windsor Great Park. One afternoon last week, they were driven in one of the Royal phaetons from the mews in Sheet-street, Windsor, to the Castle, for the purpose of Lord Alfred Paget taking an airing, one of them became exceedingly restive, and during a violent kicking, he got one of his legs over the pole, and broke it in two, and before he could be quieted he got the other hind leg over the splinter-bar, where it was entangled between the spokes of the wheel. His leg, however, was extricated before he had done himself very serious injury, and he was taken back to the stables. Her Majesty has since commanded that neither of the Arabian ponies are ever again to be driven in harness.

VIRGINIA WATER.—The fishing temple of this delightful place is undergoing a thorough repair and re-decorating, and it is understood that her Majesty and the Prince will pay frequent visits there during the stay of the Court at Windsor. A new floating bath has also been prepared for the use of Prince Albert on the lake, and the small frigate, in which the Royal pair is expected to make frequent excursions, has been already launched.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ROYAL PLEASURE GROUNDS, WINDSOR.—A number of improvements, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, are being made in the slopes, among which are a beautiful grotto and waterfall, to be constructed in the cavity formed by the excavation of an embankment of chalky strata.

CONTEMPLATED ROYAL ALLIANCES.—Rumour has affianced Prince George of Cambridge to a young German princess, a near relative of Queen Adelaide. The report has within the last few days been revived in the court circles with increased confidence. Prince George, it is well known, is much esteemed by the Dowager Queen, and no doubt her Majesty feels a strong inclination to see her favourite nephew allied to a branch of her house.—A letter from the Hague, asserts as a positive fact that the negotiations for a marriage between the Prince de Joinville, son of the King of the French, with the Princess Sophia Wilhelmina, only daughter of the King of Holland, has been broken off. The intended bride is in her 17th year, and possesses great personal attractions, and would in the event of her marriage, receive a considerable dowry from her grandfather, the wealthy ex-King of the Netherlands.—The Crown Prince of Hanover will, early in the ensuing year, states a correspondent at Frankfort, be united to a German princess, a young shoot from one of the numerous branches of the House of Saxe Meiningen.—Prince Victor Emanuel, eldest son of the King of Sardinia, Prince Royal and Duke of Savoy, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the Princess Adelaide, second daughter of the Viceroy of Italy (Rainer, Archduke of Austria, and uncle of the present Emperor). The princess is in her 19th year, and the prince has just attained his majority.

LADIES WANTED.—In the parish of Llanelly, Breconshire, including Bryn Mawr and Beaufort, the males exceed the females by more than 1000. This is a striking contrast to Worcester, where the same majority is in favour of the ladies.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.—At Gudebridge, Herts, the lady of Sir ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, Bart., of a son.—At 14, Carlton House terrace, the Lady GEORGIANA BALFOUR, of a daughter.—At Worlingham Hall, Vicountess ACHESON, of a son and heir.—In Merriam square, Dublin, the Lady of JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P., of a son.—At Sir Hussey Vivian's, in Pall-mall, Mrs. ARBUTHNOT, of a daughter.—At Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of Sir EDMUND HEAD, Bart., of a daughter.—At Eslington, Northumberland, the Lady of the Hon. H. T. LIDDELL, M.P., of twins, a boy and a girl.—In Eaton-place, the Lady of Sir JOHN RAE REID, M.P., of a son.—At Norwood Lodge, Surrey, the Lady of JOSEPH MAUDSLAY, Esq., of a daughter.—The Lady of Capt. CREIL JOHNSON, of a son.—In Mountjoy-place, Dublin, the Lady of Sir DRURY DICKINSON, of a son.—At Hardwick, Gloucestershire, the Lady of the Rev. ERSKINE KNOLLYS, of a daughter.

—At Blandworth Lodge, Horndean, the Lady of Sir WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, Bart. of a son, still born.—At Mr. Geddes Mackenzie Simpson's, New Grove House, Bromley, the wife of Sir GEORGE SIMPSON, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.—At St. Marylebone Church, SAMUEL DANIEL, Esq., 3d Regt. Buffs, only son of Thomas Daniel, Esq., of Bryanston-place, Bryanston-square, to GRATIANA PULCHARIA, second daughter of Captain Henry Hume Spence, R.N., of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.—The Rev. CHARLES STUART STANFORD, of Glasnevin, Dublin, to PAMELA, daughter of Col. Sir G. Campbell, Deputy Quarter-master-General.—At Trinity Church, Sloane-street, EMMA, daughter of the late Jacob H. Franks, Esq., of Nesterton Hall, Leicestershire, to the Rev. HENRY TEUSCH HECKER, of Seven Oaks, Kent.—THOMAS SHIFFNER, Esq., third son of Sir George Shiffner, Bart., of Coombe, Sussex, to MARY second daughter of James Brown, Esq., of Harehills Grove, near Leeds.—At Chetwynd, Shropshire, JOHN M'CUTCHEON, Esq., of Harley-street, Cavendish-street, to HARRIETT FLEMING FISHER, daughter of Robert Fisher, of Chetwynd Lodge.—At Marylebone Church, RICHARD JOHN, only son of Richard Peckham, Esq., of Beakesbourn House, Kent, to CHARLOTTE JULIA, only daughter of the late C. H. BOUVERIE, Esq., of Oxford House, Bucks.—The Rev. THEODORE BOUENS to the Lady JULIA LAMBAART, youngest daughter of the late Viscount Kilcoursie, and sister to the Earl of Cavan.

DEATHS.—At Paris, the Lady MARY ANNE BRUDENELL BRUCE, second daughter of the Marquis of Ailesbury.—At Cowes, Isle of Wight, ANNA MARIA, wife of Thomas Halifax, Esq., of Portland-place, London.—At Torquay, MARY, wife of Major General DUNBAR.—At Upway, Dorset, Mrs. Thresher, relict of John Thresher, Esq., and eldest sister of the late Sir Thomas Hardy.—At Brensting, Nottinghamshire, Mr. ANNABLE, of West-square, London, in the 89th year of his age.—In her 83d year, ISABELLA, relict of Mr. ISAAC HITCHIN, of Gerrard-street, Soho.—At his seat, Wavendon Bucks, Sir HENRY HOARE, Bart. The deceased was in his 74th year, and was brother to the late Sir Richard Colt Hoare, on whose death a short time since he succeeded to the baronetcy.—At Bodys Gallon, near Conway, aged 62, CATHERINE, fifth daughter of the late Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bart., of Mostyn.—At Hooton Hall, Cheshire, after a long and protracted illness, Sir THOMAS STANLEY MASSEY STANLEY, Bart. By this event the ancient family estates and the baronetcy have devolved upon Mr. Massey Stanley, now Sir William Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, Bart.—At Petersham, the Hon. KEITH ELPHINSTONE, daughter of John, eleventh Lord Elphinstone, and wife of David Erskine, Esq., of Cardross.—At Netherton, Devon, CAROLINE, wife of Sir EDMUND PRIDEAUX, Bart., and third daughter of the late Rev. James Bernard, of Sidmouth, Devon.—At Redland, near Bristol, in her 84th year, GRIZEL, relict of R. N. NEWMAN, M.D., of Thornbury Park, Gloucestershire.—At Athlone, JANE, daughter of the late Major General J. P. MURRAY, C.B., and grand daughter of the late General the Hon. James Murray, of Beaufort, Sussex.—In Devonshire-place, ANDREW THOMAS THYNNE, Esq., M.D.—At Killoghter, Ireland, in her 81st year, FRANCES, relict of the Rev. ISAAC ASHE, rector of Tamlaght.—At Ashford, Derbyshire, Mrs. KNOWLTON, aged 69.—In Dublin, aged 22 years, ST. LAWRENCE BURKE, Esq., second son of Major and Lady Matilda Burke, and nephew of the Earl of Howth.—At Charlton Gloucestershire, Lady MARY MORGUE, second daughter of the late, and aunt of the present Earl of Listowel.

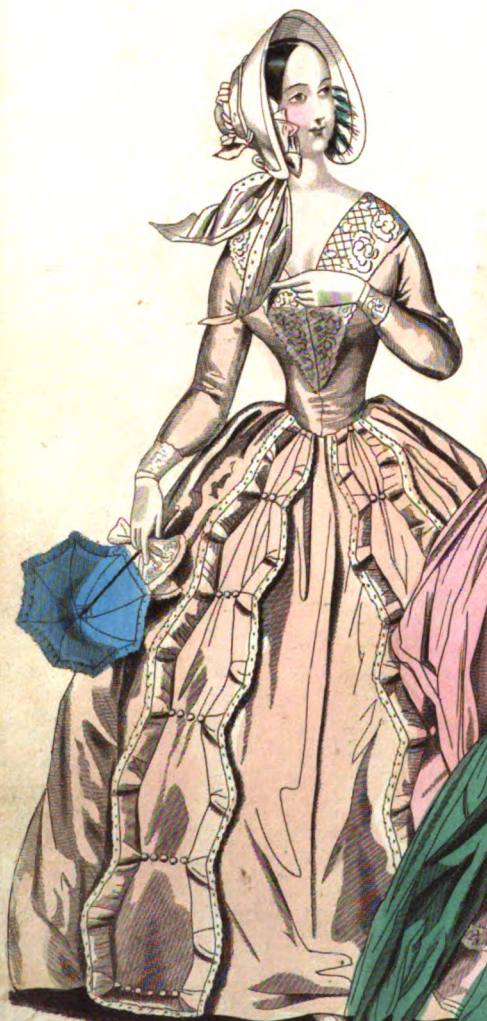


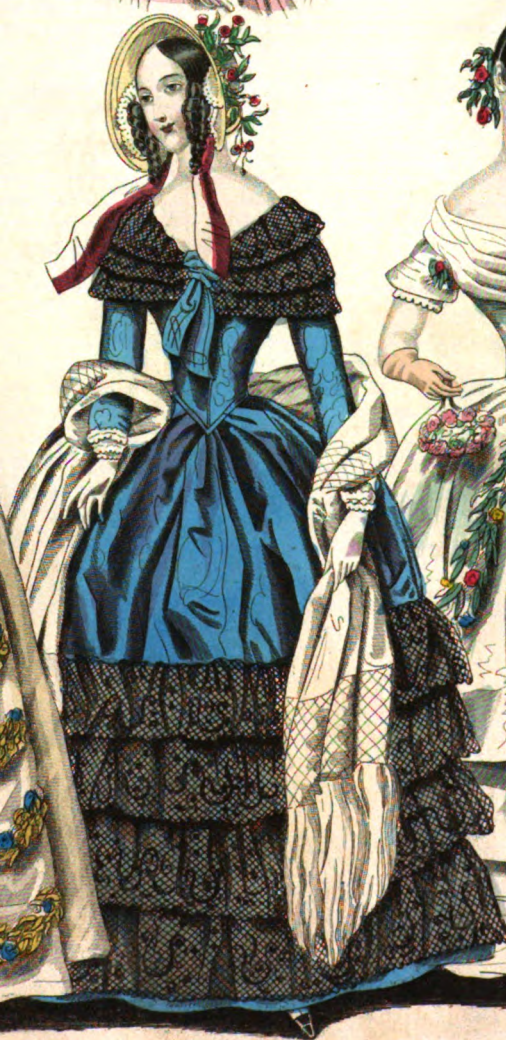
Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St James.

Fashionable Head Dresses 1741



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1841 Morning Dresses (2)







The Latest & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861 Morning Dresses



The Latest & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1811 Morning Dresses.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Muslin robe, the border trimmed with three deep tucks; the *corsage* low, and nearly square, is drawn in the centre, and bordered with a lace tucker, standing up. Short sleeve, drawn at top and bottom, with a *bouffant* in the centre, and terminated by a fall of lace. Lace cap, placed very far back on the head, the front trimmed only by a wreath of *coques* of ribbon; three rows of lace, headed and intermingled with *coques* of ribbon, go round the back; short ends of lace descending on the throat complete the trimming.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe *redingote* of dark *poussiere gros de Naples*; the *corsage* is quite high behind, and moderately open in front. Demi-large sleeve. A row of *bouillonnée* of a new form is laid *en tablier* on the skirt, and disposed *en pelerine* on the *corsage*. Straw-coloured *pou de soie* bonnet, drawn in close casings perpendicularly; the trimming consists of a double band of twisted ribbon of a deeper hue.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Shot silk robe, the *corsage* half high, round at the top, and pointed at bottom; it is trimmed with a lappel, bordered by a full quilling of the silk, headed by fancy silk ornaments. Long tight sleeve, trimmed in the same style as the *corsage*, from the shoulder to the elbow. A *tablier* formed of four rows of trimming on each side decorates the skirt. Rice straw *chapeau*, a round shape, very full trimmed, with a lace *voilette*, green feathers, and white and green ribbon. White silk scarf.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Blue silk skirt, trimmed nearly two-thirds high, with three deep tucks, each edged with an open-work fancy silk trimming. India muslin *canezou*, arranged in full bands by embroidered *entre deux*; it is made quite high, and trimmed round the top with a double *rûche* of Valenciennes lace. The sleeve is a succession of close *bouillons*. White crape bonnet, a round and rather close shape; the interior of the brim trimmed in a light style with flowers; the exterior with a crape drapery intermingled with flowers. Plaid silk neck knot.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 2.—Robe *peignoir* of Indian *organdy*, over a skirt petticoat of the same; the latter made with a low *corsage*, embroidered round the top; that of the robe is very open, and turning back with a shawl lappel, bordered by a row of *bouillonnée*, through which rose ribbon is run. The same trimming is continued down the front, and round the border of the skirt, and is headed by a row of embroidery. Demi large sleeve; the

top trimmed with *bouillons*. A rich white and rose *cordelière* completes the ornaments of the dress. English point lace cap, a small round shape, the lace turning back on the forehead, and very full at the ears; a demi-wreath of roses encircles the back of the caul, and turns up at the sides.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Striped *foulard* robe; the skirt is trimmed with three rows of tucks, placed three together; the *corsage* half high, tight to the shape, and very open, is finished by a row of lace falling over. Tight sleeve. Blue *pou de soie chapeau*, a very open brim; the interior trimmed with wild flowers, the exterior ornamented with ribbon; a lace *voilette*, and a blue and white shaded ostrich feather.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Organdy* robe; *corsage*, *ruchée*; it is made very low, and trimmed in a novel style, with *rûches* of the same material. Short tight sleeve, ornamented as is the centre of the *corsage* with a bouquet composed of ears of ripe corn and a blue corn flower. The front of the skirt is trimmed with half-wreaths of the same, disposed *en echelle*. Head-dress of hair, banded and ornamented with bouquets of the same, placed low at each side.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Robe of blue and purple shot *pou de soie*; low pointed *corsage*, trimmed *en pelerine*, with three falls of black lace. Tight sleeve. Four black lace *volans* ornament the skirt. Straw-coloured crape *chapeau* of a very open shape; the interior trimmed in a novel style with *tulle*; the exterior with a *guirlande* of exotics. White cashmere scarf.

FRENCH RURAL BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—English *tulle* robe over a light green slip; *corsage* *drapés*, and very short sleeve, covered by two tucks; the *corsage* is ornamented by a poppy in the centre of the drapery, from whence a *gerbe* of green *epis* descends. Smaller ornaments *en suite* decorate the sleeves. A wreath to correspond descends in the form of a broken cone, on each side of the front of the skirt, a little below the knee. The skirt is bordered with three deep tucks. The head-dress gives a front view of Fig. 1; but the ornaments correspond with those of the robe.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Fawn coloured figured *gros de Naples* robe, the *corsage* *en gerbe*, partially high, and open on the bosom;

demi large sleeve, the upper part cased. The skirt is trimmed with two *biais*, headed by fancy silk cord. Embroidered cambric habit shirt, trimmed with a cambric *jabot*, small plaited, and square falling collar, bordered by a double row of lace. *Blue pou de soie chapeau*, lined with white *pou de soie*; a round open shape, the interior trimmed with half wreaths of moss roses; the exterior with blue ribbon, a lace drapery, and a *gerbe* of blue flowers without foliage.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Green and white striped *foulard* robe; *corsage*, a three-quarter height, trimmed *en pelerine* with *biais* tucks; Long tight sleeves, the top ornamented with a *mancheron* composed of two tucks. The border is trimmed with five. Rice straw bonnet; a round open shape profusely ornamented with flowers.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Grey *pou de soie* robe; the *corsage* is disposed in cross folds, and very open on the bosom; it is trimmed round the top with a puffing of *tulle*. Demi gigot sleeve ornamented below the shoulder with fringe, two rows of which also decorate the border. White crape bonnet, a small round shape, the interior trimmed with roses, the exterior decorated with two folds in which ribbon is ran, and a full bouquet of white ostrich feathers. Green *pou de soie* scarf, the ends terminated by a deep fringe.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Light blue *gros d'été* robe; a plain *corsage*, high behind, but opening *en V* on the bosom; long tight sleeve; the front of the skirt is decorated with fancy silk buttons, and braiding arranged in the demi lozenge style. Straw-coloured silk *chapeau*, trimmed with half wreaths of flowers to correspond, entwined in a lace drapery. Embroidered *esterette* of two falls.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Cambric pantaloons and frock trimmed with lace; drawn *canezou* of India muslin; short sleeves drawn to correspond. Pink *pou de soie* drawn bonnet, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a bouquet of short pink feathers.

HOME DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Green *pou de soie* robe, embroidered muslin *Canezou en cœur*, trimmed with lace. *Chapeau* composed of white *tulle* over white *pou de soie*, an open shape, the interior trimmed with sprigs of crimson geranium; the exterior with ribbon of a similar hue, and a half wreath of the same flowers.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Rose-coloured *barège* robe, the *corsage* half high and trimmed with lace; tight sleeve; the border is trimmed with three deep tucks. The *chapeau* gives a front view of that of fig. 3. Rose-coloured *barège* scarf.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1841.

There was a time when we talked of the dead season, but our prints prove that Fashion has no dead season at present;

for, if forms do not change very much, trimmings vary perpetually; and even in the height of the season we have not seen such an elegant variety of millinery as at present. In proof of our assertion we shall cite some of the most novel.

BONNETS.—Some have recently appeared of the finest Italian straw, trimmed with bunches of black and white grapes, and green velvet shaded ribbons. These appear to us to be rather an anticipation of the half season costume; but they are still sufficiently light for the present time of year, and have certainly an elegant and distinguished appearance. Equally elegant are the drawn bonnets of apple green *pou de soie*, with the exterior ornamented with a demi wreath of velvet foliage, in various shades of green, and the interior of the brim trimmed with moss rose-buds and rose-coloured ribbon *brides*. Lace decidedly retains its vogue; it is adopted for bonnets of every different material; thus we see those of Italian straw of a close form decorated with a small lace veil, which entirely covers the brim, and is retained at the ears on each side by a knot of green taffetas ribbon. Rice straw bonnets with very long brims trimmed with white feathers, shaded with blue, and a small veil of English point lace, retained at each side by a small sprig of blue flowers. Others, very shallow in the centre of the brim, but long at the sides, decorated with a lace drapery disposed *en Fançon* over the crown, and with the ends descending on the brim, and retained by a wreath of roses. The most remarkable of the silk bonnets are those of pea green *gros des Indes*, decorated with white ostrich feathers shaded with green, and a lace *voilette*, disposed partly on the crown and partly on the brim. Gause bonnets are partially covered with lace; and crape ones with lace draperies, arranged in novel and elegant forms, have lost nothing of their vogue.

SHAWLS AND SCARFS.—Lace shawls and those of embroidered muslin, which the very cold weather had caused to be partially laid aside, have completely resumed their vogue, but they do not afford us any novelty; indeed, the season is too far advanced for us to expect anything new in that way. Some white cashmere scarfs have made their appearance: they are of exquisite fineness, the ends finished by a beautiful cashmere fringe; they are likely to become very fashionable. Silk scarfs of the material of the dress are now quite out of favour, and, in our opinion very properly so; their conformity with the dress was disadvantageous to the shape, and had even, when expensively trimmed, a mean effect. Those of muslin, lace, or silk of a different kind, are unquestionably much more lady-like.

CORSAGES OF MUSLIN ROBES IN HALF-DRESS.—The prevalence of *canezous* has introduced various forms of *corsages* for half-dress robes, which are rendered extremely pretty by *entre deux* casings, *bouillonné* and various other ornaments. We may cite among the robes of this description, those of *organdy*, of the very clearest kind, lined with pink or lilac sarsenet; the border trimmed with four deep tucks, also lined with sarsenet. Some had the tucks edged with narrow, lace set on with a little fulness; others, have the tuck surmounted by a small *tulle ruche*: this last style of trimming has a very pretty and novel effect. The *corsage* is drawn in small casings from the waist to the bosom, the upper part is not cased, but drawn full round the bust, nearly, but not quite, up to the throat. The sleeve is of the small bishop form, drawn both at top and bottom, but moderately full in the centre. We do not know a prettier style of half-dress for light materials than this, especially when accompanied by a

CEINTURE ECHARPE.—We need hardly say that they are adopted only with muslin and *organdy* robes, and are always of

the material of the dress. The scarf is narrow, and either trimmed with a broad hem through which a ribbon is ran of the colour of the lining of the robe, or else it is edged with narrow lace. The scarf is passed twice round the waist, and the ends, which are always made a little broader, fall as low as the knee. This style of *ceinture* is extremely novel, and has also an air of originality and distinction.

SILK ROBES IN HALF-DRESS have the *corsages* tight, or else, if they are drawn, the drawings are arranged in a kind of *gerbe* that is very advantageous to the shape; but, upon the whole, drawn *corsages* are seldom adopted for silk dresses. We may cite, as the most elegant models for half-dress, those made a three-quarter height, like Fig. 3 in our second plate; and those opening *en cœur*, in the same style as Fig. 3, in plate the third. These *corsages* are generally trimmed with lace, which is mostly disposed flat, in the lappel style, or those opening *en cœur*. If the sleeve is made long, it is almost always tight, and we must say that these sleeves have, in some instances, a very undress appearance, being made without any ornament. They are, however, more frequently decorated with fancy silk trimmings, which still continue in the highest vogue. There is also another style of ornament which we noticed last month, which gains ground every day, and we imagine will continue during the winter. We mean those that are buttoned or laced from the elbow to the wrist, and slashed with puffs of muslin, lace, or else of the material of the dress. Trimmings have not varied since our last number for silk dresses, many have the border plain, but in that case the side or front is generally ornamented in the style given in our plates. A favourite style of trimming for the border is that given in Fig. 3 of our third plate. We must not forget to notice the increased favour in which black lace is at present for trimming silk dresses. One of the most elegant models of this style will be found in the centre figure of our fourth plate. We have no hesitation in saying that this mode will continue not only during the autumn, but also through the winter.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES. Those of hair ornamented with flowers are now more general than they were last month. Those *à la Vierge*, the same as given in Figs. 1 and 3 of our fourth plate, are the most in vogue. Ringlets, however, though not in a majority, are quite as numerous as bands. Caps and *demi coiffures*, though not so generally adopted as last month, are quite as fashionable. We have given so many elegant models of them, that it seems superfluous to say more on the subject; but we cannot resist citing one of the prettiest little simple caps that has appeared this season: it is composed of pink *tulle*, trimmed with *rûches* of the same material, turning twice round the cap, and a bouquet formed of sprigs of pink acacias placed on one side. Those of white *tulle* also claim a passing notice; they are adopted in half-dress only, are extremely small, scarcely covering the back of the head; the material is arranged in a very light style, but one for which our language has no words, so we must adopt the comprehensive French term, *chiffonnée*; the trimming is composed of maize coloured ribbon disposed rather sparingly, and in a very light style.

TYRIAN VELVET.—An article of beautiful texture has appeared, called Tyrian Velvet; and, as it can be made in every width, from half a yard to two yards, we doubt not but it will be greatly in demand for a variety of purposes. For Dresses, Pelisses, Mantelets, Shawls, Robes, &c., it will be very desirable, as it is not injured in the least by any number of foldings.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

We have now reached that time of year when Fashion relaxes, in a great degree the rigidity of her rules, and permits to her fair votaries a much greater indulgence, as regards their own tastes, than she allows in the beginning of the season. This is productive of various changes, particularly in millinery, as our fair readers will see by the accounts we are about to lay before them.

CAPOTES NEGLIGES.—We may cite, as particularly in favour for the sea-side and the watering places, those composed of very fine clear cambric, either white or *poussière*; they are of small size and square brims, and composed of close rows of drawings, either two or three together, between two rows of *bouillonnée*; a wreath of field flowers, and broad ribbon *brides* of the colour of the *capote*, compose the trimming of the exterior; if the brim is made close, the interior has no ornament; but if it is moderately open, then a small tuft of flowers, similar to those on the exterior, is placed low down on each side. We may cite also the *capotes* of fancy straw, lined with pink or blue crape, and the edges both of the crown and brim ornamented with *rûches* to correspond. A *tulle voilette* is disposed in folds upon the brim, and tied carelessly under the chin. Nothing can be more simple than the form and style of trimming of this *capote*, the appearance of which is nevertheless, in a certain degree *distingué*. *Capotes* of sewed straw must not be forgotten: we perceive that they are mostly made very long in the brims, but shallow in the centre, and, for the most part, they are lined either with crape or taffetas of full colours; the interior of the brim has very seldom any trimming. Some have the exterior decorated rather sparingly with ribbon the colour of the lining; others have a very small lace *voilette*, disposed over the brim, and retained at the sides by *coques* of ribbon, which, encircling the back of the *capote*, mount a little at the sides, and terminate under the folds of lace. A third sort, and these last, we must observe, are beginning to predominate, are trimmed with coloured velvet ribbon.

MANTELETS, BOURNOUSS, ET ECHARPES, are all in request; but scarfs are particularly so. We may cite among the most novel of the three that have appeared since our last number, a *mantelet* of lilac *velours ottoman*, trimmed with two *bouillons* and a *volant* of the same material. A summer *bournouss*, composed of white *gros de Naples*, bordered by a narrow *rûche* of the same. The armholes are edged with silk cord, terminating in a knot from which tassels depend. Another *bournouss*, of a singularly light and elegant kind, is of *tarlatane*, and lined with sarsenet; it is trimmed round with two rows of *point de Paris*. The most remarkable for the scarfs are those of India muslin, bordered with a deep hem, through which a taffetas ribbon is run, and the ends finished with a deep fall of Valenciennes lace. We may cite, as still more dressy, short taffetas scarfs, trimmed with fringe and fancy silk buttons.

MATERIALS FOR NEGLIGES DE VILLE.—Fancy *coutils*, *piques Anglais*, either plain or figured, broad-striped dimities, *perkaes de Glasgow*, and the *nankin-pagne*, seem all equally in favour; the last material is of the fancy kind, and perfectly novel. Dimities and *coutils* are trimmed with a band disposed in hollow plaits; it mounts from the bottom of the skirt to the waist, diminishing as it ascends. It is disposed *en pelerine* on the *corsage*, narrow at the bottom, but gradually increasing in width round the back and shoulders.

SPENCERS are coming very much into favour in half-dress; they ought, however, from their make, to be styled *corsages*, rather than spencers; for they are made very open on the bosom, and half-high behind. Some of those recently made are composed of black velvet; the *corsage* is decorated with fancy silk buttons, with which the long tight sleeve is also decorated from the elbow to the wrist; the upper part is trimmed with two velvet *biais*; the one at top by a small cord and tassels, the cord forming a full knot, and the tassels descending a little on the sleeve. These spencers are mostly adopted with rose-coloured *barége* skirts, trimmed either with a single, very deep flounce, or with tucks edged with *éfilé*. While we are upon the subject of spencers, we must observe that they are very much in favour for children's home dress. They are made low and square, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes round the top, and black lace round the waist. Short tight sleeve, with a lace or embroidered muslin cuff. The skirt and pantaloons worn with these spencers are always muslin, and the latter are usually trimmed with lace.

ROBES EN DEMI-TOILETTE.—Some of the most elegant are composed of the new material *organdy de laine*: it is of various colours, but *écru* is the most fashionable. Several have the *corsage* made *à la Grandmère*, and demi large sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with a double *biais* edged with Valenciennes lace; each fall is broad and placed at some distance from the other, so that the trimming rises high upon the skirt. Other dresses of this material have the *corsage à revers*, edged with *éfilé*, and the sleeves *bouillonnées*; the trimming consists of a triple *biais* edged with *éfilé*, which, issuing from the *ceinture*, descends to the border of the dress, and turns round it. Taffetas and *poult de soie*, retain all their vogue. The most fashionable robes of the first are of Italian taffetas, made with low tight *corsages* and demi-large sleeves, surmounted by a deep *volan*. Pearl grey is a favourite colour for the *poults de soie*; the majority have for the most part the skirt trimmed with a *bouillon* forming a *tablier*, the *corsage* half high and tight to the shape, is made *à revers* and trimmed with *bouillonnées* to correspond. Tight sleeves and jockey's *bouillonnées en suite*. We must not forget the *demi-redingotes* of India muslin, lined with coloured silk, they are trimmed down each side of the front with an embroidered robing; the *corsage*, which is a three-quarter height, is also richly worked in the centre. The tight sleeve is finished with a *mancheron* and cuff, each open in the centre and embroidered to correspond.

ROBES DU SOIR.—Although those of silk are still fashionable, they are not so much in vogue as muslin or *organdy*. We may cite some of the former trimmed with three very deep tucks, each surmounted with an embroidered wreath; this style of trimming, though simple is very pretty. Another and more elegant style of trimming is a *biais* turning three times round the skirt, and mounting in the tunic style on the front of it; between each *biais* there is an exquisite embroidery in very small patterns following the windings of the *biais*. Other dresses are only ornamented on the front of the skirt, and the *corsage* by two muslin robings; but these robes are not among the least dressy, for the robings are covered with a beautiful running pattern in embroidery and edged round with lace. In some instances also the robings are only ornamented with a blue or rose-coloured lining, a *ceinture* of ribbon to correspond tied in short bows, and long ends in front, and sleeve knots of ribbon *en suite*.

COIFFURES DU SOIR.—We must allow that the *coiffures* of the month merit particular attention; they are, indeed, still

more tasteful and elegant than they were in the commencement of the season. We shall cite in the foremost rank, a pretty *bonnet Pompadour* composed of *point de Paris*, and ornamented with rose-coloured ribbons, and a demi wreath of red hyacinths and white heath blossoms. Equally elegant, but in a different style, is a *bonnet payanne* of rose-coloured *tulle*, ornamented with three rows of *dentille de soie* flat upon the caul, but plaited towards the cheeks, and ornamented on one side with a bouquet composed of a small rose and sprigs of *bruyère du cap*. Another of these pretty head-dresses is composed of blue *tulle* and ornamented only with a *biais* of *tulle*, two celotides of light blue taffetas ribbons. We shall close our list with a most bewitching *coiffure à papillon*; composed of point lace and apple-green ribbon, trimmed on one side with a rose and a branch of the hazle nut tree.

GLOVES.—Light blue ones are just now all the rage with our *élégantes* of the *haut ton*. We see this colour adopted both for long gloves and for mittens: they are closed by *boutons gitans*; they are small round buttons; there are two attached to each other by a narrow chain, which leaves them hanging a little from the button-hole. This is a fancy—we mean the colour of the gloves—which we do not think likely to be of long duration; blue is certainly a pretty and delicate hue, but coloured gloves, however delicate, can never have so elegant an effect in evening dress as white ones.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Reviews of New Books next month.

EDWIN EDDISON is received, and, in answer to his query, we beg to say, such a course of proceeding is not at all customary, nor has it before been submitted to our consideration; his suggestion shall however receive attention.

We have inserted some of the English Poetry of *Nathan C. Brooks, A. M., of Baltimore, in the United States*. The same gentleman has also favoured us with some Greek lines, being a translation of Bayley's well-known song of "*Oh, no, we never mention her*." Were the ladies that frequent St. James's, and that are received as visitors at Buckingham Palace, so many *Aspasias*, who spoke Greek, or even *Madame Dacier*, who understood it, then Mr. Brooke's lines, of the peculiar merit of which we are assured by a competent judge, would obtain publicity in our pages. But as it is, and as the ladies of England are not "learned Thebans," and only comprehend Italian, French, and German, beside their native tongue, we are compelled to decline the kindness intended to us.

Mrs. COOMBE's lines on "Twilight" are received, but not in sufficient time for insertion in our present Number. It is necessary that all articles intended for immediate publication should come to hand before the 15th of the month. They shall appear in our next.

ELEANOR's communication is received and accepted.

RIO CASTON—Still under consideration.

We take this opportunity of thanking B. W. and R. S. for the very flattering manner in which they have spoken of the literary department of the "World of Fashion."

BOOKS and MUSIC, cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashion" for that purpose.

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VOL. 18.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

Così tra le sciagure e tra i disagi
D'inculte prigge abitator rimango,
Et or del mio destin mi dolgo, or gl' agi
De l' albergo natio sospiro, e piango.—*Testi.*

It was one of the few fine days in the month of last July, that a splendid cab, drawn by a noble grey horse, was seen passing down one of those sweet rural lanes that are to be found in the neighbourhood of Brentford. It stopped in front of a two-storied, small, red-coloured house, which displayed between the outside garden door and the porch a number of orange lilies, from the centre of which rose a plaister-of-Paris image of Apollo. Two young gentlemen, dressed in the first style of fashion dismounted from the cab, and, stopping in the garden to contemplate with astonishment this extraordinary ornament, they rapped at the door, and, upon its being opened, asked if Mr. Egremont was at home.

"Egremont!" said the gardener, who on this occasion evidently acted as the valet; "Egremont! gentlemen, you are under a mistake; there is no such person living here. This is Mr. Dobbs's."

"Oh! now I think, I do recollect that the name of the father-in-law of our friend Alfred is Dobbs. We are under no mistake; we wish to see the son-in-law of Mr. Dobbs."

"Ah! yes, yes, the son-in-law; that is the husband of our young mistress. Aye, aye; all right; I'll go and tell him. You can in the mean time walk in the garden."

"Let him know that there are two of his friends here—Gustavus Mandeville and William Creed. See, here are our cards that you will give him."

The gardener ran off with himself.

"I expected to find a handsome villa," said Mandeville to his companion, "and I find nothing but a shocking vulgar-looking cottage."

"Yes; but you see here," said William Creed, pointing to the garden at the rear of the house, "that this is a very large one, and, as it appears to me, kept in excellent order; although a little too well stocked with vegetables for my taste. But what matters the outside appearance of a house, if the interior is comfortable? Besides, I am quite sure that Egremont's father-in-law is rich."

"So much the better; for Egremont required some secure and snug post after his sad shipwreck; and then I am quite

sure, with his ideas of elegance, and his luxurious tastes, that every thing must be put *sur un bon pied*."

"That I calculate upon. The dashing Egremont, no doubt, employs in a profuse style the fortune made by the thrifty Mr. Dobbs."

"Where are they? where are my dear friends?" said a third person, who ran from under a shady grove of trees.

It was Alfred Egremont! a fattish, red-faced young man, dressed in a fustian shooting jacket, with white grey canvas trousers that did not come down to his ancles, and having on his feet thick hob-nailed shoes; while on his head was a skimping straw hat, and round his neck an old coloured cotton handkerchief. His two friends looked at him for an instant, without being able to recognize him; but he said laughingly to them, and shaking their hands—

"You find me a little changed, perhaps. The air of the fields, and the peace of a happy home, have produced these good results. I, who was so thin and so pale, am now stout and blooming. The country has given me a complexion, and happiness has thickened my waist; then I have shaved away my whiskers, because my wife does not like them; and I have cropped my head until it looks like that of a recruit, instead of wearing my hair like a German, because my beloved mother-in-law could not endure the sight of it. Besides I have given up all notion of fashion. It is very well in May Fair, or when one is unmarried; but when we live in the country, and only wish to please ourselves, and to be perfectly at our ease, why then one dresses as they like—as I do. So, you see, the metamorphosis is perfect."

And so in fact it was. There was a time, when the most elegantly dressed man, with the handsomest turn out in Hyde Park, with the finest house in Park Lane, the most excellent wine-cellar in London, was Alfred Egremont; but then, one morning—it was a lovely morning, and followed that on which the Derby race was won—Alfred Egremont was completely, utterly, irretrievably ruined. But, in the midst of all his misfortunes, one plank of safety presented itself, and, clinging to that, he might reach the shore in safety. The brilliant position and shining attractions of the young exquisite had made a deep impression upon the heart of Tabitha Dobbs, the daughter of the richest green-grocer in Covent-garden Market. In the days of his glory and his greatness, it had never entered into the head of Alfred Egremont to marry out of the parish of St. George's Hanover Square; but then, the penniless state to which he was reduced completely broke down all his family pride and personal vanity. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs were pains-

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taking, saving, griping, calculating shopkeepers, who had an utter abomination for high life and all its luxuries, who did not care one pin for rank and title, unless united with lands and money; and they, therefore, at first, declared their decided objection to a union between Mr. Alfred Egremont and their beloved daughter, Tabitha. The young lady was, however, their only child; and as she threatened them with a dive in the Serpentine, a draught of opium, or a flight from some unguarded steeple, they yielded to her wishes, rather—than attend her request. Besides, Alfred promised to reform, and they were resolved he should keep his word. He determined to give up Park Lane, and to live altogether in the country, with his father-in-law. This was a great point gained. The announcement of the marriage produced an extraordinary sensation in the fashionable world. "Poor Egremont!" said his friends; "he was ruined, and he has fled for refuge to a rich heiress." It was certainly a great encouragement to young gentlemen who were, like him, ruining themselves, and running through their property.

From the time of his marriage Alfred appeared no more in the Parks; and it was remarked, that not one of his intimate friends had been invited to his nuptials. People only knew of the happiness he was enjoying by report. He had, however, written several times to his friends, Mandeville and Creed, and requested them to come and see him. They at length determined upon paying him a visit; they did so one day that ennui had awakened in their hearts the remembrance of their old friend, and the desire for some new amusement.

"As to you," continued Alfred, "I find you the same as ever. Nothing is changed about you, unless it be the cut of your coat, the make of your waistcoat, and the tie of your cravat. Besides you are as young, as handsome, and as fine as ever you were. It is the privilege of bachelors. But now, tell me truly, are you not getting tired of the dissipated life you are leading. Believe me, for I speak from experience, true happiness does not consist in the bustle of a club, nor the noise of a race-course, nor the excitement of sailing-match; and then there is the terrible moment when all those ruinous pleasures and wasteful prodigalities must end. It is not every one who has the same good luck as I have. Look then to your affairs in time, and economise before it be too late. I hope that the example and the sight of my happiness will determine you."

"Then are you really very happy?" enjoined Mandeville.

"Why should I not be so? I have a wife that adores me; for she married me, notwithstanding my want of means, and when she might have looked for the son of a duke. My father-in-law is an excellent fellow; and as to my mother-in-law, she is the tenderest creature living; and, besides this, thirty thousand a year in the funds—what can a man desire more?"

"How! had your wife thirty thousand a year fortune?"

"No, no, not exactly; but that is what my father-in-law is worth, and I enjoy it. There was no settlement made on my wife at our marriage, as I had no property of my own; but then all that he has we have all in common; and we live in a perfect state of harmony. Ours is indeed a blessed family of love."

"But, then, do you pass all the year in this country-house?"

"Oh! not at all. During four or five months, at the winter season, we remove to a splendid mansion that my father-in-law has in Deptford, fronting one of the dockyards, and where we have plenty of society, and a good deal of amusement."

"But would you not prefer a house in Belgrave Square? With your fortune you could afford it."

"Undoubtedly I would; but then both Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs hate the very name of the West End; and my wife does not feel inclined to bring me even into the neighbourhood where I passed such a wild life. Tabitha has all the weaknesses of a fond woman; for she is a little jealous. However, last winter we did take lodgings in Lambeth, and stopped there three entire weeks."

"And yet you never said a word to us of your being in London; you never even came to see us!"

"The fact is, I had not a moment to myself. My wife would not let me quit her for one moment—the angel loves me so much. That which astonishes me very much is, that I never met you, although I was out every day walking arm-in-arm with Tabitha and my mother-in-law. Besides, we dined twice at the Ship, in Greenwich, and once at the Star-and-Garter, in Richmond; and we were every evening at Astley's, the Surrey, or the Victoria. Mr. Dobbs could never think of refusing us anything."

"The Missis is calling for you," said the gardener, who stepped up to Alfred, and never even touched his hat while speaking to him.

"Indeed, my good friend," said Mr. Creed, "your gardener appears to be an oddity. He cultivates his flowers and trains his plants admirably; but I have not so good an opinion of his politeness or his comprehension. But a few minutes since, when we asked to see Mr. Egremont, he did not appear to understand us."

"That is by no means astonishing," replied Egremont, a little embarrassed; "for they scarcely know me here by that name; the family never call me anything but Alfred; and then I must tell you, that my father-in-law has a particular veneration for the name of Dobbs. He himself has made it illustrious upon 'change. He is therefore justly proud of it, and wishes to transmit it to his grandchildren—when he has them. I therefore have yielded to his wishes on that trifling point, and I have added my wife's name to my own, and therefore I always now sign my letters, Alfred Egremont Dobbs."

"That is it—and the Dobbs, that has money, crushes down the Egremont, that is without it."

"Yes; but I would not at all have yielded the point if my father-in-law had a son. But one may well consent to make their name a little longer, when they marry an old daughter and a rich heiress."

"No doubt; money commands every thing. But talking of money reminds me that I have a trifle to give you. Our friend Ronayne has just come in for his property. The large fortune he has inherited has sharpened his memory, and he is paying off his old debts. Knowing, then, that we were coming to see you, he desired us to give you those twenty sovereigns; that being the sum you lent him when he wanted it, and you did not care to lose it. Here they are."

"That is very good indeed," observed Alfred; "give them to me." And as he dropped them into his fob he whispered to his friends, "You need not say anything about this either to my wife or her father and mother."

"I understand you. You wish to keep the money for yourself alone; and not to throw it into the common stock, in which you all participate."

"Precisely so; but now go and wait for me in the drawing-room, whilst I hasten to my wife. I shall not be a moment away from you."

The aspect of this room was far from corresponding with the notion that the two friends had formed of the comfort and luxuries that would be introduced by Alfred into the house of his father. The room was covered with a carpet that was much too small for it; the chairs were all wrapped up in dark cotton; the same thing was upon the sofas. Upon the chimney-slab were some old physic bottles, half-filled with water, and into which had been driven the ends of some withered flowers. The mirror was papered up, and on an old brass-rimmed clock were three miserable birds impaled. While the two friends were examining this chamber they heard the murmuring noise of an angry discussion in the room over-head, and in that debate the voice of Alfred could scarcely be heard. "Poor fellow," said the friends, "we fear we have done you no service by coming here. They are finding fault with you for our visit."

In an instant after the family appeared; and the faces that had been lately frowning with rage, were rendered frightful by imitating, most vilely, a smile of satisfaction. Alfred, however, plucked up some of his former courage, and went through the ceremony of introducing his wife and her relations with some of his wonted ease and grace. When the parties had saluted each other, he said aside to his friends—

"Well; what do you think of Mrs. Egremont?"

"Why—very well."

"She is not exactly beautiful," he added; "but then she has good teeth. There is thought in her eyes, and a grace in her smile. And then she is so accomplished; so full of talent; there it is that she shines. But you shall hear her sing."

Mr. Dobbs reproached his son-in-law on the impropriety and vulgarity of "whispering in company," and then the conversation became general. The old green-grocer talked of Almacks like a man who had never been there. He railed against the fashionable world, and he told the company what had been the price of the Three-per-cents. every week for the three preceding years.

"These things are his hobby," said Alfred; "you must pardon him his sarcastic humour and his conversation. It is that of an old shopkeeper, who has gone upon 'change, and acquired an immense fortune, with great honour to himself."

Mrs. Dobbs echoed all the observations of her husband, and Mrs. Egremont threw out several piquant observations, which seemed to be particularly intended for the benefit of all spend-thrift dandies. As to the mother-in-law, she glared upon Alfred like a wild cat, when she said—

"Have you done what I desired you this morning?"

"Yes, my dear mother," replied Alfred with extreme meekness.

"Why don't you answer me?" said Mrs. Dobbs; "but it is your usual careless way."

"Pardon me, I was speaking to those gentlemen," replied Alfred, happy in being able to think he had so good an excuse.

"What shall we do until dinner is dressed?" observed Mr. Dobbs.

"Well, well," chimed in Tabitha, "I never did see such a man. You never have a word to throw to a dog. You sit there like a fool. It is for you to answer papa's question. You ought to know the taste of these gentlemen—of your friends."

"Pardon me, my dearest angel, I was just thinking—I believe we shall take a walk in the neighbourhood."

"In the neighbourhood, indeed!" said Mr. Dobbs. "Only just listen! as if my grounds were not large enough for him. We will go first to the piggery, and then into the kitchen-garden, and then we shall look at my pond, where there are

some fine eels, and fifteen golden fish, and then we will take a walk into the orchard—"

"And then into the paddock," said Alfred.

"Well, if I ever heard the like! The paddock he calls it. Would the word *park* burn your tongue, my noxious son-in-law."

"Yes, you are right; I ought to have said park," humbly replied Alfred.

They set out for their promenade.

"Alfred, shut all the windows, and close the door after us," said Mr. Dobbs.

"Alfred, run and fetch Juno," said the mother-in-law.

"Alfred, bring me my parasol, my scarf, and my reticule," said Tabitha.

Alfred executed all these commissions with the quickness of a man who was well accustomed to them.

"These are very good people," said he to his old acquaintances; "very good people indeed. I do for them just as they do for me. They overwhelm me with their little cares, and I good naturedly bear them."

During the walk Alfred was frequently called upon to do something for his wife or her family. On their return they had dinner, which was at the same time shabby, and yet aping what is fashionable. It was half cold, and half burnt. Alfred was two or three times invited to stand up and change the plates, or fill the glasses. Mr. Dobbs, from the moment that soup was placed before him, until the dessert was removed, never stopped talking. He told several anecdotes of his old neighbours in Covent-garden Market; and he made the most curious historical remarks as to how, in the late war with France, peas were a guinea a quart, when the Duke of Wellington settled down in the lines of Torres Vedras; how cab-bages could not be had for any money when Buonaparte escaped from Elba; and that beet-root was invaluable when all the allied sovereigns were in London.

"I think I shall smoke a cigar in the garden," said Creed to his friend Alfred.

"Smoke! Oh, don't think of it, my dear fellow; the cigar is a thing proscribed in this abode."

"Well, then, a little farther off—in the park, as Mr. Dobbs calls it?"

"No, no; for if there was the slightest smell of it, my wife or my mother-in-law would nose it out. Besides, we expect company; neighbours, who are coming to pass the evening with us; and we shall have a great deal of amusement; for my wife is going to play on the piano. Listen!"

There was no doubt that there was playing on the piano; for the instrument groaned under the heavy fingers of Tabitha, who played in an inexplicable manner some most difficult pieces. Then, yielding to the request of her mother, Mrs. Egremont sung three of the most favourite airs of Grisi, and gave them with the most astonishing quavers, and almost incredible flourishes. Every time she stopped, Alfred was the first to applaud.

The visitors arrived during the concert; and at its conclusion Mr. Dobbs proposed they should play loo at a halfpenny a fish.

"It is quite impossible," answered in the one breath Creed and Mandeville; "for we must now leave you. It will be some time advanced in the night before we can reach London."

"What!" cried Alfred, "don't you intend to sleep here? Only think that—"

But a look, like that of a basilisk, from Mrs. Dobbs, fascinated

Alfred in the midst of his burst of hospitality and friendship. He stopped, and assisted his friends into the vehicle that had conveyed them from town.

"You have," said he, "been the eye-witnesses of my domestic happiness; and may you profit by my example!"

"Oh, yes," they replied, "it is an excellent lesson for us."

The cab started off at a gallop.

"How admirably your horse goes!" said Mandeville to Creed.

"Do you wish to buy him?" replied Creed.

"What, are you thinking of parting with him?"

"Yes; I have been thinking very seriously about myself, and I am about to reduce my expenses."

"And I have been thinking of doing the same."

"That which we have seen this evening has induced you to do so. Is it not so?"

"Yes. Poor Alfred! so fat, so red, and so much at his ease, in his big canvas trowsers."

"Alfred, who married an heiress, by espousing an ugly fool without a fortune, and who is so highly delighted in having twenty sovereigns that he can call his own, in his fob unknown to them."

"Alfred, who passes one-half the year in looking at Dobbs's Apollo, or walking in Dobbs's park, and the other half in Deptford."

"Alfred, who has been obliged to give up every thing; his self-respect, his whiskers, his hair, his mind, and even his very name."

"Alfred, the very humble, and the most obedient servant of his father-in-law, his mother-in-law, and his wife. Condemned to play loo with his relations for a halfpenny a fish; to listen to his wife's music, to run of messages for Mrs. Dobbs, and to hear his father-in-law talk."

"What a life! But this is the end of the follies of youth. I have seen break-downs in the world. I saw Stanley abandon his name, and enlist as a common soldier in the East India Company's service; and yet it did not make me reflect. I saw Williams blow out his brains; and yet I have gone on fearlessly; but the example of Alfred has made a complete convert of me. I certainly do not wish to expose myself to the chance of a similar fate. I certainly will not ruin myself."

"Nor I, either."

BELINDA.

SONG. IN THE VALLEY.

In the wood-encircled dell
Where the brightest waters swell,
Sweetly smiling one, I dwell,

In the valley.

Where the lark doth love to rise,
To young morning's rosy skies,
Waking all the shepherd's eyes

In the valley.

Evening comes with golden wings,
And her merry music brings,
And the dance to joyous strings,

In the valley.

Come then, come and live with me,
Our shall joy and gladness be,
Pleasure, happiness, and glee,
In the valley.

DUKES.

TWILIGHT. By Mrs. Coombe.

A mist o'er the water is stealing,
Lone birds chaunt the requiem of day,
A chime from a convent is pealing
Its solemn invitings to pray.

The sun's radiant beams are departed,
But glories more gentle preside,
The soft Polar-star having darted
A first trembling glance on the tide.

Indistinctness fastly increasing
Blends all in its deep quiet shade,
The song of the shepherd boy ceasing,
A silence has caused in the glade.

Dark waves young billows are curling,
Successively rises a crest
The fisher his canvas is furling
Impatient for home and for rest.

From yon mould'ring watch tower shrieking
Bats flit o'er the travellers way,
And thro' the dense forest is streaking
Pale moonlight on flower and spray.

Sweet nightingales' measures are flowing;
Sunny songsters have sought their repose;
The lamp of the insect is glowing;
Tired butterflies sleep on a rose.

The dog of the fold is now sending
His howl o'er the common so dread;
Dark yew-trees their shadows are blending
In gloom, on the homes of the dead.

And all houseless things too are seeking
A covert; but eyes that must weep,
And hearts which injustice is breaking,
Resist the kind summons of sleep.

Sage heads say a sly little power,
"Yclept Love, calls this hour his own;
Rules the court, castle, camp, and the bower,
And makes the lone cottage his home.

Exemplified, truly, my verse is,
As yon Lady listener proves;
For *One* 'neath her lattice rehearses,
In music and song, how he loves.

To ———

Shall we ever meet again Love,
Will Time these hours restore?
Or has youth's dearest treasure,
Fled to return no more.
Then let all hours of Trouble.
Like fallen flowerets fade,
And Hope, the Future's brightness,
May hide the Past's dark shade.

RIO CASTON.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

"En quelque lieu que soit cette figure adorable, quelque corps qui la porte, quelque main qui l'ait faite, elle aura tous vœux de mon cœur. Oui, ma seule folie est de discerner la beauté; mon seule crime est d'y être sensible. Il n'y a rien là dont je doive rougir."—(*Pigmalion*) J. J. ROUSSEAU.

In the Rue Saint Lazare, at the corner of the Rue Laroche-foucauld, there is a large, very fine-looking house, with its upper apartments so arranged, as to be admirably suited for the studio of a painter. It was at the gate of this very house that towards the middle of March in the past year, an elegant carriage was observed to draw up. The carriage door opened, and a young lady instantly descended from it. You could tell by the first glance that she was in second mourning. Her robe was of pearl grey, and often she wore a satin pelisse of the same colour, bordered with chinchilla. There was, too, a black veil over her *chapeau de soie blanche*. In short, her dress displayed her wealth and her taste. Before quitting her carriage she had sent her footman to enquire if the painter M. Alfred Louval was at home, and if so to announce her. She was told that he was in his studio, at the top of the house. She proceeded thither, and as the Countess de Lucy was not much accustomed to this species of exercise, she mounted slowly, either to take breath, or to reflect upon the course that she should adopt. The lady was twenty-four years of age, she had a large fortune in her own right, and she was the widow of a Ministre Plenipotentiaire.

While she was deliberating, she encountered the artist upon the stairs. He had descended to meet, and stuttered out excuses that his profession compelled him to seek the best light. Surprised at this meeting, and still more surprised when she beheld the features of the gentleman, the Countess de Lucy remained perfectly silent, and mechanically followed the young gentleman, who seemed to be still more surprised, and even still more agitated, than the lady.

It is not, however, for any considerable length of time, that a woman can be deprived of her presence of mind, and thus it happened that no sooner was the Countess in the sitting-room of the artist, than she recovered her self-possession, and thus explained the object of her visit.

"The motive, sir," she said, "that has induced me to visit you is one that would very probably induce many other women to keep away from you. I have seen your works at the exhibition. You are, I perceive, the pupil of M. Ingres, and you tread in the footsteps of your master. I have seen your portraits of the Duchess de O——, and the Countess N——, both of whom I know very well, and I was able to remark in their likenesses, even the minutest defects of the originals."

"I do not know, Madame, whether I am to interpret your words into an epigram or an eulogium."

"Do not take me, sir, as saying any thing else but what I think. In my eyes, a perfect resemblance constitutes the first merit of a portrait. You smile, and perhaps it is a heresy in the Catholic creed of painting. But then remember, that I speak as a woman, and do not pretend to judge as an artist. In fine, I am particularly glad to see my own features copied without any flattery, and with—all their imperfections."

"Imperfections! Madame I shall find it very difficult to discover them."

"A truce to compliments, sir; tell me, will your numerous occupations allow you to give me a few sittings?"

Louval replied that he was completely at the service of the Countess de Lucy; and that he would see her at her hotel any day she should choose to name. She then expressed a desire to see some of his pictures that had not been yet exhibited; and that she observed had all their canvas backs turned to the spectator. He turned the surface of them all *but one*. She praised all that she did see—and what delicious flattery was this for their author? At length she observed that there was *the one* not turned. She asked why it was not, and he seemed to be greatly embarrassed by the question.

"Is it," said she, "such a picture as that a lady ought not to look at it?"

"Not at all."

"Why, then, have you it so carefully concealed?"

"It is a mere study—a study that I made for myself—for myself alone."

"That is to say, that no one else is worthy of looking at it."

"Ah! madame do not think me guilty of such vanity."

During this short dialogue her servant, thinking it would gratify his mistress to see the picture, turned it round; but on seeing it, the Countess shrieked with amazement, and then in an angry tone she said to the painter—

"Tell me, sir, how come you to be the possessor of that portrait—a portrait of me, for which I never sat?"

"It is not your portrait," replied Louval, greatly agitated.

"You blush, sir. For pity sake tell me—explain to me—how or by what means it is you have caught my resemblance so exactly—you, that I believe, have never, until now, in all your life, seen me."

"It is perfectly true, Madame, that until this day, I never had the honour of knowing you."

"Cease, I pray you, this dissimulation. It does not very well become a man of honour, and, I trust, a gentleman."

"I have said, and I still tell you the truth. It is not at all a portrait. It is the study of a Madonna, that I have made after a picture of the Italian school."

"But the costume is modern."

"It is pure invention."

There appeared to be such perfect candour in the manner of Louval, that the Countess began to think she had wronged him when she thought of asking, where the original of *his* study was to be found.

"In Paris itself," answered Louval. "It is in the museum of M. Aguado; and you can yourself ascertain the truth of my assertion."

The young portrait painter then assured the lady, that this museum, now one of the finest in the world, was open to the public every Wednesday and Friday, and that as she had expressed a doubt of his assertion, he would be happy in waiting on her next day, in order that he might see, that with her own eyes she could be convinced of the truth of his assertion. Now, there would be some rashness in affirming that this pretext for paying a visit, appeared to the Countess a very plausible one, but this it is sufficient to know, that the offer of M. Louval was not rejected. She seemed ill at ease, and soon left the artist's studio followed by her servant. Upon her return to her hotel she directed the strictest inquiries to be made as to the conduct, morals, manners, and family of Louval, and the result was that she learned he was a young man universally respected, that he was admitted into the best society in Paris, that his family were respectable, and many of its members had acquired a high name in different professions. Why did the Countess make

these inquiries? Was it because she had promised to go to a museum in company with an artist?

Then, on the other hand, Louval was so taken up with the visit that he had just received, and particularly with his appointment for the next day, that he left his studio in haste, and immediately set on foot inquiries respecting the Countess de Lucy. He learned that she was the daughter of an old general of the Emperor's—that she was now more than a year left a widow, by the Count de Lucy, who had died in a foreign country, where he filled a high diplomatic office—that the Countess had passed the entire time of her mourning in retirement. These facts explained to the young painter why he had never seen the Countess de Lucy; but there were a great many other facts that he did not know, and that he was destined to be acquainted with.

We might dilate, if we chose, upon the visit paid by the Countess and the painter to the Museum of M. Aguado. It is sufficient to say that there the Countess saw the Madonna of Andrea del Sarte; she saw enough of resemblance in features to herself, to prove that the artist had been telling her truth. After some interviews she told him, that she desired a proof of his skill in making ancient saints look like persons now living, and to his astonishment she showed him the portrait of a Spanish monk, in an attitude of the most fervent prayer, and the Spanish saint he at once saw had some resemblance to himself.

"Draw for me," said she, "from this, your own likeness; and if success crown your efforts, then I will be convinced, that you have not invented a fable for the purpose of justifying, in my eyes, your illegitimate possession of my portrait."

"I submit myself to your will, Madame," replied M. Louval,—"and may my obedience be to me as if it were inspiration."

When the work was finished, it obtained the approbation, without the slightest reserve, of the Countess de Lucy. "He may know his own face thoroughly well," said the Countess, from having so often looked at it—but how could he have divined mine. There is certainly predestination in it." And this suggestion made the Countess think a great deal. As to Louval he did not how to speak or to be silent. In his perplexity, he retained a declaration that was on his lips, and to take him from his embarrassments, he eagerly pressed upon the lady permission to commence her portrait. But notwithstanding, she declined doing so for a fortnight to come.

During that interval love was making rapid progress in the heart of Louval, and the Countess felt that the artist was not at all indifferent to her. Such were their mutual feelings when the lady's portrait was begun—but never yet was painter slower in his work. He had always something to alter—something to amend—something to change—and, at length, the Countess somewhat maliciously said to him—

"You are going on very well; but still you do not surpass—perhaps you do not equal, that *study picture* of yours, which you began and finished as if it were at a glance."

"I agree with you, Madame. The work that I then regarded as the mere production of chance, I am now disposed to attribute to destiny. Know, then, that when I first saw the Madonna of Andrea del Sarte, I was seized with an involuntary trembling, and I cried out—'Here is the very type of the female who is to decide my fate,' and never did I enjoy repose but until my hand had traced, after the same manner, that delicious head, the portrait that you considered as yours. A new Pygmalion, I became enchanted with my own work—and,

like him, I have, too, seen it animated with the breath of life, when you appeared before me. But this thought disturbs my reason—pardon, Madame, pardon an unhappy —"

"I excuse you, and I thoroughly comprehend you," replied the Countess with emotion. "All is now explained—and I do not see in it anything more strange than that which has happened to myself."

"What do you mean, Madame?"

"It is, really, a most extraordinary coincidence."

"Speak—I beseech of you to speak."

"Well, then—as to that Spanish painting, from which you have made your own portrait—"

"Go on."

"My father brought it from Andalusia, where he had been a long time with the army, and it was placed in the chamber where I was born. As I grew up, it attracted my observation; and it was before that head, so animated as it seems, with a lively faith, that my parents made me say my prayers every day. Little by little I took pleasure in gazing upon it; and at a later period, in my girlish illusions, I accustomed myself to think that Heaven would send me a husband whose face would be like to that in the picture."

"Well?"

"Alas! I was very much deceived. The man to whom my hand was given had neither the youth, nor the features of the holy monk, under whose patronage I had, in some manner, placed myself. My father, finding that his death was approaching, and having but a small patrimony to leave me, wished, before he died, to see me married. I was just eighteen when he proposed to unite me to his best friend, who was a man of high rank, and had an annual income of a hundred thousand francs. Ought I—could I refuse? I obeyed—I accepted the husband, as if he were my second father, and soon the only one. For six years we lived together, and his affection to me was paternal. Even in his last moments, it did not abandon him. "Amelia," said he to me, "you made a great sacrifice when you espoused a man who was more than twice your age—whose youth had long departed from him, and whose constitution was broken down by the cares and anxieties inseparable from a political life. By your angelic sweetness, you spread a charm over a most ill-assorted union. Permit me, then, to give you a proof of my gratitude. I leave to you the entire disposition of my fortune, and I also engage you to divide it with a husband worthy of your choice. You are still young—you can still be happy, and you require a protector. When, then, the time of your mourning is passed, follow my advice—my last advice, and never forget your old friend."

Louval threw himself on his knees before the Countess, who told him that was not the precise moment for fulfilling the wishes of her husband.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is not for a poor artist that such bliss is reserved."

"Do not so express yourself, Louval," she replied, "for great talents are on a level with the very highest position in society."

In a few weeks afterwards "the Spanish Monk," and "the Italian Madonna" might be seen together in the collection of M. Agnado, where they still remain. As to those who so strongly resembled them, they were about the same time married, and never since have they wished to be separated from each other.

PAULINA.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAELSTROOM.

The Maelstroom's spirit rose,
Crowned with the whirling wave,
For the sailor knows, that he scorns repose
In the deepest coral cave.

And in the centre dread
Of that wild and merciless pool,
He raised his head, as he heard the tread
Of oars, o'er the waters cool.

He spied a lonely bark,
Along 'twas sailing heedlessly,
And his eye like the shark, o'er those waters dark,
Watched his prey most cruelly.

The bark it bore a maiden,
Her brother was by her side;
But they did not sadden, nor did their brain madden,
They knew not the dangerous tide.

They thought 'twas long before
The land came into sight,
And they mourned sore, when no distant shore
Shone beneath the moon's pale light.

But hark! along the wave,
The Maelstroom's spirits cruel vow—
"Ah! nought shall them save, and my sea-bound cave,
Shall open to receive them now.

Then that swift whirling wave,
Soon, soon shall it bring them to me;
And the moon's pale beam, and the polar's bright gleam,
Will light to their grave the sea.

Now swiftly they are sailing,
Their frail bark is on the line;
Their hearts are failing, now they are wailing,
I triumph! they're mine—they're mine!"

The Maelstroom's spirit glanced
His greedy eye o'er the water,
In the foam he danced, in the spring he pranced,
Watching his destined Martyrs.

And the wild sea-mew cried,
As she viewed that fond hopeless pair;
But the Maelstroom spied, with pleasure and pride,
The advance of his victims there.

And now they've reached the spot,
And the spirit's watching there,
But to cave or grot, oh! it matters not,
Where the waves their victims bear.

No father saw their death,
No mother watched in anguish by,
And their last low breath, it was lost beneath,
In the deep—deep sea they lie!

ELEANOR.

THE VISIONARY.

In the year 1793, there was at Besançon, an idiot—a monomaniac—a fool. He was called "Jean François les Bas Bleus," from the circumstance of his invariably wearing blue stockings. He was a young man of four or five and twenty years of age, as well as I remember—tall and well formed, and of the noblest physiognomy conceivable. His thick black hair, worn without powder, and brushed away from his forehead—his bushy eyebrows, remarkable for their mobility—his large eyes, full of a mild and tender expression, which was only qualified by a certain habit of seriousness—the harmony of his fine features, and the almost unearthly sweetness of his smile, formed, altogether, a combination, capable of inspiring affection and respect, even in that coarse and vulgar part of the populace which follows, with its stupid mockeries, throughout the streets of our towns, the most touching of all the infirmities of man. "It is Jean François les Bas Bleus," would they whisper to one another as he passed along, "the child of an honest house, who never said evil of his neighbour, or did him wrong; and who, they say, became a fool from over wisdom. Let him pass quietly, that you may not increase his malady."

And so, in fact, would Jean François pass by, unmolested by all, and heeding none; for his eye, whose expression no language of mine can paint, was never fixed upon the horizon, but up-turned towards heaven—with which the dreamer (for Jean François was a visionary) seemed to hold a secret intercourse, expressed only by the perpetual movement of his lips.

The costume of the poor creature was, nevertheless, of a kind to amuse the passers by; especially the passing stranger. Jean François was the son of a worthy tailor, of the Rue d'Anvers, who had spared no expense in his education, encouraged by the great promise of the boy, and in the design of making him a priest, the fame of whose preaching was, one day, to raise him to the rank of the episcopacy. He had, in fact, carried off the prizes of all his classes; and the learned Abbé Barbelenet, the Quintilian of our fathers, often during the young man's after-wanderings, sought intelligence as to the fortunes of his favourite pupil; but no cheerful answer was destined ever again to repay his benevolent inquiries. The old tailor, who had a number of other children, had, therefore, felt himself called upon to retrench the expenses which he had hitherto incurred for Jean François; and he latterly clothed him in those chance garments which the opportunities of his trade offered, or in the cast off clothes of his younger brothers, elaborately repaired for the purpose. This sort of habiliment, so ill-adapted to his tall and fine form, which stuffed it, as it were into a skin, from which at all points it seemed ready to burst, and left his arms sticking far out from the narrow sleeves of his green frock, had something about it pitifully burlesque.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the mental weakness of this young man was that it was apparent only in those conversations which turned upon subjects of no importance; or in which the mind was occupied with familiar objects. If accosted with a remark which had reference to the weather, the theatre, the journals, the gossip of the town, or even the affairs of the nation, he listened with attention or replied with courtesy; but the words which issued from his lips crowded so simultaneously, forth that they fell before the end of the first sentence into irretrievable confusion, and expressed an indescribable balderdash, from the mist of which he could on no account extricate his thoughts. On and on he went, however, increas-

ing his unintelligibility, and exchanging more and more the simple and logical diction of the plain and reasonable man for the prattle of the child who has not learned the value of the words he uses, or the babble of the old man who has forgotten it. And then the hearer laughed; and Jean François stopt without anger, and perhaps without consciousness, and lifted his large blue eyes to heaven, as if he sought for inspirations more worthy of him, in that region where he had treasured all his ideas, and all his sentiments.

But not so, when the discourse took a serious and positive direction on some interesting question of morality or science; then the divergent and scattered rays of that distempered intelligence gathered themselves together, like those of the sun in the burning-glass of Archimedes, and flung such brilliancy upon his conversation as made it doubtful whether Jean François had ever been more learned, more clear, or more persuasive, even in the best days of his strong and unimpaired reason. The most abstruse problems of the occult science (which he had made his especial study) were mere playthings in the grasp of his concentrated intellect; and their solution passed with such rapidity from his mind to his mouth, that it seemed less the result of reflection and calculation than some mechanical operation produced by the impulse of a touch, or the action of aspring.

* * * * *

A month had scarcely elapsed from the day of the interview with the visionary, which I have last detailed; it was the very day on which recommenced the scholastic year, after six weeks of vacation, counting from the 1st of September, and consequently was the 16th of October, 1793. It was near mid-day, and I was running from my college in a gayer mood than that in which I had approached it, with two of my companions, whose road home lay in the same direction, when, on arriving at a certain open space, at which our routes separated, we were simultaneously struck with the appearance and contemplative mood of Jean François, who had planted himself, like a guide post in the very centre of the space, motionless, with crossed arms, an air of pensive thought, and eyes intently fixed upon an elevated spot in the western horizon. A few passers-by had by degrees, gathered round him, and vainly followed with their looks, the direction of his, in search of the extraordinary object which appeared to absorb his attentions.

"What is he looking at?" said one to the other.

"I will inform you," said I, shouldering my way through the crowd and approaching the visionary. "Tell us, Jean François," I continued, carefully avoiding such language as might recal him from his lofty speculations, "what novelty has struck you this morning, in that subtle matter of space wherein revolve so many worlds?"

"Know you not as well as I?" he solemnly replied, uncrossing his arms, and slowly describing, with the point of his finger, a long segment of a circle from the horizon to the zenith. "Follow with your eyes that track of blood, and you will see Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, on her way to Heaven!"

At this explanation, the curious by-standers dispersed, shrugging their shoulders, and I went on my way, marvelling only how Jean François should have stumbled correctly upon the name of the last of our queens: it belonging properly to the category of those ordinary matters of notorious fact, of which he had long since lost all recollection.

That day my father entertained at dinner two or three friends; and one of his guests, a stranger in the town, kept the company waiting a long time.

"Excuse me," said he, as he at length took his place at table, "there was a rumour abroad, on the faith of private letters, that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was about to be brought to trial; and I waited the arrival of the Courier of the 13th. The papers say nothing about it."

"Marie Antoinette, Queen of France," said I confidently, "died on the scaffold this morning, a few minutes before twelve, as I was on my return from college."

"Great God!" cried my father, "who can have told you that?"

I blushed with confusion; but I had gone too far to pause. "Jean François les Bas Bleus!" replied I, with a faltering voice.

I dared not lift my eyes toward my father's face. His extreme indulgence towards me could not reassure me as to the displeasure which I felt conscious my heedlessness must cause him.

"Jean François les Bas Bleus!" said he, smiling. "Happily we need not be disquieted about news coming from such a quarter."

"Who," said my father's friend, "is this Jean François les Bas Bleus, who records events of a hundred leagues distance, at the moment at which, by his calculation, they are happening?—a sleep-walker, a spiritualist, or a disciple of Mesmer, or of Cagliostro?"

"Something of the kind," replied my father; "but more worthy of interest than either. He is a sincere and *bona fide* visionary; a harmless maniac; a poor fool, who is pitied in proportion as he well deserved to have been loved. Sprung from an honourable but indigent family of artisans, he became its hope and pride, and promised to justify both. The first year of a trifling magisterial office, which he discharged in this place, was the last of his studies. My arm was weary of crowning him; and the varied nature of his triumphs added to their value; for it appeared scarcely a labour to him to open all the gates of human knowledge. The hall of exhibition was shaken as if it would have fallen by the applauses that greeted him; when, finally, he advanced to receive the prize of good conduct, and the virtues of an exemplary youth, without which all others are as nothing. There was no father there that day, that would not have been proud to reckon Jean François amongst his sons.

* * * * *

"You have heard of the beautiful Madame de Sainte A——; she was at that time in Franche Comte, where her family have left so many recollections; she was seeking a tutor for her son; and the glory that gathered around the humble name of Jean François, directed her choice to him. Unhappily (but from this point of my tale I know nothing, except as the result of some very imperfect inquiries) the beautiful mother who had thus rewarded the youthful talent of Jean François had, besides her son, a daughter alike beautiful. Poor Jean François could not look upon her without love; and, conscious of the impossibility that he should ever lift himself to the level, he seems to have sought relief from the anguish of a hopeless and unconquerable attachment (which has never betrayed its own secret but in the first moments of his malady) by giving himself up to studies dangerous for his reason; to the dreams of the occult sciences, and the visions of an exalted spiritualism. In the end his mind became a wreck; and, sent home from Corbeil (the abode of his protectors), with all the care which his condition demanded, no ray of light has broken the darkness of his spirit since his return into the bosom of his family. Thus, you see,

we need not found our fears upon any of *his* reports; and may dine without alarming ourselves about the present one."

The next day, however, it was known at Besançon that the Queen was on her trial; and two days more brought the intelligence of her death.

My father greatly feared the impression which might be produced on me by the extraordinary agreement between this prediction and its event. He spared no pains to convince me that chance was fruitful in such coincidences; and he quoted twenty examples of it, which, he said, were arguments only in the mouth of ignorant credulity—philosophy and religion alike forbidding their use as such. A few weeks after this, I set out for Strasburg, where I was to enter upon a new course of studies. The period was unfavourable to the doctrine of the spiritualists, and I had no trouble in forgetting Jean François, amid the crowd of emotions which each new day brought forth, to agitate the heart of society.

Circumstances, however, brought me back to Besançon in the spring. One morning I had entered my father's study, to embrace him, as was my custom, before setting out on my daily excursion in search of plants and butterflies. "Poor Jean François," said he, pointing to the newspaper which he held in his hand, "need no longer be pitied for the loss of his reason. Better, far better, for him to be the idiot he is, than to have learned the tragical fate of his benefactress, his pupil, and the beautiful girl, whom rumour names as the first cause of the overthrow of his mind. These innocent beings have swelled the list of those who daily fall beneath the axe of the executioner."

"Can this be true!" cried I. "I have forborne to speak to you latterly of Jean François, because I know that you fear the influence over me of certain mysterious notions which I have imbibed from him. But he is dead!"

"Dead!" cried my father, earnestly; "when did he die?"

"Three days ago. He had remained motionless, since the morning, in the centre of the same open space where I met him on the day of the Queen's death. There was a crowd about him as usual, though he preserved the most profound silence; and so deep was his abstraction, that no question could draw him out of it. About four o'clock his attention seemed to redouble; and, in a few minutes afterwards he raised his hands to heaven, with a remarkable expression of enthusiasm or of anguish, staggered a few steps forward as he uttered the name of the three victims whom you have just mentioned, gave a wild cry, and fell. The by-standers crowded round to lift him up. HE WAS DEAD!"

"At a few minutes past four," said my father, reading slowly from the journal; "it is indeed the day and the hour! Mark," continued he, after a moment of reflection, and fixing his eyes earnestly on mine, "do not refuse me one thing which I am about to ask of you. If ever, in after life, you shall tell this tale, promise me that you will not give it as a fact. You would but be laughed at."

"Is there any reason," I answered respectfully, "which should deter a man from publicly avouching that which he knows to be a truth?"

"There is one," replied my father, shaking his head, "which is worth all the rest. It is a truth which is of no value!"

LINES

Written on seeing an Orphan Boy sleeping on his Mother's Grave.

Oh, see that little fair-hair'd boy!
What does he with the dead?
And why on that flower-decked grave
So silent is he laid?
He sleeps, poor child, above the clay
Of one who, in the skies,
Smiles sweetly on her orphan boy,
As he on the cold sod lies!
And by himself thus left alone,
He knows no other bed
Whereon to sleep in slumber pure,
Save o'er the lonely dead.
See, on his rosy, dimpled cheek
A smile begins to play!
As though, in his sleep, seraphs bright
Did chase pale care away;
Or, perchance, in his golden dreams,
His spirit soars away,
And, linked in his mother's arms,
He views the angels play;
Who, with sweet admiration struck,
Leave off their sports of joy,
And, pitying, smile as they gaze
Upon that beauteous boy.
As on his brow the dewdrops hang—
His brow so very fair—
You'd think that as the angels watch'd
They'd dropt the tear of pity there:
For through the dark and lonesome nights
He on the green sod slept,
And in his young bosom seraphs sweet
Bright watch o'er him had kept;
And as each silent stilly night
Its dark'ning shadows pil'd,
To the night-wind's song a heavenly band
Danc'd round the orphan child.
And when the radiant morning dawns,
O'er his clos'd eyes they play,
And as he wakes they take their leave
To hail returning day.
Ah! see, at length, he opens his eyes,
His eyes of loveliest blue,
And stretches forth his little hands
To shake away the dew!
His sweet lips, though parch'd and hunger'd,
A lovely hue still kept,
And fancy said, 'twas the roseate bed
Where cherubims had slept.
Listen! now from his parted lips
He speaks in gentle strain:
"Mother, mother! how hast thou slept,
Since so silent thou hast lain?
Each morn since thou wast borne away,
Mother, I've spok'n oft to thee,
Though they tell me, oh, my mother dear,
Only God can answer me!
Oh, God! why didst thou my mother take,
And leave me thus alone?"

Send some one for the orphan boy,
To join her at thy throne!"

I took the little slumberer home,
And there, without a sigh,
In death his happy spirit fled
To gain its native sky!
And now o'er the celestial plains
He roams, a cherub free,
And hymns of joy to his Maker sings,
On his glad mother's knee!

EDWIN EDDISON.

THE CASTLE AT LOCHES IN THE YEAR 1469.

A FRENCH HISTORICAL TALE.

Louis the Eleventh, who is so well known to the English reader by Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Quentin Durward*, and of whose character we are about to present a different picture, had, at the time that our tale commences, but just escaped from the greatest peril to which he had ever been exposed. Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, had, after the capture of Liege, permitted him to resume the route for France. Louis made haste to take advantage of the favourable disposition of his vassal, and he repaired to the Castle of Loches, for the purpose of "reconciling himself," as he pleasantly said, "with the trade of a politician, that the treason of the Cardinal de Baillue had nearly induced him to fail in." In his impatience and anxiety again to possess himself of the full plenitude of power and authority, he made but a short delay at Paris. He stood in need of solitude and of profound meditation, in order that he might devise the means for remedying the evils, that the treaty which he had signed with the Duke of Burgundy must bring upon France. Louis was accompanied to Loches by Philippe de Commynes and Pierre Dones, his attorney-general, with the Parliament of Paris. They were amongst his most distinguished friends; while his companions or privy-councillors were Tristone-Hermit, Oliver-le-Dain, the physician, Jean Coictier, and one or two others, whose names are not so well known in history.

It was then upon the 15th April, 1469, that the King was in his cabinet, when he received, about the hour of seven o'clock in the morning, Philippe de Commynes and Pierre Dones.

"Maitre Dones," said Louis, "have you completely finished the ordonnance that we have, within the last few days, ordered to be prepared?"

"Sire," replied the Attorney-General, "I bring you the ordonnance, drawn up in legal form; and all that is requisite to give it full force is your Majesty's signature, when you have heard it read."

"Read it then, Maitre Dones, read; for we are anxious to see you set out with such a diploma, because it will prove to our Parliament of Paris, that we have not lost sight of that which is due to justice and our magistrates."

This document was the famous ordonnance of the King's upon the independence of the judges, and all the officers attached to the administration of justice. It was one that was expected with equal impatience by the people and the magistrates. Every one recognized the absolute necessity of investing the organs and the interpreters of the laws with an inviolable secu-

rit; and by the document now proposed to him, Louis rendered it impossible for himself to interfere with the independence of the judges; for he declared, that if he for the future attempted to do so, his act should be regarded as null and void; that no attention was to be paid to it, and that no man should be punished for disobeying it.

Louis signed this document; and, while replacing it in the hands of the Attorney-General he said, "Messire Dones, you are about to repair to Paris this very day; because I am anxious that you should make haste to have this ordonnance duly enrolled. You too, Messire de Commynes, will also depart; because you will have to instal into his office the new provost that I destine for it."

"Has then your Majesty already made choice of one for that important office?" asked Philippe.

"Not yet, Messire; but I intend to determine on one this very morning; for, thank Heaven! there are abundant candidates for it."

"Sire," replied Commynes, with a respectful courage, "my devotion to your royal person compels me to denounce to you that which, in my opinion, is a great scandal."

"A great scandal, Philippe," said Louis, interrupting him, "what do you mean?"

"Yes, Sire, a great scandal," replied the counsellor, "and your Majesty will pardon me, I trust, when I tell you who are concerned in it."

"Speak, Philippe, speak out; for you are perfectly aware that your rough honesty, my friend, has never been ill received by your King."

"Well then, Sire, you must know that, for the last two days, your castle has been full of people who are canvassing for the office of Provost of Paris. There have been promises, gold, and presents, that have, I must say, corrupted those who come the most closely to your royal person."

"Name these wicked servants, Philippe," interrupted the King, whose eyes glared like those of a tiger; "name them, and by Our Lady of Clary, I will soon do sound and prompt justice."

"I have my doubts, Sire, that your Majesty can be induced to punish those who, for such a length of time, have enjoyed your society, and are honoured by your friendship; but whatever be the consequences, I will name them; for I have neither dread nor fear for myself, when your Majesty's service, or the good of the country, may require personal sacrifices from me. Sire, the traffickers in the royal favour are, Tristone l'Hermite, your barber, Oliver-le-Dain, and your physician, Jean Coictier; and the three gentlemen on whose behalf they are intriguing, are the Count de Meulon, the Baron de Villeneuve, and the Vidome de la Ferte."

"Indeed," said Louis, unloosening a small leaden image of the Virgin from his cap, and pressing it to his lips, "indeed and in truth, these are the very three candidates that my provost, my barber, and my physician, have each individually recommended to me. But are you very sure, Messire de Commynes, that their recommendations are founded upon flagrant corruption?"

"Sire," answered Commynes, with some warmth, "a gentleman never tells a lie; and a man such as I am, never lightly puts forward an accusation. I have lent fifty golden crowns from my own purse to the Count de Meulon. I am responsible to the same amount for the Baron de Villeneuve; and the tenants on my estate at Argenton have advanced, upon my security, ten thousand livres to the Vidome de la Ferte, who is my relation and my companion in arms."

"I have no further objections to offer, Philippe—you have

closed my mouth as to them," replied the King, after a few minutes' silence; "but what, then, am I to do?"

"Fling to the winds the three special recommendations," answered Commynes; "order your servants never again to interfere in affairs of state, and give the office of Provost to the most virtuous and the most worthy."

"That is very easily done," said Philippe; but then what think you of chagrining my gossip Treston—of rendering discontented my poor Oliver!—and he so good a man!—and next to slap in the very face, Messire Coictier, my physician, who has so much to do with my safety. All that is very difficult and—I feel as if I were again in the tour of Perdonne."

"Your Majesty cannot nominate three Provosts for Paris. That is perfectly plain, and if you name any one of these recommended to you, you must annoy and disappoint the other two servants, who have recommended their particular friends. Have done, then, with the three, Sire, and give no encouragement either to fraud or corruption. Sire, a great prince like you owes it to Europe—he owes it to the world, to give the example of every royal virtue. Be, then, merciful, if it so please you, to those who would compromise the dignity of the Crown, but be at the same time just towards those whose noble actions, and whose personal merits are the best protectors and the surest safeguards of royalty."

At this moment a maiden blooming, young, and smiling, entered the private apartment of his Majesty. Her dress, although undecorated, was that of a noble damsel, and she bore in a silver basin some refreshment for the King. At the sight of the Attorney-General and Philippe de Commynes she was about to withdraw; but Louis XI. having beckoned to her to approach, she knelt before the King, who kissed her forehead. A mysterious cloud covered the birth of this maiden, who was called in the castle the King's Ward, and who was known in the palace of the Count de Gancourt as Lucette de la Radieres. Louis XI. had, almost from her cradle, entrusted Lucette to the watchful care of the old Sire de Gancourt, and she had grown up in the family of that nobleman, whose demesne bordered upon that of the Castle of Loches.

"What do you bring me there, Lucetta," said the King—"is it a *fromage à la crème*?"

"Yes, Sire," answered the young girl blushing, and at the same time kissing respectfully the hand of the King, and I am sure it is very good, for it is made precisely as your Majesty desired it."

"You are a little flatterer, Lucette, and I suppose I shall have to consign you to the care of my Scotch guard. Why you have always presents for me. Sometimes it is a bouquet, sometimes a basket of fruit, and to-day a *fromage à la crème*. I see, Lucette, you are doing your utmost that the King of France shall be your debtor. Well, he willingly accepts the title, and in order that he may rid himself of it, he will soon endeavour to give you—a husband."

Lucette blushed more deeply than before, and fixing upon the King her clear blue eyes, she said—"Your poor orphan would, in sooth, be very ungrateful if she did not endeavour, in the few short moments that you deign to bestow upon her, to show the gratitude which she feels."

"Well, well," interrupted Louis XI., patting her head, "let us talk no more of gratitude. You, Lucette, owe me none. But tell me, what is going on at the castle of the good Gancourt?"

"Sire, the entire family are full of joy. The Chevalier, Charles de Gancourt has returned yesterday to them, and per-

fectly cured of the wound that he received at the siege of Liege, in combatting at the head of the archers, of which he is captain."

"Oh! he is a noble young man—he fell at my side, while endeavouring to make for me a rampart of his body. I recommended him, when parting, to the care of my good cousin of Burgundy. Was he well treated by the Duke?"

"Very well, indeed, Sire. The Duke of Burgundy took every possible care of him: much more than care sire, for the Duke wished to retain him in his service, and to induce him to do so offered him the command of a company in his guards, and with it the Order of the Golden Fleece."

"Ah! ah! and what was the reply of Charles de Gancourt, to these splendid offers?" said Louis, frowning as he spoke.

"Ah! Lord, he gave such an answer as made his entire family weep with joy, when he repeated it."

"And what was it?" asked Louis, inclining his head to Lucette from sheer curiosity.

"Monseigneur," she said, was the reply of Charles, "I have but one sword and one heart, and the one as well as the other belong to my sovereign. Had I a thousand swords and a thousand hearts, they should be equally his. I thank you, Monseigneur, for your generous hospitality—I thank you, too, for the good opinion you have of my courage, and I wish to continue to deserve your esteem, and in order that I may be sure of doing so, I will continue to serve my country and my King, against all—in opposition to all."

"These are, indeed, noble sentiments," exclaimed the Attorney-General.

"Sire," added Philippe de Commynes, "such noble conduct as this requires, I may say demands, a noble recompense."

Louis XI. was silent for a few minutes, and then casting his eyes upon Lucette, upon Dones, and on Commynes, he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead—a religious practice of his, whenever he had adopted a resolution that was to be with him irrevocable. He then said—

"Lucette, go, and on the instant bring to me Charles de Gancourt; but such a mission, my child, will it be disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, no Sire!" exclaimed the young maiden blushing, and then looking down.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," replied Louis, "for already my child, I have discovered the secret of your little heart. Say, as you pass along, that my Provost, my Barber, and my Physician are to come to my closet instantly. Hasten, little Lucette—hasten for the moments are precious."

The young girl disappeared, and shortly afterwards the three servants of Louis were ushered into his presence.

"Gossip Friston," said Louis, "the Count de Menton has not, in my opinion, that stability of character about him that fits him for the Provostship of Paris; but as I name you Governor of the Roche Guyon, and all you will have to do is to transfer to him the duties of the office, which you cannot discharge, on the condition of receiving a certain sum yearly. And then as to you, my good Coictier, my good Esculapius, I think it right to let you know, that I believe the Vidome de la Ferte is still too young suitably to fill the post of Provost of Paris; but then, I give you, good Coictier, a benefice of two thousand crowns upon the Abbey of Fonlevrault, and I permit you to give the survivorship to the Vidome; while, as to you, my poor Oliver, your protégé, the Baron de Villeneuve, is not of a stuff sufficiently good to make a very clever magistrate, but still he is a very honest man, and therefore tell to him, I present him

with a company in my guard of archers, and give to him, from me, this purse, with fifty crowns of gold to defray the expenses of his equipment."

The barber, the physician, and Preston bowed respectfully to the King.

"This, then, is all that I can do for your protégés, my good friends," continued Louis XI., "but henceforth, take my advice, and never recommend anybody, or I shall be compelled, to my very great regret, absolutely to refuse those favours, that I cannot accede to your loyal services, and your sincere devotion to myself. I am, above all things, a King, and the feelings of the man, must always be subservient to, and postponed for, the paramount duties of the sovereign."

Louis had scarcely finished his address, when the young Captain of the Archers of the Guard, Charles de Gancourt, entered, leading by the hand Lucette de la Radiere.

For a few moments Louis, with an air of kindness, looked upon those two noble personifications of high birth and great beauty, and then assuming an austere air, he said—

"Charles de Gancourt, I have myself been an eye-witness of your valour, at the siege of Liege, and I have this day heard of your loyal refusal of the seducing offers of my cousin of Burgundy. It is requisite that there should be a duplicated reward for this double act of virtue. Charles de Gancourt, I name you Provost of my good city of Paris, and I also grant to you the hand of my truly beloved ward, Lucette de la Radiere."

"Ah! Sire, how many blessings have you showered down upon me, at the same moment," cried out the young De Gancourt, throwing himself with Lucette, at the feet of the King.

"Show yourself always worthy of them De Gancourt, by proving that you are a gentleman and a Frenchman; and reflect that in the eminent post which I have given to you, you will find it as easy to render yourself illustrious as in the field of battle. A good magistrate stands on an equality with a good soldier, and the security of the capital is the safety of the throne." Then Louis, turning towards Philippe de Commines, added in a low tone of voice—"are you satisfied Commines?"

"Sire," answered the Counsellor, "you are a great King—"

"A little weak sometimes; but no matter—prepare for your journey, gentlemen. Away *Monsieur Procureur General*, for the capital with Commines and the new Provost. Let my people and my Parliament learn from your mouth, how Louis the Eleventh employs his leisure hours at the Castle of Loches."

MARY ADELAIDE.

THE SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

By Edwin Addison.

The woods so wildly beautiful
Were waving in the breeze;
The sun's warm rays were gilding bright
The high and noble trees:
Britannia's own and true-born sons
Were lonely dwellers there;
Yet dear was that rude wilderness;
For woman's heart was there!
Day's declining beams were falling
Fast over that bleak scene:
They thought of home and native land,
But seas roll'd high between:

Ne'er again their own lov'd shores
Will to their sight appear;
Those self-doom'd Exiles, sadly mourn'd;
But woman's heart was there.

Their lot was cast in desert wild,
Not like their own sweet coast;
Yet they swore to conquer or to die—
Proud Britain's proudest boast!
The mighty monarch of the wood—
The wild beast in its lair—
Fell in their path—what had it been
Had not woman's heart been there?

Their children grew in pride and strength,
Noble as aught on earth;
Liberty's bright star brighter shone,
To hail each champion's birth:
Proud swelling 'neath each iron frame,
A true lion heart beat there;
Pure, undefil'd, though of mortal birth,
Moulded by woman's care.

And sweet woman in her beauty
The heart of man can bind;
But 'tis in sorrow's hour she proves
The angel of mankind.
She soothes the soul when it is sad,
And lightens every care;
But she shines with added lustre
When she kneels in pious prayer.

Woman is Heaven's choicest gift,
An angel from above,
A seraph from yon bright abode,
A being made to love;
A creature wafted to the earth
From the skies so brightly fair;
For the desert is a paradise,
When woman's heart is there!

TO PHILLIPPA.

A lonely darkness steals upon my soul;
My brow o'erpress'd, but not with weight of years,
Bends to its load, and mocks the wild control
Of reason, now too wild to guide its cares;
Like sable night o'erhung by black'ning clouds,
With tempest gathering in the frowning sky,
And rushing winds, with hollow sound, enshrouds
The mind with fear, and bids the bosom sigh,
While thickest darkness reigns from pole to pole;
E'en such is now the midnight of my soul.

No ray can pierce the rolling clouds of care,
That still are pressing on my fervid brow;
Yet thou, bright star, the dreary gloom might cheer,
If thou could'st shine; but thou art distant now.
Thy heart perhaps bounds to its own delight,
Framing new joys, in which I bear a part;
And fancy pictures hours of bliss, more bright
Than that which now plays lightly on thy heart,
And forms, beloved, to thee may linger near,
In visions now unknown to sorrow's tear.

RIO CASTON.

THE FRENCH FISHERMAN.

The pretty village of Roscoff is situated on the brink of the ocean, and about a league from St. Paul-de-Leon, an old episcopal city, that has long been deprived of its prelate, but that is still celebrated in all Bretagne for its beautiful cathedral and its magnificent tower of Creisquer. Roscoff is renowned besides for its charming church, for its fine and rich altar, which is not even surpassed by that erected in the time of Louis the Fourteenth in the Castle of Versailles; and it is known, moreover, for its well-sheltered port, even though the approach to it be dangerous; for the canal formed by the Isle of Batz is strewn with reefs, upon which the ships caught by the tempest are sometimes dashed, before they can reach the safety harbour. When a storm excites the waves in this narrow passage, the scene presented by this canal is a most awful one; for the sea then beats upon the black rocks, and covers them with foam, as if it were impatient to cast down the obstacles that they oppose to its fury. The waves dash up the sand from the very bottom, and cast it in heaps upon the island, where once stood a Roman chapel, that is now covered up by the accumulations consequent upon these disasters. The winds too combine their fearful clamour with the roaring of the sea; and it is said, that in these awful commotions, by which nature itself is shaken, there are heard the constant and voluntary striking of the bells of the church, which, when heard, are regarded as the sure prognostic of a shipwreck.

When nature is calm, nothing can be more smiling, nothing more joyous, than the aspect of Roscoff. All its environs, covered with cultivation, produce abundant harvests; and its shores, abandoned by the sea, are peopled with an immense multitude, who gather together for the purpose of collecting the sea-weed, which is so useful for the purposes of agriculture. Men, women, children, beasts of burden, carts that have come from an immense distance, can be counted there by thousands; but then there is a perfect order established, which prevents the poor man, who has only his own hands to assist him, from being despoiled by the rich, who can employ his domestics, his horses, and his waggons. To the poor belong exclusively the four first days of the week; to the rich the two others. The Sundays are given to God.

All this multitude toils as long as the tide is out, for they know the value of time. Then, as the tide turns, it drives back this immense swarm, and it carries to the shore another class of the population: they are the fishermen, who have been absent during the morning, and their wives, who run thither to count what their husbands have caught; to select the finest fish, and to send them to the markets of the adjoining cities, where it is never known, and never thought of, how many dangers may be encountered, and how many perils endured in the catching of a single herring!

All the fatigues and all the dangers are, however, forgotten by the fisherman himself, as soon as his foot touches the land. He thinks no more of them, than of those that are to begin with the following morning. All his life is in the present moment; even up to the very instant, that a fatal and rarely a false presentiment tells him, that the boat which he detaches from its moorings will never again revisit the shore.

The sun was now setting in the sea. The old town of Roscoff, illuminated by its last beams, looked a glorious golden mansion of prayer, on which Heaven cast with pleasure its gleams. The lighthouse on the western part of the Isle of Batz was just beginning to sparkle, and a light wind succeeded to

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the stifling heats of the day. The sea spread itself, in the perfect calmness of peace, over the strand, that was covered with the wives and children of the fishermen, and they contemplated with satisfaction the fruits of the day's painful labour; for the fishing had been abundant. The young people frolicked through their rustic dances; the children gave themselves up heart and soul to their noisy sports. Every body appeared happy; every person seemed content, with one exception. It was a young, girl-like woman, whose husband had not yet returned. It was three years since the charming Teresa had united her destiny to that of Josselin; and never, until now, had it happened that he was the last at sea. Brave and vigorous, he had always been the first to return with his boat well filled. What then could detain him, when his companions were already more than a full hour on shore?

The poor creature was alarmed, doubtlessly, without a cause. The sea had been calm, and the light agitation that the rising breeze communicated to it, was not at all sufficient to justify even the suspicion of danger. However, the clouds began to gather on the horizon; and their dark, dull, leaden colour might, especially after the extreme heat, of which the first days of September sometimes gives us an example, as if they were the remembrancers of the summer that has fled—these might be the presage of a tempest. But then Josselin knew so well all the reefs and all the passes, and his little boat sailed with such lightness; it was so obedient to the rudder and the oar, and none could guide it better than he, even in the worst weather. Why then did Teresa tremble so much?

Nevertheless the inquietude of the wife, by little and little, stole into the hearts of her companions. They began to ask why it was that Josselin was not yet returned. Their eyes were fixed with anxiety on the sea, to discover, if they could, in the distance, the small white sail, which was to be the signal of his return; but they could see nothing; and yet the sun was about to disappear altogether. The clouds gathered together in huge black masses, and the breeze was changed into fitful squalls of wind. Dull noises, the sure precursors of a storm began to be heard; the bases of the rocks, beaten with the agitated waves, began to be covered with a white foam. "My God! my God!" said Teresa, "protect him!"

Teresa was a mother: her two children were sleeping in a cabin a short distance from the shore. She believed, one time, that she heard them weeping, and their cries sounded to her like the distracting shrieks of despair. To dart towards them, and to convince herself that what she heard was nothing more than an illusion, produced by the agitation of her mind, was but the affair of a moment. She embraced them with a new effusion of maternal affection. She prayed for an instant over them, and then she returned to the strand to interrogate anew those who surrounded her, as to the fate of her husband.

During her short absence, the scene had changed. The alarm as to the fate of Josselin had become general; for his return then appeared to be impossible. The tempest had burst out furiously as one that rages during the equinox. The thunder growled without ceasing. The winds blew with violence, and the premature darkness of night had swallowed up the little light of an autumnal evening, while an old shepherd, shaking his head, declared that he had heard the great bell in the church of Our Lady give forth a light tinkling! And yet the church was quite solitary and deserted, and the cord of the belfry was loose and floating. One single hope remained. It was that Josselin had had the courage, the good fortune, to escape among the reefs, for it was not possible for him to land

X

on the isle of Batz. The coast of that island was not so distant from that of Roscoff, as to make it impossible to see signals from it, even in the half obscurity that prevailed—but nothing appeared upon that solitary coast.

All of a sudden, persons thought they could discern by the glare of the lightning, a frail bark struggling with the tempest, which still kept increasing in violence. "It is he!" cried out all voices, and in the accents of unconquerable fear. "It is he," also cried Teresa, "and there is no hope of aid for him."

"We shall try, Teresa," said two stout and vigorous fishermen—"we shall try, and may God assist us!"

But Teresa heard no more; for she fell, deprived of all sense, upon the strand. Two women hastened up to her, and conveyed her into her cabin. She could not see the signals of distress that were made by Josselin; nor the efforts of the generous men, who devoted themselves to save him, nor the marks of interest that were exhibited by all who clung to the shore that night; for all loved Josselin and Teresa.

A sad day succeeded to that frightful night. Towards the dawn, Teresa recovered her senses. She cast her eyes in unsteady glances around her, as if she wished to collect together her imperfect thoughts. At last memory returned fully and distinctly to her, and she spoke not a single word nor uttered a single cry, nor did even a solitary tear escape from her. Her children were near to her, and still sleeping. She kissed each of them, and her kiss seemed marked with a singular impression, and then—going out from the cabin, and making a mysterious sign to the fishermen who watched over her; she directed her steps in a straight line (as if she had been conducted by some mysterious power, or by an irresistible inspiration) towards a black point, which could scarcely be remarked upon the strand, and which was touched by the last line of foam, that the sea had left when ebbing. That point was a dead body; and the dead body was that of Josselin, that the sea had carried during night towards the shore. As to the two fishermen who had devoted their lives to preserve his, they were seen no more.

Teresa fell on her knees beside the body of her husband, and at first, it was thought she was praying.

The next morning a grave was dug at the western end of the church-yard, and in that grave were deposited, side by side, the remains of Josselin and Teresa. All the village attended their funeral. That day saw not on its waves a fisherman of Roscoff, and the sea-weed remained ungathered.

J. Q.

RIDDLE.

In the calm I'm scarce thought of,
In the storm I am priz'd;
By mere fools I'm admir'd,
But by none e'er despis'd.
I dwell on the land,
But look most to the sea;
And when men repose,
Then to labour I'm free.
To serve weakly mortals
Is my hope—my desire;
Yet my heart is but stone,
And my eyes are like fire.

ENIGMA.

I'm like the lily, or the white-rose fair, and yet
I've no nose to my face, and my body's like jet.

MUSINGS OF A SOLITARY.

By George W. Burch.

No. V.

"A stroll among the trees."

What is there more congenial to a meditative mind, than an occasional "stroll among the trees?" When, wearied with the busy scenes of active life, cities' noisy tumult, we turn aside from these gay cares, and amid the charms that Nature, ever bounteous, yields to those who seek to gather from her stores, the rich delights which constitute the mental past that reason loves,—we find a solace more welcome to the heart, when sickened by the world's delusive smiles, than we could draw from any other source. To hold communion with Nature's works; here there is food for contemplation. Every tree hath its own peculiar charm; and as we are taught to believe that every hair of the head is numbered, so we may infer that not a leaf is permitted to fall, without the knowledge of the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

You are tired, we will say, of—what? Some are wearied, and they know not how; yet they are wearied, with themselves, wearied with the world; heartless, soulless, spiritless, and sad; apathetic, passionless, void of sympathy; their moral, mental, and physical functions alike inanimate; careless of themselves and of all about them; alive they are—to one ever-abiding sense of misery, restless, ever changing, yet never satisfied. Such there are, aye, many, too many such blots upon the face of the creation. This state is brought about as the result of defective education, pampered and luxuriant habits, and consequent ignorance of the social condition of our species. A truly miserable state indeed! miserable to the being who endures such an existence, and to those whose misfortune it is to be associated with such mis-shapen humanity. These have their opposites; the warm-hearted, the generous, the noble, and the good, and those ever alive to the wants and wishes of their fellow-creatures; whose sympathies never slumber, whose ears are never closed to the voice of supplication, or the heart ever insensible to the woes of others. To have a warm heart—what does this imply? Why, to possess all the attributes of a generous nature, whose kindly impulses enable us to look upon things as they should be viewed; with an eye of truth, to gaze upon misfortune, and, gazing, to feel and instantly desire to alleviate its distresses; to love, and love with intensity, constancy, and devotedness; and, in the exercise of the affections, to call into play all the noblest, richest, and most exalted sentiments to which human nature is susceptible. A warm heart—what a treasure to the possessor! riches beyond all price; a source of real happiness, and a positive good. To have a warm, generous heart, is to be pleased with ourselves and all around us; to enjoy the gifts of Providence with a true zest; to feel a consciousness that in contributing to the welfare of others, we confer happiness on ourselves. Of what value are the riches of the world, in relation to happiness, unless we, at the same time, possess some few of the more divine attributes of nature? Without these, riches are but the means of procuring for us wherewith to satisfy that almost universal tendency to sensuality of one kind or other, which usurps the place of all the nobler and more virtuous feelings. But to be well stored with the riches dug from Nature's inexhaustible mine, is to be rich indeed.

You that are tired, then, of the universal mask of deception, which veils the face of all mankind, take a "stroll among the

trees." Here deception cannot lurk; all is sober reality. There are the trees; you see them, and they change not, but as the seasons change. With man all is change, and when he *shall* change he himself knows not; but his disposition is variable as the winds of heaven.

Go, then, and when, as I have said, you may be wearied with the endless round of cities' noisy tumult, or satiated with the giddy whirl of pleasure, seek Nature's solitudes, and there, revolving in your mind the foibles of the world,

"Be tutor'd by its follies, and be wise."

"A stroll among the trees," in summer, when Nature, clad in vernal richness, to the eye presents a thousand charms to gratify each sense, more lovely as more frequent viewed, constitutes one of the sweetest enjoyments of an intellectual, rational mind; which to refresh and invigorate, by making ourselves familiar with the beauties of the creation, I hold to be a matter of no small importance in all that relates to our moral improvement; that an occasional intercourse should exist between us and Nature, when it would be well to leave awhile the soulless gaieties, cares, and allurements, and, plunging amid the still seclusion of some retired grove, give a loose to the heart's emotions; and, if you have cares, here you will discover a balm to soothe them, often more efficacious than the cool condolence the world sets forth, which sometimes tells us, with a bland smile and softened tone, to forget our melancholy—yes, to forget it—and all will be well. Aye, if it could as easily be forgotten as it is to give formal advice, glossed over with seeming graciousness and apparent sympathy, it would indeed be well. Thus, then, you are vexed, disappointed, or, it may be, disgusted with the world's ingratitude and deception. "A stroll among the trees," away from the scene of all your troubles, may, in a great measure, tend to alleviate the bitterness of your sorrow. The very sephyr—heaven's breath—that sighs through every leaf, disporting 'mid the foliage playfully and free, dispenses its healing influence to the heart, in the same proportion that the glorious sun will make all nature smile with gladness, when he darts on our sphere his soft refulgence—mild and beautiful.

TO MARY.

There's something more than loveliness upon thy placid brow,
Oh! may it ever be as fair and beautiful as now;
Oh! may the visions of thy life be ever unto thee
As now they pass before thy mind—bright forms of purity.

And may Time's fingers never dim thy soft blue eye—or throw
One shade of sadness or of blight upon thy lovely brow;
Nor may thy spirit ever droop, until it leave us here
Like a weary dove that flies away to seek a brighter sphere.

SINGULAR FIDELITY.

LADY.

"Ten years ago, I was lov'd by you;
But is your love warm as then, and true?"

GENTLEMAN.

"My love is much stronger than before,
For now your fortune is ten times more."

THE DESERT ISLAND.

(From the German.)

There was once upon a time a very good and charitable man, who had a slave. This slave he wished to make happy; and therefore he not only gave to him his freedom, but he had a ship fitted out for him, in which were stored the most costly goods. "Go," said he to the slave, "set sail in this ship to a foreign land; traffic with the goods I have given thee, and all the profit shall be thine."

The man set sail; but he was not long at sea until a dreadful storm arose, that drove his vessel on a rock, where it was wrecked. The goods sunk in the sea; all the crew perished; and he himself, with great difficulty, was able to reach an island. Hungry, naked, and utterly destitute, he proceeded to the interior of the country, and was beginning to weep over his misfortune, when he perceived, at some distance before him, a great city. Out of this city there advanced an immense multitude, who came with loud cries of joy to greet him. "Hail! all hail to our King!" they exclaimed; and then, having seated him in a magnificent chariot, they led him into the city. He was brought to the Royal Palace, where they clothed him with a purple mantle, bound his brows with a diadem, and made him seat himself upon a golden throne. The nobles of the country came around him; they knelt down before him, and in the name of the entire people, they swore allegiance to him.

At first, the new-made King fancied that all this grandeur and magnificence were but an agreeable dream; until, at last, its long continuance permitted him no longer to doubt of the reality; and to know that all these miraculous circumstances were actually true. "I cannot conceive," he said, "what can have bewitched the eyes of this extraordinary nation, or what can have induced the people to elect as their sovereign a poor, starving, naked stranger. They know not who I am, and they ask not whence I came; and yet they have placed me on the throne! What an extraordinary custom seems to prevail in this country!"

Thus thought he; and he became so curious to know the cause of his elevation, that he determined to learn the solution of this riddle from one of the nobles of his country, who appeared to him to be amongst the most wise of them all.

"Vizier," said he, "why hast thou made me thy king? How couldst thou know that I was to arrive at this island? and what will at last become of me?"

"May it please your Majesty," answered the Vizier, "this is called the Island of Probation, and it is inhabited by a very curious description of persons. It is now many hundreds of years since they offered up a prayer to the Almighty, that he would yearly send to them a son of Adam to reign over them. The Almighty granted their request; and each year, and on a certain day, he has caused a man to reach their island. The inhabitants, as you yourself have seen, hasten with joy to meet him, and to acknowledge him for their sovereign; and yet his reign lasts but—for a single year! When that period of time has passed away, and the appointed day returns, then is he deprived of all his dignities, his royal attire is taken from him, and he is clothed in a mean garment. His servants drag him by force to the shore, and place him in a boat so cunningly contrived, that it is sure to bring him to another island. That island is a perfect desert. And then, he, who but a few days before was a mighty king, arrives at that awful place utterly destitute! He finds there neither subjects nor friends, nor a single being to take the slightest interest in his misfortune.

There, then, he must lead, in that solitary waste, a sad and grievous life, if he has not had the prudence properly to employ the time that he had been a king. The people, however, after the banishment of their old sovereign, hasten to greet their new King, that Providence invariably sends to them. The new monarch is always received by them with the same joy that they manifested towards his predecessor. This, Sire, is the invariable custom of this realm, and it is also provided that no King can, during his year of office, abdicate."

"But, then," said the King, "were my predecessors apprised of the short duration of their power?"

"I believe," replied the Vizier, "that there was not one of them who was not apprised of its instability; but some were dazzled with the splendour that surrounded their throne. They forgot the wretched future that was before them, and spent their year as if they were ignorant of it. There were others intoxicated with the sweets of their prosperity, who had not courage to look to the termination of their sovereignty, and on their future abode in the desert island, from the fear that the delight of their present enjoyment might be embittered; and thus, like the mindless drunkards they reeled from one pleasure into another, until their time had expired, and they were cast into the boat. When the miserable day arrived, they all began complaining and sighing over their own blindness and stupidity; but then it was too late. They have been without compassion, consigned to the exile that awaited them, and which no wisdom on their part could prevent."

This narration of the Vizier filled the King with fear. He shuddered at the fate of the kings that had gone before him, and he wished to avoid their misery. It was with alarm that he observed that already some weeks of his short year had expired, and that he must make haste to turn to a better account the remaining days of his reign.

"Wise Vizier," he remarked, "thou hast disclosed to me my future fate, and the short duration of my kingly power. But now let me know what I can do that I may avoid the horrible fate of my predecessors."

"Remember, Sire" said the Vizier, "that naked you arrived at our shores. Even so must you again depart from it, and never—never again return to it. There is but one way that you can provide against the want and poverty that await you on the island to which it is your inevitable destiny to go. What you can do is to make the island productive and fill it with inhabitants. This is permitted by our laws. While you are King, your subjects will obey you, and go wherever you choose to send them. Dispatch, then, a number of workmen there, and let them convert the desert plains into fruitful fields. In a word, prepare for yourself a new kingdom, in which the inhabitants will, after your banishment from this, receive you with joy. But hasten to the work—let not a single moment pass by unemployed—for the time is short, and the more you do for the improvement of your future dwelling place, the more happy will be your abode there. Let your thought be that to-morrow your year of office expires, and turn to profit every instant you are free, as a man who will not lose a moment in running from a danger that is imminent. But if you neglect my counsel—if you tarry in your preparations, or become drowsy about them, then are you, indeed, a lost man, and a dreary exile is your doom."

The King was a wise man, and the words of his Minister gave wings to his resolution and his activity. Instantly he sent off a number of the inhabitants, who went with joy and commenced with zeal the task allotted to them. The desert

island soon began to improve in appearance; and before six months had expired, there were towns upon its shores, and its surface was decorated with smiling fields. Nevertheless, the King abated not in his zeal. He was constantly sending off more and more of the inhabitants; and the latter went even more joyfully than the first, because they knew that they were going to a country that was well cultivated, and one, too, that was already occupied by their friends and relations.

The close of the year was in the meanwhile approaching nearer and nearer. The former Kings of the island had shuddered at the thought of the moment when they must abandon their transitory glory; but its present ruler looked forward to it with the longing desire that it was already arrived; for he knew that he was about to depart for a land, in which his own exertions had erected for him a permanent habitation.

The appointed day at last appeared. The King was seized in his palace, he was stripped of his kingly crown, and his royal attire, and he was brought to the fatal boat, that was to convey him to his destined place of banishment. Scarcely, however, had he landed on the beach of the new island, when the inhabitants hastened with joy to receive him, and to greet him with still greater honours than were shown to him in the island he had quitted. Instead of a crown that was to remain upon his head for a short year, they bound his brows with a garland of unfading flowers, Heaven itself praised his wisdom, and gave to him the immortality that his subjects enjoyed, and established him as their sovereign, and for ever to reign over them.

* * * * *

The rich and charitable individual is the Creator. The slave sent forth on a voyage by his lord, is man. The island at which he lands is the world. Its inhabitants who went to meet him, the parents of man, who provide for him, a naked and weeping infant. The Vizier, who informed him of the sad fate that awaited him, is Religion. The year of his reign is the period of man's life, and the desert island to which he was conveyed, the world to come. The workmen that he sent thither are the good acts that in his lifetime he performed. The Kings that went to the desert island before him, without reflecting on the fate that awaited them, are the great bulk of mankind who merely occupy themselves with worldly pleasures, without thinking of either life or death; and who, consequently, must suffer want, woe, and banishment, because they appear with empty hands before the throne of the Most High.

W. B. M.

THE WANDERER.

My bark is bounding o'er the foam
That bears me from my sunny home,
The wind is whistling through the shrouds,
The sun is bursting through the clouds,
The earth is robed in her greenest hue,
And the wave is dye'd with a deeper blue;—
Yet the eyes that gaze from that rocky shore
Are weeping for him they may meet no more.
There are heart's that loved me, and lips that press'd,
Tho' the prayer was lost in the rushing wind,
And the hope that cheered my youthful breast
Hath died on the shore that I leave behind.

The winds are loud and the waves are high,
As the home of my father's forsakes my eye,
And the swift ship dashes the curling spray,
In the pride of her giant strength away;
The breeze that the fluttering canvass fills,
Is bending the heath on my native hills;
But it bears no balm on its wings for me,
For my home is far in a dark blue sea.

But the wanderer's eye may look in vain
For the friends that have made that home so dear,
Ere his feet shall pass these hills again,
How many may claim a useless tear.

The wanderer came to that lonely shore,
But the days of his boyhood were vanished and o'er,
The hand of time had wrinkled his brow,
And the friends that loved him—where were they now?
They sleep in the churchyard's yews beneath,
For the "Plague King" waved his wings of death,
And beauty and bloom, and youth and age,
Have melted alike beneath his withering rage.

The Wanderer came to that lonely shore,
But the friends of his youth are flown;
On their forms his eye may rest no more,
And he roams 'mid the haunts of his youth—alone!
L.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS.

This distinguished nobleman, who has lately been honoured by Her Majesty with the office of "Lord Privy Seal," and who is also a member of the Cabinet recently established, is one of those whose rank exalts him almost to royalty; while his kindness, cordiality, and blandness of manners, make him most deservedly popular. In the county from which he takes his principal title he is known, it may be said, personally, to the poorest inhabitant. There the greatness of his wealth and the richness of his retinue are regarded by the humble as symbols of that power, in which they can find their surest protection. Well do they know, by experience, that as long as it pleases Heaven to leave with them their "beloved Duke," they shall be spared from the worst ills that humanity is subject to; for the charity of His Grace is greater than their wants; his will to do them good mightier than the calamities that may befall them; and they know too, by many years' experience, that he takes a paternal care in all that concerns even the humblest of his tenantry. It is difficult to depict in its true colours true and active benevolence; because it consists in the combination of almost imperceptible details of kindness, emanating from good nature, and enforced by a stirring charity. Our lively neighbours say, "*Il est aussi difficile de rendre les nuances d'un noble caractère, que d'une belle physionomie*;" and so it is in portraying the character of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM as a good landlord and a resident nobleman.

It is fortunate for us ladies that we are supposed to know nothing of politics; as in such a publication as this we can have nothing to do with them. It is particularly agreeable that there should be at least one place reserved in English literature, where good men of all parties, and of all politics, can receive their due meed of approbation. That place we at least always endeavour to fill with the names not merely of the great, but of the virtuous. It has enabled us but a few weeks since to commend the Marquess of Lansdowne, as we do this month tender the tribute of our respect to His Grace of BUCKINGHAM.

The following is a brief account of some of the ancestors of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, who, by his mother, is descended from the Duke of Suffolk, married to the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry the Eighth, and named in the succession to the Crown of England by that monarch.

The family of Grenville, Grienville, Greneville, or Greenfield, as it has at different times been written, has been incontestably seated at Wootton-under-Barnwood, in the county of Buckingham, from the reign of Henry the First, where it maintained the highest station among the neighbouring gentry (serving the office of high-sheriff, &c.) until raised to a more elevated sphere by the marriage, in 1710, of

RICHARD GRENVILLE, Esq., of Wootton, M.P. for Wendover, and the town of Buckingham, with

HESTER TEMPLE, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Temple, bart., of Stowe, in the county of Buckingham; whose brother, Sir Richard Temple, fourth baronet (descended from Margaret Cobham, sister of Henry, the eighth Lord Cobham, and of George, Lord Cobham, who was executed and attainted), was created Viscount and Baron Cobham, 23rd of May, 1718, with remainder, failing his own issue, of the dignities of Viscountess and Baroness of Cobham to herself (Mrs. Grenville) and her male issue; in default of which to his lordship's other sister, Christian Lyttelton, and her heirs male. Lord Cobham died childless, 13th September, 1749, when Mrs. Grenville became Viscountess and Baroness of Cobham, and was created Countess of Temple, with the dignity of Earl Temple to her heirs male, on the 18th October, 1749. Her ladyship had seven sons and one daughter, and was succeeded at her decease, 6th October, 1752, by her eldest son,

RICHARD, first Earl Temple, K. G. His lordship married Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Chambers, Esq., of Hanworth, Middlesex; but leaving no issue, the title devolved, at his decease, in 1779, upon his nephew,

GEORGE, second earl, who, upon marrying, 16th of April, 1775, Mary-Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert, Earl Nugent, of the kingdom of Ireland, assumed, by royal permission, the surnames of Nugent and Temple, before that of Grenville, and obtained the privilege of signing "Nugent" before all titles whatsoever. His lordship, who was eldest son of the Right Honourable George Grenville, a distinguished statesman and minister of the crown, from 1744, until his decease, in 1770, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Wyndham, Bart., and sister of Charles, Earl of Egremont, was created, on the 4th December, 1784, Marquess of Buckingham; and, upon the demise of his father-in-law, succeeded to the Irish earldom of Nugent.

ENIGMA.

Implanted in one place, I grow in another,
My sire is dead—I've no sister nor brother;
My children are young, and they'll never be old,
What strange things about us are constantly told?

THE DRAMA.

The London season seems quite at an end when the Opera closes, and the manifold pleasures of the *campagne* render the *habitudes* of the fashionable world careless of any other amusements. BALFE is busied about a new opera, intended to be produced, in the first instance, in Paris; the *libretto* of which is by Signor MAGGIORI; the story is founded on one of the earliest periods of English history, being that of Elfrida; the principal characters are to be supported by GRISI, TAMBURINI, and MARIO. VESTRIS commenced her season at Covent-garden with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Critic*. She has been doing very fairly, considering the thin state of the town at present; but we much question whether the houses have been more than sufficient to pay their expenses. CIBBER's comedy of *She would and She would not* has been revived, but it might still have slumbered on the shelf so far as it is likely to be of any service to the house: it is one of those light comedies with a plot that is seen through from the commencement, so that the interest is but little excited and the play becomes tedious and dull; like many others of the olden plays the pruning down the improprieties of the times, leaves but a sad and vapid wreck behind, in rendering it suitable to the taste of the day; so much of the spirit evaporates, that we cannot wonder if even CIBBER's sparkling comedies should not be so amusing as we expect to find them. The parts of *Don Manuel* by FARRIN, and *Hypolyta* by Mrs. NISBETT, were the best played characters of the play, and met with much applause; VESTRIS has, as usual, produced the piece with much good taste in the getting-up.

At the Haymarket, WEBSTER has been very successful with a new farce, called *The Boarding School*. Juveniles are not fond of going to school a second time, but we can promise them a most delightful evening's entertainment from the present farce: it is one of those that have little plot but abundance of fun and humour, and each actor seems fitted to perfection for his part. The plot is that of some Yeomanry officers, who obtain admission, under various pretences, to a young ladies' boarding-school, and the spirit of the affair is most amusingly kept up without, in the slightest degree, affording any cause of offence to the most fastidious; the scene where the officers obtain access to the school-room as the writing and dancing-masters, is one of the best things we have witnessed for some time. WEBSTER, as the dancing-master, who plays "Oh, 'tis love" on the violin, and makes a vocal and musical declaration of love at the same instant, is capital, being by far the best acted part in the piece; Miss HORTON, Mrs. STIRLING, and Miss CHARLES, as the young ladies, played with much spirit and humour. CELESTE has also returned to her engagement, and resumed her character of *Count St. Louis in Foreign Affairs*. We have rarely seen CELESTE in a part that suits her so well; it is full of life and spirit, and the farce itself is so skilfully adapted to the stage that the interest is well kept up to the last; whether it be of French or English extraction we know not, but it is a very amusing piece, excellently played throughout. MASSINGER's play of *The City Madam*, considerably altered, has been produced under the title of *Riches*, MACREADY taking the principal character of *Luke*. This play contains some admirably-written scenes—the earlier portions abound in beauty and highly-effective situations; the marked contrast in the rise of *Luke* is admirable; the close of the play is, however, not so well conceived as it might be, we think some judicious change would much improve it: it is, in

many respects, one of the best plays we possess, and could the latter scenes be re-modelled, would be in the highest degree attractive. MACREADY's performance of *Luke* is, in every sense, excellent; the part affords him full scope for the display of his commanding powers, from the strongly-marked contrasts it exhibits. This house has been very fashionably attended, the private boxes showing there was far more of the *haut ton* in town than we had imagined, the meeting of Parliament being doubtless, the cause.

At Drury Lane, the Promenade Concerts have been very fairly attended; the selections of music are generally made with excellent taste, and are light and amusing without being tedious—we prefer the lighter music, such as quadrilles and waltzes, to the wading through the everlasting *fugues* of a symphony—they are beautiful, doubtless, but require a thorough practical musician to enjoy them fully. The *Tableaux Vivants* here are somewhat of a novelty: they are cleverly managed, and the effect produced is very good—the resemblance to some of the most finished groups of ancient sculpture being more happily given than we should have imagined possible. Altogether, a very pleasant hour may be passed at these Concerts.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

China; or Illustrations of the Symbols, Philosophy, Antiquities, Customs, Superstitions, Laws, Government, Education, and Literature of the Chinese. By Samuel Kidd, Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature, University College. London. 8vo.

This volume is from the pen of the Chinese Professor of University College, who, upon his return to England, owing to ill health, was appointed to the only Chinese chair in this country. He commences his book with a dissertation on the Chinese language, which he ably carries on, and the reader will find this volume not only valuable and interesting, but popular and profound.

The Porcelain Tower; or, Nine Stories of China. By T. T. T. Bentley.

The work before us is a combination of prose and poetry, humourously illustrated by J. Leech; and after the graver matter of the foregoing volume, will be found a pleasing relaxation from its lightness and variety.

Wedlock. By the Author of the "Maid's Husband." 3 vols. Bentley.

This lively and piquant work gives much useful and instructive information to the fair sex on the soul-stirring subject of Matrimony, and the fair authoress seems to have studied well the scene in all its diversified bearings.

Ashantee; or the Gold Coast, being a Sketch of the History, Social State, and Superstitions of the Inhabitants of those countries, with a Notice of the State and Prospects of Christianity among them. By John Beesham. London: Mason.

This work emanates from the Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and we must confess, after reading it, we

are not a whit more enlightened on the subject of the Gold Coast, which owes not a little of its celebrity to its euphonious and auspicious name.

The Deerslayer: a Tale. By J. Fennimore Cooper, Esq.
3 vols Bentley.

Cooper's inimitable works are so well known, and so highly appreciated, that it is only necessary to say of the one before us, that it nobly maintains the author's high and well-earned reputation; and we cordially shake hands with our old friend Long-Stocking in the character of the Deerslayer.

The Playfellow.—The Peasant and the Prince. By Harriett Martineau. Knight and Co.

The sincerity and simplicity with which these two tales are written is quite refreshing, and Miss Martineau, as heretofore, successfully labours to manifest the truths so profitable to youth. The following extract, illustrative of the habits and mode of dress of Marie Antoinette, cannot but be interesting to our fair readers:—

"The queen was awakened regularly at eight o'clock, at which hour her first lady of the bed-chamber entered the room, and came within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed, bringing in one hand a pincushion, and in the other the book containing patterns of all the queen's dresses, of which she had usually thirty-six for each season, besides muslin and other common dresses. The queen marked with pins the three she chose to wear in the course of that day. * * The book was then delivered to a footman, who carried it to the lady of the wardrobe. She took down from the shelves and drawers these dresses and their trimmings; while another woman filled a basket with the linen, &c., which her majesty would want that day. Great wrappers of green taffety were thrown over these things, and footmen carried them to the queen's dressing-room. Sometimes the queen took her breakfast in bed, and sometimes in her bath. Her linen dress was trimmed with the richest lace; her dressing-gown was of white taffety; and the slippers in which she stepped to the bath were of white dimity trimmed with lace. Two women were kept for the sole business of attending to the bath, which was usually rolled into the room upon castors. The bathing-gown was of fine flannel, with collar and cuffs, and lining throughout of fine linen. The breakfast, of coffee or chocolate, was served on a tray which stood on the cover of the bath. Meantime, one of the ladies warmed the bed with a silver warming-pan, and the queen returned to it, sitting up in her white taffety dressing-gown, and reading; or, if any one who had permission to visit her at that hour wished to see her, she took up her embroidery. * * The queen went into another room to have her hair dressed. * * The ladies who had been in waiting for twenty-four hours now went out, and gave place to others in full dress. The usher took his place before the folding-doors; great chairs and stools were set in a circle for such visitors as had a right to sit down in the presence of royalty. Then entered the ladies of the palace, the governess of the royal children, the princes of the royal family, the secretaries of state, the captains of the guard, and, on Tuesdays, the foreign ambassadors. According to their rank, the queen either nodded to them as they entered, or bowed her head, or leaned with her arm upon her toilette-table, as if about to rise. This last salutation was only to the royal princes. She never actually rose, for her hair-dresser was powdering her hair. It was considered presumptuous and dangerous to alter any customs of the court of France: but this queen

thought fit to alter one, among others. It had always, before her time, been the etiquette for the lady of the highest rank who appeared in readiness in the queen's chamber to slip her majesty's petticoats over her head in dressing; but when her majesty was pleased to have her head dressed so high that no petticoat would go over it, but must be slipped up from her feet, she used to step into her closet, to be dressed by her favourite milliner and one of her women. This change gave great offence to the ladies who thought they had a right to the honour of dressing the queen."

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, collected by himself.
Vols. IX and X. Longman and Co.

The first of these volumes is full of Mr. Moore's satirical as well as humorous poems. Upon the subject of many we should have wished a few prefatory observations; but he rather prefers the poems to speak for themselves. The tenth volume is a mere reprint of the *Epicurean* and *Alciphron*.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert paid a short visit to Claremont at the commencement of September. A troop of the 72d Highlanders, accompanied by three pipers, were marched from Windsor to attend her Majesty as a Guard of honour during her stay. The band of the Royal Horse Guards (blue) also arrived. Her Majesty and Prince Albert occupied the first carriage, and were followed by Colonel Wyld, equerry to Prince Albert, in a carriage alone, the Princess Royal and her nurses, and two other carriages containing members of the Royal suite. A number of carriages and ladies and gentlemen were assembled at the lodge gates to greet the arrival of her Majesty, and their respect was most graciously acknowledged by both her Majesty and Prince Albert.

The Queen and Prince Albert will remain at Windsor for six weeks, and then come to Buckingham Palace until after the *accouchement* of her Majesty, which is expected early in November.

The Queen has appointed Catherine Countess of Dunmore to be one of the ladies of the Bedchamber in Ordinary to her Majesty; and has also appointed the Honourable Mrs. Georgiana Mary Anson to be one of the Bedchamber women in Ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of Lady Harriet Clive, resigned; and Captain the Honourable Alexander Nelson Hood to be one of the Grooms in Waiting in Ordinary to her Majesty.

The Queen Dowager, accompanied by Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal, and attended by the ladies of her suite; and the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by her lady in waiting, have left Gopsall Hall, the seat of Earl Howe, for Bolton House, Lincolnshire; to honour the Earl and Countess of Brownlow with a visit.

WURTZBERG, SEPT. 6.—The Duchess of Kent arrived here the day before yesterday. Her Royal Highness travelled under the title of Countess of Dublin, and was accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen and a numerous suite. The Royal party alighted at the Hotel of the Deutsche Hoff, whence they again took their departure yesterday morning on their way to Amberbach, by Werthgim.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER'S VISIT TO BELTON-HOUSE.—Her Gracious Majesty the Queen Dowager arrived at Belton-house,

the seat of Earl Brownlow, on Friday, September 17, about 5 o'clock. Her Majesty's reception was of the most pleasing nature; an advanced guard having announced her approach, a flag was hoisted, and the cannon commenced firing a Royal salute of 21 guns; when the carriage in which Her Majesty was seated drew up to the entrance door the cannon ceased, and the Grantham band commenced playing "God save the Queen." The noble Earl and Countess Brownlow, with the Ladies Cust, and the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, were stationed on the steps ready to receive her Majesty, and a most cordial greeting took place between them, at once evincing the high estimation in which the Earl and Countess Brownlow and family are held by her Majesty. The royal *cortège* consisted of the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Georgiana Bathurst, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Miss Boyall, Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippthal, Lord Denbigh, Lord Burghersh, and her Majesty's chaplain, the Rev. — Wood. Her Majesty was seated in her travelling carriage drawn by four beautiful horses, belonging to Earl Brownlow. The Duchess of Gloucester was with her, and in the royal train were five other carriages and four; ten pairs of post horses were ordered from the George Inn, Grantham, to be in readiness at Croxton Park, to convey the Royal party to Belton-house. As her Majesty passed through Grantham, the worshipful the mayor and the town council, with their insignia of office, were assembled in front of the Town-hall, and respectfully greeted her Majesty *en passant*; but, as it was generally understood that her Majesty's visit on the present occasion was to be strictly private, the display of public feeling was consequently not so great as when the Queen Dowager honoured the neighbourhood with her presence about a year ago. The George Inn was very tastefully decorated with evergreens; there was a display of flags at the Town-hall, and a triumphal arch was erected at the Angel Inn. Amongst the visitors at Belton-house since the arrival of her Majesty have been his Grace the Duke of Rutland and Lady Adeliza Manners, the Marquis of Granby, Lord John Manners, Mr. Gregorie Gregorie, Sir J. and Lady Thorold, Colonel and Lady Susan Reeve, the Rev. W. Potchett, &c. On Tuesday the Royal *coterie*, accompanied by the Earl and Countess Brownlow, the Duke of Rutland and Lady Adeliza Manners, the Ladies Cust, the Marquis of Granby, Lord John Manners, the Hon. Charles Henry Cust, and the Hon. and Rev. R Cust, paid Mr. Gregory a visit at the old Manor-house, at Harlaxton, where a most elegant *déjeuner à la fourchette* was provided.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.—In Grosvenor Crescent, the Countess of CLARENDON, of a daughter.—In Brittany, the lady of the Hon. W. H. DRUMMOND, of a daughter.—In Hanover Square, the Lady MARY HOOD, of a daughter.—In Carlton Terrace, Lady LYTTELTON, of a daughter.—At Culverlands, Farnham, the Lady PAULET, of a daughter, still born.—In King Street, Norwich, the lady of the Hon. H. MANNERS SUTTON, of a daughter.—At Heath Hall, the Hon. Mrs. SMYTH, of a son.—At Campton House, Bedfordshire, the Lady ELIZABETH OSBORN, of a son.

MARRIAGES.—The present year has been more than usually prolific in alliances of rather a brilliant character in the higher circles, and as we are about to announce several marriages on the eve of being solemnised, it will not be out of place to make

mention of the leading matrimonial alliances which have taken place this season. Those first demanding notice, and particularly interesting, are the distinguished legislators who have entered the holy bands. They comprise, the marriage of Lord J. RUSSELL and Lady FANNY ELLIOT; Lord MONTEAGLE and Miss MARSHALL; the Right Hon. F. THORNHILL BARRING (the late Chancellor of the Exchequer) and Lady ARABELLA HOWARD; the Earl of FORTESCUE and the Dowager Lady SOMERVILLE.—The other names in the *beau monde* include Viscount ALFORD, M.P., and Lady MARIANNE COMPTON, daughter of the Marquis of Northampton; Viscount JOCELYN and Lady FANNY COWPER, daughter of Viscountess Palmerston; Viscount VILLIERS and Miss PEEL, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel; the Hon. AUGUSTUS DUNCOMBE and Lady FARRIET DOUGLAS, daughter of the late Marquis of Queensbury; Sir WM. HEATHCOTE, Bart., M.P., and Miss SHIRLEY, daughter of Mr. E. J. Shirley, M.P.; Sir WALTER JAMES, Bart., M.P., and Miss ELLISON, sister of the late Viscountess Stormont; Sir EDWIN PEARSON and the Hon. Miss ALICIA HEWETT, daughter of Lord Lilford; Mr. E. E. H. SANDFORD, M.P., and Lady CAROLINE STANHOPE, sister of the Duchess of Bedford; Lieut. KENNEDY and Miss GEORGIANA PAGET, niece of the Marquis of Anglesey; Lord CREMORNE and Miss STANLEY, daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Stanley; Mr. ROBERT RAMSAY and Lady LOUISA HAY, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale; Lord HEADLY and Miss D'ARLEY; Dowager Lady COLEBROOKE and Mr. J. F. BREMERIDGE, &c.

APPROACHING ALLIANCES IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of Sir Hugh Purves Hume Campbell, Bart., M.P., and Miss Fuller, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir J. Fuller, G. C. H., and niece of Lady Peel, is to take place the first week in November. Sir Hugh is a widower. We understand the time is not fixed for the marriage of Lord Walpole, eldest son of the Earl of Orford, and Miss Pellew, daughter of the Hon. Sir Fleetwood and Lady Pellew. The preliminaries are completed for the union of Viscount Campden, son of the Earl of Gainsborough, and Lady Ida Hay, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erroll, and the day has not yet transpired on which their marriage is to be solemnized. Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, eldest son of his Excellency Prince Esterhazy, who for some years past has been ambassador at the British Court from Vienna, is expected to arrive in this country from Germany; and the noble prince's marriage with Lady Sarah Villiers, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Earl and Countess of Jersey, will take place much earlier than was first announced. Her ladyship's *trousseau*, it is rumoured, will be of the most magnificent description. The rumoured marriage of the Duke of Dorset and Miss Montague, it appears, had not the slightest foundation in truth.

DEATHS.—At his residence, near Reading, Berks, Vice-Admiral FELLOWES. The deceased was Lieutenant in the *Phæton*, in Howe's action; and at the reduction of St. Lucia, in 1795, he commanded the *Tourterelle*, and was also in the command of the *Alarm* at Trinidad, in 1797.—At Ruyton, Shropshire, in his 52d year, Sir HENRY EDWARDS, Bart. The deceased Baronet's eldest son, now Sir Henry Hope Edwards, Bart., born in 1829, succeeds to the family honours.—At Melville Castle, near Edinburgh, the Viscountess MELVILLE. The deceased, who was daughter and co-heir of the late Mr. Richard H. Saunders, was married 29th August, 1796, to Viscount Melville (then the Right Hon. Robert Dundas) by whom her ladyship leaves issue four sons and two daughters.



*Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James's.
Fashionable Head Dresses, 1841.*



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1811 Mornings & Evening Dresses.



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1851 Morning & Evening Dresses (3)



The Latest & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1861





THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Cambric round dress; *corsage*, a three-quarter height, made in the *canezou* style, and trimmed round the top with lace: long sleeves, of the demi-large form, terminated by lace *manchettes*; the border of the skirt is finished by an embroidered *volan*. Rose-coloured cashmere *robe de chambre*, lined with canary *gros de Naples*, with square falling collar, and robings of the same material. Long loose sleeve, and turned-up cuff, *en suite*. Rose-coloured silk *cordelière*. *Bonnet à la Fermière*, composed of English lace; a round, open shape, trimmed with rose-coloured exotics, intermingled at the sides with the lace.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—*Organdy* robe, over Pomona green *pou de soie*; the *corsage*, low and tight to the shape, is covered by a *canezou à revers* of the same material, embroidered and trimmed with an *organdy volan*, edged with lace. Short tight sleeve, covered with tucks to correspond. The skirt is ornamented with three rows of tucks; they are placed two together, each edged with lace, and each row surmounted by an embroidery in feather stitch. The head-dress is an English point lace lappet, placed far back upon the head, and arranged *en bonnet*, with the ends floating on the neck; the trimming is composed of a *bandeau* of green ribbon, arranged in *nœuds*, in which flowers are placed at the sides. Emerald green silk scarf.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Robe redingote* of *poussière gros de Naples*: *corsage*, a three-quarter height, tight to the shape, and trimmed in the stomacher style, with cords and tassels, forming *nœuds*, at a short distance from each other; the same style of trimming is continued down the sides of the skirt. Tight sleeve. Cambric *fichu en cœur*, embroidered and trimmed with lace. White crape *chapeau*, an open brim, embroidered in a wreath of coloured silks round the edge, and finished with a blonde fall; the crown is decorated with embroidery and a crape torsade. Cashmere shawl, with a very rich border.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*Tartane* robe over very pale blue taffetas; tight *corsage*, cut very low and square, and trimmed with an embroidered pelerine of a perfectly novel form. Short tight sleeve, trimmed with two embroidered falls. A deep *volan*, headed by a smaller one, falling over, ornaments the skirt; both are embroidered. *Bonnet à demi-barbes*, trimmed with roses and rose ribbon.

DEMI TOILETTE.

FIG. 2.—Red fawn *pou de soie* robe; the border trimmed with double tucks. India muslin *canezou*, composed of rows of *bouillonnée*, arranged *en cœur*. Long sleeve, *en suite*. White satin *chapeau*, an open brim, the interior trimmed with wild flowers; the exterior with ribbon and white feathers disposed *en demi couronne*.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Lavender bloom *gros d'Automne redingote*, *corsage à double revers*; the same style of trimming is continued down the skirt, and round the back of it it is edged with fringes. Long tight sleeve, trimmed *en suite*. Drawn bonnet of straw-coloured *gros de Naples*; square brim, very long at the ears; the interior trimmed with hyacinths, a half-wreath of which encircles the back of the crown; a torsade of straw-coloured ribbon completes the trimming.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Open robe of fancy taffetas, over a muslin under dress; the *corsage* of the latter a three-quarter height, beautifully embroidered, and the skirt ornamented with worked *entre deux*. The silk robe is made with a *corsage à revers*, which is trimmed with a row of scallops. Tight sleeve, and close *mancheron*, bordered in the same style. The fronts of the skirt are ornamented with robings in the form of a broken cone; they are edged with scallops. Bonnet of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*; a very long and rather close brim; it is ornamented with a single and very long *marabout* plume.

FIG. 2.—Shot silk robe; the *corsage* tight to the shape and very open, displaying an embroidered *chemisette*. Tight sleeve. Bonnet of *oiseau pou de soie*, a very small round shape; the interior of the brim is trimmed with *gerbes* of exotics; the exterior with a bouquet of the same flowers, embedded in foliage.

FIG. 3.—Striped silk robe; a high *corsage*, partially covered with a large open pelerine, which is embroidered, as are also the pocket-holes of the dress, with silk braiding. Tight sleeves. White satin bonnet, a round open brim; the interior trimmed with wild blossoms, the exterior with a bouquet of white and rose-coloured shaded feathers.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Robe of figured violet *pou de soie*; a low *corsage*, pointed at bottom, and draped *en demi cœur* at top. The sleeve is full from the shoulder to the elbow, but light from thence to the wrist. The skirt is trimmed with three *volans*, cut in a most novel style round the borders, and with the heading

arranged in round plaits. White satin *chapeau*, trimmed in a very novel style, with blonde lace in the interior, and white ostrich feathers on the exterior; the shape is small, round, and rather close.

FIG. 2.—Robe of straw-coloured *patinet broché*; *corsage* draped and pointed; sleeve of an easy width, covered from the shoulder to the wrist with a succession of flounces. A *tablier* formed of a pointed piece, arranged in rows of gauging, and with a *bouillonnée* at the bottom, is let in, and trimmed at the sides with three folds. Head-dress of hair without any ornament.

FIG. 3.—Plaided taffetas robe; *corsage à trois pièces*, low, and draped round the top. Long light sleeve, finished below the shoulder with a *bouillonnée*. The skirt is finished with three tucks, laid on with a little fullness. Head-dress of ribbon. Black lace scarf.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Lilac *gros de Naples* robe shot with white. Tight *corsage* and sleeves; a row of ornaments formed of the material of the dress decorates the *corsage* and the front of the skirt. White *pou de Soie* bonnet, a round open shape trimmed with roses and a Brussels lace veil. Green velvet scarf.

FIG. 2.—Robe de chambre of rose and white striped *barège* lined with white *gros de Naples*; it is made quite up to the throat with a large square falling collar, embroidered, as is also the front of the skirt and the sleeves, with rose-coloured silk braiding. The dress fastens invisibly down the front, a lace *rûche* round the top of the *corsage*, and a rose-coloured silk cord and tassels encircling the waist completes the ornaments of the dress.

FIG. 3.—Shot *pou de Soie* robe, the *corsage* very open and half high, is partially covered with a clear cambric *canetou* trimmed with the same material, tight sleeve; the border is finished with a row of party-coloured fringe. *Chapeau* of green *velours épinglé* lined with white; an oval shape, very full, trimmed with striped ribbon, and autumnal flowers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1841.

Out-door costume must, during this month, depend a great deal upon the weather—if that should continue fine, no very decided changes will take place. Some elegant modifications have, however, appeared in millinery. We shall commence with the

HALF-SEASON BONNETS.—We may cite among the prettiest and lightest, those that have already appeared, composed of gauze lined with satin; they are literally of the half-season kind, for they unite in some degree the materials of summer and winter. They are very simply trimmed; a single feather or a flower, from which a *gerbe* of buds or foliage descends, is laid on one side of the brim. Some bonnets that are very much admired are composed of a new and very rich silk, introduced expressly for bonnets; it is in different colours, deep blue, maize, and some autumnal shades of red. It is ornamented with black lace intermingled with velvet mignonas; these

flowers are imitated so admirably that you even see upon them the brilliant little insect that draws its nourishment from them. Italian straw bonnets of the very finest kind, trimmed in the half-season style, will this year, we think, have a long reign. We may cite in particular those trimmed with velvet either black or coloured—*groseille*, *persée*, and emerald green seem to be the favourite hues. In some instances velvet only is employed, and it is arranged in a very novel manner, either in a kind of wreath round the crown, or in *coques* of a new form. We have seen also several bonnets trimmed in front with black lace draperies, retained at the sides by half wreaths of velvet foliage, *gerbes* from which mingle with the lace as it falls over the brim at the ears. If feathers are employed, there is very little display made of velvet. Some are ornamented with a willow plume, others with a bouquet of short ostrich feathers, they are usually straw-colour, but either tipped or spotted with the hue of the velvet. With regard to the shapes of bonnets there is nothing yet decided. We observe, however, that there is little, but very little, increase of size in the brim.

HALF-SEASON BONNETS THAT WILL APPEAR IN THE COURSE OF THE MONTH.—We may cite among the most original and the most likely to be adopted by ladies of elegant taste, those of deep blue *velours épinglé*, a long brim with the corners lightly turned up; it is bordered with a new and very rich ribbon, called *ruban canevass*, shaded in flame colour and deep blue; a rosette of this ribbon adorns the right side, and the left is decorated with a bouquet of deep blue velvet *marguerites* intermingled with yellow flowers. Another bonnet composed of citron-coloured *velours épinglé*, is a close shape, the brim and crown in one; it is trimmed at top and bottom with an intermixture of satin and *velours épinglé* folds; there are two rosettes with ends on the right side; on the left a shaded flame-colour *marabout*; the bottom of the crown is encircled with a band of ribbon crossing in front and descending to form the *brides*, and the back of the crown is trimmed with a rosette. The interior of the brim is ornamented with straw-coloured roses and velvet foliage. A rose-coloured satin bonnet also of a close shape, has the brim covered with three rows of blonde laid one above another nearly to the ears, where it is intermixed with sprigs of Spanish jasmine; the interior of the brim is lined with *velours épinglé*. We shall close our list with some elegant bonnets of blue *velours épinglé*, ornamented only with a small lace scarf which half covers the brim, and is retained at each side by a small wreath or chaperon of roses mingled with forget-me-nots; the flowers mingling in this manner with the lace has a singularly pretty and striking effect.

MANTELETS AND SHAWLS.—We may cite among the most novel of the first, those of coloured *pou de soie*, embroidered in a light wreath with chenille, either of the colour of the mantle or of different hues. They are somewhat larger than those adopted in the summer, but we do not perceive any difference in the form. Some travelling *mantelets* are worthy of notice; they are composed of grey or *écru* cashmere lined with rose or blue silk, and lightly wadded. They have a very jauntée effect, and are calculated not only for travelling but for the sea-side and the spas. Shawls are either cashmere or silk. Those of the first kind do not present us with any novelty in patterns—indeed they are by far too expensive to admit of very frequent change. Silk shawls are mostly of the shot kind beautifully figured, and finished with very rich fringe of the two colours. We should observe, they are always of full hues, as grey and ruby, maize and black.

CLOAKS.—We have already seen two elegant models of cloaks, which, we are assured will be adopted both in the autumn and the winter. They will be made in fancy silks, or shot levantines for the first, and in satins, velvets, and cashmeres for the latter season. The form of one is extremely simple, it is a large square piece gauged round the neck in several close rows, a *cordelière* attached to the guagings, serves to fasten them, and black jet buttons close the cloak down the front. A peculiarly well-cut hood of a moderate size, takes off at the pleasure of the wearer. The trimming consists of a band of velvet cut in *dents* on the inside edge, which entirely encircles the cloak; the arm-holes are bordered to correspond. Nothing can be more simple than this form, but at the same time it is graceful and convenient. The second mantle is of the Arabian form, but of a very large size; it is cut *bias* so as to display exactly the form of the bust, and sit easily over the shoulders, from whence it falls in very full folds all round the figure. Velvet robings, in the form of a Roman stole, decrease in size up to the waist, but their volume is augmented on the breast where they turn back and form the hood. The fronts are closed either by large velvet buttons, or fancy trimming ornaments.

PELISSÉS.—Those of Nankin and striped grey *coulis* are still in vogue for the morning walk by the sea side, they are always made high and tight to the shape, embroidered in silk, and closed by fancy silk buttons. We may cite also some levantine pelisses of sober colours, *corsage à revers* retained by a row of buttons, and displaying an elegant *chemisette* of plaited cambric; the skirt is very wide, and ornamented with a *tablier* formed of a triple row of buttons.

BAIGNEUSES.—Let our fair readers figure to themselves the prettiest little simple caps they can possibly imagine. Such are the *baigneuses*; they are, as their name implies, intended only for the morning, and are composed of a small *fiel* trimmed with lace, and simply retained by a knot of ribbon on each ear. Cap trimmings are now always very flat, indeed almost tight on the cheeks. Another style of morning cap, which is exceedingly becoming, particularly to a youthful face, is composed of embroidered muslin, and trimmed with three rows of lace round the back, and at the sides as high as the temples, leaving the summit of the head uncovered. The lace is encircled by a narrow wreath of blue or straw-coloured ribbon, which has a very pretty effect.

PEIGNOIRS.—Notwithstanding the approach of cold weather, we still see India muslin *peignoirs* in great request for elegant *négligé*, it is true that in a good many instances they are lined with coloured *gros de Naples* or *pou de soie*, but also several are made without lining and will continue to be worn so till the weather becomes too cold. They are trimmed round with a band of muslin disposed in those hollow plaits called *dents de loup*. The *corsage* is full, opening nearly to the waist, and trimmed with a similar garniture, which meets that of the skirt at the waist. The *ceinture* is long and composed of muslin. This apparently plain style of *peignoir* is rendered dressy by the cambric round robe worn under it, which is beautifully embroidered both on the *corsage*, and round the border.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—We perceive that full hues are gaining ground; deep blue, maize, orange, *groseille*, and some autumnal shades of lavender and green are beginning to appear, and will be fashionable in the course of the month, but without absolutely displacing light colours.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

We do not remember a half season in which our *élégantes* have displayed so much taste in their costumes as the present. Another month will see them all returned to Paris. In the mean time let us see how they are attired at the Spas of Germany and France, or in their own magnificent *châteaux*.

CAPOTES ET CHAPEAUX.—We may cite, as among the prettiest of the former, those à *coulisse*, of straw-coloured crape, trimmed with ribbons, laid flat upon the brim, and terminating in small knots at each side; the knots are placed immediately over the *brides*. Others are of a close form, and *bouillonnées*; they are decorated with a wreath of yellow roses, a shade or two deeper than the crape, placed on the brim at the bottom of the crown, and extending at the sides of it, so that the ends touch the fastening of the *brides*. We must not forget the *capotes*, also of a close form, of fine Italian sewed straw, with the trimming composed entirely of straw, disposed in torsades and in different kinds of ornaments. The most remarkable of the new creations are the decidedly half-season *capotes confortables*; they are composed of white and coloured *poult de soie*, and derive their name from their being wadded and quilted; they are intended either for the early morning walk by the sea-side, or the evening stroll in the gardens of the *château*. The *chapeaux* most worthy of notice are those of rice straw, ornamented with a branch of willow, placed on one side of the crown, and a tuft of foliage placed on each side of the interior of the brim. Others, that are equally admired, are composed of embroidered muslin, lined with rose-coloured taffetas, and trimmed with a *voilette* of English point lace, and a half-wreath of roses encircling the back part of the crown, the ends concealed under the lace; the interior of the brim is trimmed at the sides with half-wreaths of very small roses. Several of the silk *chapeaux* are composed of white *poult de soie*, a close shape with long brims; they are decorated with white feathers, placed quite on one side of the brim. Others, of rose-coloured *poult de soie*, are trimmed in a very novel style, with two rows of *bouillonnées* of the same material round the bottom of the crown, and a bouquet of rose-coloured feathers on one side of the brim. *Chapeaux de paille d'Italie* are made for the most part very long in the brims, and ornamented with a *voilette* of point d'Angleterre, and a full bouquet of short yellow ostrich feathers placed on one side of the crown.

CASHMERES enjoy this season more than their usual triumph, and will no doubt be adopted in preference to every other envelope, till they are displaced by mantles. They are not, however, exclusively worn; for silk shawls and scarfs, of a very rich kind, divide the vogue with them; and summer *bournoises* of white *poult de soie*, and even of muslin, lined with coloured silk, are also in favour; but every day will diminish the vogue of these, while it increases that of the cashmere. Those most in favour are of superb Turkish patterns, and with grounds of a brilliant and beautiful shade of blue.

PROMENADE ROBES.—The excessive warmth of the weather has brought back, in some degree, the very light materials of summer; but, though partially adopted, they are by no means so much in vogue as *coulis* or Nankin for *négligé de promenade*, or *poult de soie reps* and taffetas for half-dress. Having given every variety of form in our plates, we have only to say, that *redingotes* are decidedly preferred for the promenade, and that the struggle between tight sleeves and those demi-large seems to be postponed till winter has fairly set in.

TOILETTE DE DEJEUNER.—Nothing is in better taste for the breakfast table than a white dimity *peignoir*, trimmed down the fronts and round the border with a torsade of white cotton fancy trimming, and on each side a row of wrought buttons, so disposed as to close the dress down the front by means of button-holes attached in the interior. Cambric *fichú* of the shawl form, bordered with narrow plaited trimming *manchettes* to correspond. *Bonnet paysanne*, also of cambric; plain over the forehead, but trimmed at the ears with three rows of Valenciennes lace, of rather more than the usual cap breadth, quilled very full; the *brides* are also of cambric, and edged with narrow Valenciennes. We must not forget the *pantouffles*, of either *pou de soie* or cashmere, beautifully embroidered.

NEGLIGE D'INTERIEUR.—The *robe-redingote* is the form preferred; the material may be either muslin or silk, if the former, it is ornamented with *entre deux* of Valenciennes, and very small tucks; *corsage croisé à cœur*, demi-large sleeve. *Ceinture écharpe* corresponding with the robe. The collar is either of the shawl form or square, composed of plain *mousseline-tartane*, and edged with two rows of Valenciennes laid on with very little fullness; *manchettes* to correspond; *tablier* of *poult de soie*, trimmed either with lace or *volants*. Lace cap simply trimmed with ribbon; open-work silk stockings, and shoes of *peau dorée*.

NEW MATERIALS FOR ROBES IN NEGLIGE.—We have great pleasure in citing to our fair readers some new autumnal materials, that will be found well worthy of their notice. We cite in the first line the *coutils de laine* intended to replace the *coutils de fil*: it is extremely pretty and valuable, because it is light and warm and never creases; it is admirable as a material of transition. *Mousselines de laine*, of new white patterns, upon various coloured grounds, are also likely to enjoy a half season vogue; but we must observe that as this material has now become common, it is only the new patterns that can be considered fashionable even in *negligé*. We shall conclude with two materials introduced expressly for *robes de chambre*—the *cachemire barbaresque* of great softness and beauty, is thickly covered with elegant patterns in tastefully contrasted colours: it is quite an autumnal material, calculated for that moderately cold weather which generally commences with the fall of the leaf. The *drap maroc*, in cashmere patterns, is of a more substantial fabric, and perfectly calculated for winter *robes de chambre*.

NEW MATERIALS FOR EVENING ROBES are already more numerous and elegant than we ever remember them to have been so early in the season. One of the most novel as well as elegant is the *moire à ruban cendre de rose*, *pelinet mille raies*, particularly those of wild violet and black. A very novel silk is called *la Favourite*; it has small Turkish patterns serpentine on stripes of two colours. The *armure perline glacée*, in two colours, is expected to be very much in vogue, so also is the *velours des Indes à filet*, and the *mignonnette*, this last, as its name implies, is the smallest and most delicate of patterns. We close our list with the *Giselle*, which takes its name from the ballet after which all the Parisians are running mad; it is *broché à mille raies* in white and lilac, and shaded in arabesques of other colours.

LINGERIE.—Several exquisite novelties in *fichús* have just appeared; there are three that each in their way can hardly be surpassed. We shall cite, as first in the list, the *cols Giselle*; they are made with lappels richly embroidered and trimmed with lace; they are highly advantageous to the shape, and rich without being heavy. The *cols à médaillons* are of quite

another description; their patterns combine an assemblage of lace and embroidery, forming medallions perfectly disposed to enrich a *toilette montante*. The *cols à gerbes* are, perhaps, still prettier, they give an elegant finish to a silk *redingote*; the pattern is an *échelle en gerbe* of magnificent embroidery, extending from the throat to the *ceinture*, encircled with lace of the clearest and most transparent pattern. We have seen several *cols fichús* and *canezous* entirely composed of *entre deux* of lace and embroidery; some are closed by very small gold buttons, or else by six small pearl pins united by a gold chain. It is indispensably necessary that the *manchette* should correspond with the *col* or the *fichú*, and we must repeat that never, in our recollection, has the embroidery of these articles been so rich and elegant.

ROBES DE SOIREE.—A new piece that has just appeared has drawn some brilliant houses to the Opera Comique. We may cite among others a robe composed of *moire bleu Marie*, trimmed with a *volant* of *point d'Angleterre*, and knots of ribbon placed on the heading of the flounce; a pointed *corsage*, cut very low round the top, and trimmed with three rows of *point d'Angleterre*. Short *bouillon* sleeves, and *sabots* of lace to correspond. Another much admired robe is composed of *tarlatane*, and trimmed with two flounces, surmounted by gold cord disposed in lozenges. A gold *cordelière* is attached *en tablier*, and descends as low as the bottom of the skirt. *Corsage drapé*, cut very low, and ornamented with gold cord. Short *bouffant* sleeves, trimmed with *sabots* of the same material, ornamented with gold cord. Another robe, also of *tarlatane*, is embroidered in blue and gold, the embroidery divided by a tuck. A low, pointed *corsage*, embroidered round the top. Short sleeves, terminated by two *bouillons*. Two robes of India muslin; the one trimmed with a very deep embroidered flounce, surmounted by rich work. A low tight *corsage*; small embroidered *pelerine*, trimmed with lace. Short sleeves, also embroidered and trimmed with lace. The other is ornamented with tucks trimmed with lace, and separated by embroidery. Muslin *canezou*, embroidered *à revers*, and trimmed with lace; very short sleeves, *bouillonnées*, the *bouillons* intermingled with lace.

The colours, *à la rose*, are different shades of brown, green, dead leaf, deep blue, ponceau, orange, cherry, and different shades of rose.

We can recommend to our fair readers a very useful article, entitled "BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK." Although it is now six months since we marked with it, and the articles have been repeatedly washed in that time, the Ink still retains its original blackness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

H. J. B. is received, accepted, and shall find a place in our next.

"Jealousy, a tale of Past Times," has been forwarded to us, but has not as yet obtained a perusal.

EDWIN EDISON is thanked for his communication, and his wish regarding the poetry attended to.

"A Ballad," by G. W. B. does not possess sufficient merit for our pages.

BOOKS AND MUSIC, cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashion" for that purpose.

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THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

"Una cosa es pelear con los enemigos, y otra despedirse de quien bien se quiere."—*LA ESPANOLA INGLESA.*

CHAP. I.

HYDE PARK.

It was in the month of April, in the year 1664, that a tall, thin gentleman, of about sixty years of age, was taking his usual walk, through that portion of Hyde Park which is now rendered illustrious by being the residence of the Duke of Wellington, but that was then covered with a thick shrubbery, diversified by many tortuous paths. He was about to emerge from it, when he heard these words uttered close beside him:—

"Alas, George!" exclaimed a voice that it was easy to recognize as that of a woman; "is it not most infamous to repay so much true affection, such tender cares, and such perfect generosity, with so much of ingratitude, and such dreadful baseness? Can there be in this world no pleasure that is not followed by remorse; no happiness but it must be poisoned with fear? To tremble before God—before man—even before myself. Such is my life. Oh! my Lord Duke, your love for me has cast me into an abyss from which I never again can emerge. You have destroyed my peace of mind for ever."

Here the voice seemed to be extinguished by a shower of tears; and instantly afterwards there came from the thickest part of the shrubbery a young and gallant looking gentleman. His eyes were full of fire and of audacity. His manners were those of a man of the world, who is accustomed to please, and who cares not if he offends. His hair flowed in long and shining ringlets on his shoulders. His pourpoint was of velvet, slashed with scarlet, such as may be seen in the pictures of Vandyke; his cravat was fringed with the richest lace; his hat was adorned with a white plume, festooned with a golden clasp, and he had also jewels pendant from his ears! This gentleman was no other than the notorious Duke of Buckingham, of whom Charles the Second said, "He is the worst subject in my kingdom;" and to which the courtier had replied, "It is true, Sire; for your Majesty is not a subject."

"Good morning to you, my gay old Poet," said the Duke, familiarly striking the old man on the shoulder; "what do you here?"

"To speak frankly, my Lord Duke, I was listening to you."

"And you have heard—"

"Only a few words."

"Forget them then; for this is a secret that I do not wish

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to be discovered. But now something else is to be thought of: Charles II wishes for a satire from you for the Duchess of Cleveland, who is beginning to be tired of his society, and I believe fancies his Majesty to be no beauty."

"Indeed! and against whom is this satire to be directed, my Lord Duke?"

"Oh! make your mind easy on that point, Waller; we have a theme close at hand. It is to be a satire upon a man, who, during the career of a long life, has feigned sentiments that he never felt; who looks upon honesty as a species of folly; who drinks like a fuddling Scotchman; who lies like a prince of the blood royal; and who sells his pen, as he would his soul, but that Satan is sure of the latter."

"And this man, this scoundrel, this drunkard, this liar, this impure poet is—"

"Yourself."

"Pardon me, my Lord Duke; but the picture that you have just drawn, I would bet, was intended for somebody else."

"And who might that other be?"

"His Grace, the Duke of Buckingham."

"You might with much more safety bet that there is a gallows at Tyburn, upon which I could easily hang some insolent fellows, who forget their respect to noblemen who condescend to associate with them."

"That is quite true, your Grace; but then, if you have the power to hang, you have also the disposition to pardon."

"Fool!" said the Duke.

"Idiot!" thought the Poet.

It was in this species of conversation that Waller and Buckingham had proceeded from Hyde Park to the celebrated Crown Tavern, which was sometimes honoured, in those days, with the presence of Majesty itself; but that at the period of this story could only boast as its guests the infamous Rochester and the Earl of Shrewsbury: the latter the only man who, in that age of debauchery and folly, had preserved the manners, or the principles of virtue.

"Well, how go on our amusements?" said the Duke on seating himself. "As to you, Shrewsbury, you are destined to be the Cato of all our feasts, and to embitter our joys with your sour looks and cynical observations. Our profane joys affright your sublimated virtue. You boast that you are a good husband."

"Yes, as much as you pride yourself upon being a bad one."

"So faithful a spouse deserves to have a wife as pure as the unsunned snow, "chaste as the icicle on Dian's temple," or something like that, as the deer-stealer of Warwick has expressed himself."

Y

"Never doubt that, Duke of Buckingham, or perhaps you may repeat it."

"Do not force me to speak, Earl of Shrewsbury. We ought both of us to be silent on such a subject."

"What timid reserve! in a gallant Duke, who boasts not only of favours that have been bestowed; but brags of attentions that have no better foundation than his own fancy."

"You drive me out of patience!" exclaimed the irritated Duke. "What would you say, if—" and thus speaking he leant down towards the Earl of Rochester and the poet, Waller, and said a few words in a low tone of voice.

The Earl of Shrewsbury thought he could guess their purpose, and he became deadly pale.

"Gentlemen," continued the Duke of Buckingham, as he turned towards his two indiscreet confidants, "the secret that I have mentioned to you is not yours, but mine; and I have but told it to you to bid you forget it, and for ever." Having said this, the favourite of Charles quitted the tavern along with the Earl of Rochester. Waller remained alone with the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"Waller," cried the Earl in an impassioned tone, "you can relieve me from an agonizing doubt. What is it that Buckingham has just said to you?"

"That which you, my Lord, shall never know; for I do not wish to bring down upon me the resentment of those who are in power. The Duke of Buckingham is about to succeed the Earl of Clarendon as prime minister."

"And think you, Waller, that the Earl of Shrewsbury has neither fortune, influence, nor interest? Tell me that secret, which, sooner or later, must be known. Remember, it is a thousand pounds I offer you for a word—a single word. You have my honour as your security."

"From any other but you, my Lord, that would be the very worst security that could be offered; but from you," continued Waller, struggling with his avarice for a few minutes, "it is enough, and I accept it."

"Thanks! thanks! Well—"

"Well; you have before now guessed that it was of a lady that the Duke of Buckingham spoke."

"Yes, yes; but her name."

The old poet looked around and behind him, as if he were fearful of being overheard; and then his cold, clear whisper came penetrating into the very brain of the nobleman—"Her title is—the Countess of Shrewsbury!"

CHAP. II.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The hundred clocks of London had sounded the hour of midnight, when the Earl of Shrewsbury ascended in haste the grand staircase of St. James's Palace, which, on that evening blazed forth with innumerable lights. The brow of the Earl was dark with frowns, and his step was agitated and uneven; his manner maniac-like. He proceeded through groups that were masked, and all clothed in fancy dresses; but as he penetrated in the midst of them, his cold, pale face, struck them with dismay and affright. There was in the midst of them a woman who was dressed as an Amazon, and who, the instant she beheld him, shuddered with fear. She was about to retire, when the Earl of Shrewsbury grasped her arm, and exclaimed—

"Stop! for I wish that all should hear me. Listen; for I wish that my words may penetrate into the hearts of all. Give

over your dances, ladies; for I promise you a piece of scandal! There is in the midst of you a nobleman, and I trust I may say, without boasting, a gentleman, who espoused a lady, born in a situation of life far inferior to his own, in order that he might pride himself in the purity of his love, and feel that she was deserving of all his affections. He left this lady free—perfectly free—completely mistress of her own actions; being quite certain she would never abuse his confidence. Well; how think you she has recognized his sacrifices for her; his idolatry towards her; his unceasing love with regard to her? Foully, falsely, and basely, has she betrayed the trust reposed in her. The heart that she had given to her husband she has taken from him, and she has bestowed it upon a young lord, who must have been the very lowest of the low in the ranks of nobility, if it were not for the vices of his own family, and who is now loved by her because he is a duke; because he has been loaded with titles that he dishonoured, and decorated with dignities that he degrades. The woman who has acted thus," said he, unmasking the Amazon, who was half dead from fear and confusion, "is you Countess of Shrewsbury! The villain who has been the favoured lover is—" and here he snatched a mask from the face of one who bent over the chair of the King—"is you Duke of Buckingham! and the husband who has been thus betrayed is—myself."

There was a long silence. Vice stood abashed before outraged Virtue. The King attempted to soothe the irritated Earl; but he broke from the worthless Monarch, exclaiming, "It ill becomes an English King to become the protector of infamy and the palliator of vice. As for you, Madame," said he to the Countess, as he cast upon her a look of the most profound contempt and scorn, "you have brought shame upon my name, and it is no longer therefore yours. You have brought dishonour upon my roof. No roof of mine shall henceforth shelter you. You have sold yourself to vice, and it is for vice to receive you. Begone, base woman, and lose in the labyrinth of dishonour the little of virtue that still is left to you. You are no longer Countess of Shrewsbury!"

Struck with these words, as if with the thunderbolt, the guilty wife uttered forth a shriek of despair, and fell fainting upon the velvet-covered floor of the palace. The Earl turned away his eyes, and then walking up to the Duke of Buckingham, he struck him with his glove across the face, and said—

"I challenge you to mortal combat, my Lord Duke. To-morrow one or other of us shall cease to live."

"To-morrow, then, since you so wish it," said the Duke, who during the entire scene stood apparently unmoved, with his arms crossed, in front of the throne. "I have been for some days back wishing for a duel. What think you, Sir," he said, leaning carelessly towards the King—"is not this poor Earl a great fool?"

"He is much worse; he is—an honest man," was the answer of King Charles the Second.

CHAP. III.

THE GREEN PARK.

Duels, at the epoch of which we speak, were considered by those who called themselves "men of fashion," rather as amusements than affairs of serious moment. Men exposed their lives in the field, as they risked their fortunes on a card; with the same indifference and the same frivolity. The dramatic circumstances however that had preceded the challenge of the Earl

of Shrewsbury, as well as the elevated rank of the two combatants, and, lastly, the high favour enjoyed by the Duke of Buckingham with his Sovereign, had given to this rencontre more of interest, and attached to it far more importance than similar contests generally obtained. Therefore it was that all the Lords of the Court were collected in the Green Park, where the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury took their places opposite to each other, beside the ruins of an ancient priory, of which not a single vestige is now remaining.

A page, remarkable for the beauty of his face, but on which were unfeigned marks of the deepest terror, after having aided the Duke in descending from his horse, placed himself, with the reins in his hand, at some distance from the scene of combat.

It was whilst the seconds were arranging the preliminaries of the contest, that the Duke of Buckingham was observed to take off his mantle, and to call the attention, even of his adversary, to the peculiar beauty of the lace with which his dress was adorned, and to descant upon the superiority of the French taste in those matters.

The two combatants at length were placed opposite to each other. They were born at a time when the use of the sword was an indispensable accomplishment, and therefore both had from an early age been initiated in all the mysteries of fencing, and each was therefore a complete master in the science of duelling. But both were not on this occasion possessed of the same *sang froid*. Wounded in his peace, outraged in his honour, and despoiled of his dearest affections, the Earl of Shrewsbury fought with the blind rage of a man who has no other care for existence, but that he may gratify his revenge. The Duke of Buckingham, cold, calm, master of all his resources and of all his knowledge, knew well how to take advantage of the excitement of his enemy. His sword reached the side of the Earl, which was left exposed by an imprudent pass. Some convulsive movements, accompanied by the broken words, "Anna! I die—repent—oh, repent!" were the last signs of life that he gave. The seconds, in vain, hurried to his assistance—the soul of the Earl of Shrewsbury was already before its God!

The favourite of Charles the Second manifested neither regret nor sorrow, as he looked upon the sad scene before him. He with perfect nonchalance wiped dry the blood-stained blade of his sword, as he turned towards his page. In the delicacy of the features of that page; in the small waist; in the sweet face, fearful and pale; in the black, glossy, and curling hairs, that fell upon a swan-like neck; in all that timidity, grace, and delicacy, it was easy to recognize the woman concealed beneath the page's disguise. It was, in short, the Countess of Shrewsbury, that her love, her fears and her remorse, had brought to the place of combat, protected by a dress, which it was hoped would conceal her identity from the eyes of all. This is a fact of which Hume and other historians speak.

As soon as she saw her husband fall, she sank upon her knees, and cried, "Alas, alas! I am the murderer, too, of my husband!" and then, turning to the Duke of Buckingham, she said, as she burst into tears, "You—it is you, my Lord, who have slain him!"

"Yes; it was the lot reserved for one or other of us. Would you have sooner seen me fall?"

"Oh, no, no, Heaven knows! Neither. But, repentance."

"Repentance!" repeated the Duke with a smile; "it will be time enough to think of that when our hairs are white."

At these words the Countess slowly raised her head, and looked in the pitiless face of him who had, without the slightest

remorse or scruple, cast into the gulf of infamy her character and her honour.

"My hairs will grow white in the cloister, my Lord Duke," she said, in a tone which showed that her resolution could not be shaken. "From this day forth, I live no longer for, or in this world."

At this moment the poet Waller came from behind the ruins of the Priory. Occupied for two days with the composition that Buckingham had assigned to him, he knew nothing of the events at St. James's Palace, or the sad effects of his indiscretion.

"My Lord Duke," said he, "I have finished my satire."

The favourite of Charles the Second took the hand of the old Poet, and then, pointing to the dead body of the Earl of Shrewsbury, drily remarked, "And I have just completed my tragedy."

"It is a witty turn, my Lord," murmured the terrified old man; "but the joke is a dear one to me; for it has cost me—one thousand pounds!"

F. C.

WISHING.

I wish, I wish—'tis a hopeless wish!—

For a kindred heart to own,
That 'neath the crystal dome of heaven
Friendship can find a home.

I wish, I wish—'tis a maddening wish!—

I wish for the days gone by;
For the friends that my young warm heart did love;
For my childhood's cloudless sky.

I wish, I wish—'tis a heavenly wish!—

For a soul like those above;
For an eye that ever would sparkle bright
At thoughts of me and love.

I wish, I wish—'tis a futile wish!—

For a wand of magic power,
To touch the gay strings of my heart
Even for a day—an hour.

I wish, I wish—'tis a solemn wish!—

'Tis the wish of the good and brave—
I wish for the home of the Christian soul;
For joys beyond the grave.

TO EUGENIA.

What is life, that we cling to it day after day,
When the joys that illum'd it have all passed away?
'Tis a leaf on the storm, driven darkly till lost;
'Tis a hope only cherish'd and lov'd to be cross'd.

Though the shadows of grief on my pathway are strewn,
And my heart too familiar with sorrow is grown,
Shall I say that kind Heaven has nothing in store,
While I've thee left to solace, and thee to adore?

THE BLIND LOVER.

"My good Saunders," said Miss Sarah King, at the moment of mounting her carriage, "I recommend your master particularly to your care; and during my short absence, I confide him to your long-tried devotion and affection. I ask from you, for him, care that will be ever attentive, delicate, patient, enduring, full of thought—in short, the care as if of a woman. Always remember that Sir Richard Elrington is deprived of sight, and that our eyes ought to obey his thoughts, as his own eyes formerly did."

"My dear Sarah," said Sir Richard, pressing with affection the hands of his young lady, "Saunders will endeavour to imitate the example you have given him, and he will show himself, you may rest assured of it, the most attentive as well as faithful of guardians during your absence. Go, then, and go without inquietude."

"I must depart, Richard; but to part from you without inquietude, that is impossible, for you know not all that——"

"I know," resumed Sir Richard, interrupting her, "that you are an angel of goodness and patience. I know that you are young, rich, and full of intellect, have come to bury yourself in a solitude; and that you have wished to pass the prime of your life in the society of a blind man, that his infirmity makes sullen and morose. All this I know perfectly well; but, then, I do not know how to pay the deep debt of gratitude that I owe you. Gratitude is but a cold feeling; and love it is impossible. Why do you disdain the love of a blind man?"

"Reflect on that which it is becoming in me to do," replied the lady. "Do you wish to force me to repeat to you the fact—that I am ugly."

"I cannot and will not believe it, my dear Sarah. I am certain that you slander yourself. It is the feelings of the heart that cast a light upon the countenance, and therefore you must be most beautiful."

"And you are blind who say this, dear Richard. Ah! if it were possible, that in your single glance you could embrace the entire universe, and that I alone, like an invisible fairy, might love you; but a truce to this, it grows late, and I must be on my journey. Adieu! then, I shall be back in less than eight days. Meanwhile, give me the benefit of your infirmity, and do not see me in your imagination as being too ugly. Again, and again, adieu! Saunders, as to you, do not forget."

The horses started off at a gallop, and when the rolling of the wheels were no longer heard, Sir Richard grasped the arm of Saunders with a vivacity and emotion that made the old servant tremble.

"Run, Saunders," said he, "run for the Doctor. He is prepared, and only waits to be sent for."

Saunders quitted the house in haste, and in a quarter of an hour he returned with the Doctor.

"I am ready to undergo the operation of which you have already spoken to me, sir," said the patient, "and you will therefore be so good as to begin it at once."

"There may," answered the Doctor, "be two means adopted for the purpose of restoring you to your sight. The first consists in an operation that is very simple, and of the success of which, I entertain the strongest confidence. In the event that my expectation should be foiled, then there is another mode of treatment to be adopted: it is more tedious, more difficult, more dangerous, perhaps, but the ultimate cure, in such cases as yours, is beyond a doubt."

"Try, then, your first method, Doctor, and all I hope is, that it may be as successful as you wish it."

The Doctor took his instruments, and at the end of ten minutes the operation was over. The Doctor said that he had the best hopes, and that he should return at the end of three days, to remove the dressing. In grasping his hand, the baronet placed in it a hundred pound note, and then sat himself down to pass over these three days of expectation as patiently as he possibly could. But when the moment arrived at which his fate was to be decided, his anxiety increased to such a degree, as to be no longer endurable. At one moment the patient fancied he could see the pale reflexion of a ray of light, that was obscured by the superincumbent bandages; and at another that there was only before his eyes those mote-filled glares that are the incessant illusions of a gaze that is lost in profound obscurity. In vain he sought, he struggled to be calm. His hand agitated by a convulsive movement, applied itself to the dressing. Soon reason was overcome—the knot was untied—the bandages fell to the earth. Alas! profound night covered with its dark and dismal veil the sight of the blind man!

He leant his head upon his breast. He closed his eye-lids, a useless protection given by Nature to such as he! and then the tears coursed each other continuously, but slowly down his cheeks. But soon he felt ashamed of his womanish weakness. He slowly raised his head and the lids opened, when—oh! inexpressible happiness!—an ardent, strongly-coloured ray of light, penetrated even to his very brain. It was a ray of the blessed light from a glorious sun of June, that had crept through the crevices of the double blinds, that reached his sight. He stood up greatly agitated; and in the dim obscurity of the apartment he was able to recognise many objects well-known to his touch. At first he saw them but confusedly; and afterwards in a more distinct manner.

At the same instant the noise of a carriage told him of the approach of his preserver. He rushed forward to meet him, and exclaimed with enthusiastic joy, "I see, Doctor, I see!"

The folding doors were quickly opened; it was Sarah who had returned. She was—truth must be told—ugly. Her features, that had formerly been beautiful, were disfigured by a frightful scar, which appeared to divide the forehead, and extended all along one of her cheeks. And yet there was, in the softness of the melancholy that characterised her features, a touching grace. In her look there was benevolence and mind, combined with great talent. In the eyes of Sir Richard Elrington she was truly beautiful, for if he had recovered his sight—his love had still continued blind as ever. Dazzled by the stream of light that inundated the apartment, he remained without movement and without voice. On the other hand Sarah, with the true instinct of love, comprehended at a glance all that had passed in her absence.

"You see, Richard," she cried, "you see, I am certain of it, and all my happiness is destroyed."

"Why, dearest Sarah, should your happiness be destroyed?"

"Because I now must no longer be the object of your love—because I am now about to separate from you for ever."

"Separate! You and I to separate! You to separate from me—you! and wherefore?"

"I have long since told you, Richard, that the day on which you should recover your sight must be also that of our separation. I love you, and you are perfectly conscious of it—for I have never attempted to conceal the weakness of my heart. I know, too, yours. It is ardent—it is generous; and from generosity,—from a feeling of duty, perhaps, you would insist on marrying me; and if I should accede to the proposal, acting under the influence of a sentiment that I do not pretend to disguise, I must do that which I know would cause the misery of

my life. I wish not at all to afflict you by calling to mind the remembrance of your first wife. Death has separated you from her; but remember that Arabella was a most beautiful creature—that she doted on you, but still your affections were not always hers. How, then, could I, with this countenance, expect to find you more constant to me? I shall not attempt that which I know to be impossible; but in the retreat in which I am now about to bury myself for life, I will carry with me the sweet memory of the happiest epoch of my life. Farewell, my dearest Richard. I bless Heaven that it has afflicted me, in accomplishing your dearest wishes. When I shall be no longer near you, preserve in your memory the remembrance of my devotion, and forget, if you can, the miserable image that my features must present to you."

"Since it must be thus," replied Sir Richard, "I shall not detain you but—until I have recovered my sight. In the meanwhile you may remain; for I am still blind. I now see no more."

"Do not hope to deceive me, for you cannot do so," she answered with a bitter smile.

Sir Richard had not time to answer her, for the Doctor, running up to him, exclaimed—

"Madman! why did you remove the dressing? Is it that you wish to make your blindness incurable; but, no, no," said he, examining Sir Richard's eyes, "no—Heaven be praised, your eyes are quite healthy, your look is steady—you *do* see; the cure is complete. Quick, quick, let us put on the bandage again."

"Wait one moment, Doctor," observed Sir Richard. "What will you say when I tell you, that I am now just as blind, as I was before."

"I would then say, that my own studies, my own eyes, and all my past experience, had gone for nothing—but it cannot, I say, it cannot be."

"Very well, then, Doctor, I say to you, that your studies, your eyes, and your experience have misled you; I do not see at all."

"Can it be true?" said the Doctor, in amazement, while Sarah smiled incredulously.

"Perfectly true," answered Sir Richard, quite calmly.

"I have seen but two instances of this in all my life, for they are exceedingly rare," remarked the Doctor, in a perfect consternation. "Then we must try another mode of treatment. Are you disposed to undergo a new operation?"

"Exceedingly well disposed, and quite ready for it," answered the patient.

The Doctor took out his instruments, and asked for linen, that he might make ready a bandage.

"Stop!" exclaimed the lady, "stop, I say; Sir Richard sees perfectly well, although he does not like to admit it."

"This is no child's play," observed the Doctor very gravely. "I must tell you, that the mode of treatment which I am now about to employ, is one that may restore sight to one actually blind, but that would inevitably render blind one who has his sight."

"Go on, Doctor, go on," was the observation of the gentleman, "for I unfortunately have nothing to risk in that way."

The bandage was prepared, and already there was flashing in the hand of the Doctor the shining blade of a bistouri; when Sarah, who, up to that moment, had been in a species of stupor, recovered from it, to throw herself in the arms of her lover.

"My beloved Richard," she said, "my senses do not deceive me; you see, and I am perfectly sure of the fact. Look,

Doctor, how clear and serene are his eyes. They have none of that fixity which is to be noticed in the eyes of the blind Richard, your glances now rest upon me; there are in them the tokens of the deepest affection. Oh, say, then, that you see us. I entreat—I supplicate you to do so. Say it, and I will remain—I will never quit you; but let there be no new operation—let these hateful instruments be removed. But do not—oh! do not punish me so cruelly, for having preferred your peace of mind to your wishes. Doctor, do not attempt to approach him. I do not wish it—do not believe him."

The violence of the emotions that agitated her did not permit her to proceed further; for she fainted at the very instant that she saw the Doctor about to bring the bistouri close to the eyes of Sir Richard.

Poor, heart-broken Sarah was carried out of the room in a state of insensibility, and the Doctor who, by a wink from his patient, found he had been tricked, put back his instruments, threw away the bandages he had prepared, and took up his hat.

"My good friend," said Sir Richard, "you have, without intending it, done me very considerable service, and, forwarded my schemes completely. You will, I am sure, pardon me my ruse when you know the motive for it. Miss Sarah King wished to part from me. She has a very exaggerated idea of her own ugliness. She believes she cannot be seen without being disliked; and it was therefore necessary that I should not see her. I candidly own to you that I should have regretted my cure if I were to purchase it with the loss of Sarah. Her love is more necessary to my existence than my sight."

As he uttered these words, he extended his hand to the Doctor; but the latter, taking up a bandage, made a sign for him to seat himself.

"Is peace made between us?" was the question of the patient to the physician.

"I have never been in love," drily answered the Doctor; "but then I have, in my time, met with a great many fools."

For eight days he was in constant attendance on Sir Richard, and on the ninth he entered his apartment at an early hour.

"Now," said he, "that you are in a state of health, that you cannot destroy it by imprudence, I leave you. You may say, if you please, that you are blind; but I shall have nothing to do with it, when the fact is that you see a great deal better than I can."

"Farewell, then, Doctor, I hope you have no bad feeling towards me."

"There is one thing, Sir Richard, that I can never pardon you, and that is your having deceived for one moment, an experience that, up to your time, I believed to be infallible."

"The great man falls seven times a day, Doctor."

"Yes, but if I had persisted in my error—if I had operated upon you?"

"What then? when I have already said that I had much rather lose my sight than be deprived of the society of Sarah."

"But my reputation, Sir Richard."

"Ay, but my love, Doctor."

"The devil take all love!" exclaimed the Doctor, really vexed; for that I find is with you a malady that is really incurable."

The worthy Baronet was still laughing at this saying of the Doctor, when Sarah, greatly agitated, ran into the room.

"The Doctor," she remarked, "has gone away in a furious passion. What can have happened between you?"

"He says he will have nothing more to do with my case."

"Ah! then he abandons you, and gives up all hope of restoring you to your sight."

"He says he will have nothing more to do with my eyes."

"Then you are to remain blind."

"Yes, for ever blind to your defects."

"Oh! then Richard, I must see for both."

A month after this conversation, Miss Sarah King guided within the walls of the church Sir Richard Elrington, who permitted himself to be led there with all the care and caution that is generally taken of a blind man. Every one was astonished, as they looked at his large, bright blue eyes, so clear in appearance, and so intelligent, that they should be deprived of sight. This, however, must be remarked, that the constant love that Sir Richard showed for his wife for two years after their marriage, prevented her from suspecting the truth.

It was about the termination of the second year of their marriage that they were taking a walk in some fields adjoining the splendid demesne of Sir Richard, that he had never quitted from the time of his being united to the object of his love, when they found that they had incautiously placed themselves near to a furious bull. The wicked animal, attracted by the scarlet scarf of the lady, began to bellow, and tear up the earth with his horns. The danger was imminent, and retreat impossible. Already was the bull making a dashing at the lady, when her husband tearing from her her scarf, attracted the animal by waving it towards himself. The bull made a furious and desperate rush upon him, but he adroitly bounded on one side, and having luckily a sharp gardening knife in his pocket, he unclasped it while the bull was coming on, and with the skill of a Spanish *toreador*, he struck the animal in the spine, and stretched it dead at his feet.

The wife of the Baronet, Lady Elrington, regarded the struggle made by her husband with equal fear and astonishment. In an instant all the secret of the past was revealed to her, and she flung herself into his arms, exclaiming—

"Oh! Richard, Richard, you have deceived me."

"No, my dearest, I have not deceived you," was his answer; "for I said I would love you—I do love you, and will for ever love you."

PAULINA.

TO MARION.

Why, young Enchantress, should I tell
The secret influence and spell
By which, a conquer'd heart, I fell
Before thy throne?

Thou could'st not guess why throbs the brain;
Why blood through every mad'ning vein
Runs to its secret home again
Around the heart.

And may'st thou, dear one, never know
The pulse that beats, the care-stamp'd brow;
But ever be—as thou art now—
From sorrow free!

May budding flowers of Spring, for thee,
Bloom through the year, and melody—
Unpurchased songs of nature—be
For ever thine!

T.

TO JULIANA.

I saw her in a crowded room,
Filled with music and perfume;
A flood of light fell o'er the throng,
Gliding in airy dance along.
Many a brow of beauty there
Was shining through the parted hair.
O'er swan-like necks the sunny curls
Fell from a circling band of pearls;
While some the ebon tress had bound
Simply the graceful head around;
There smiled a soft and dewy eye;
There flash'd a spirit proud and high.
'Mid all I mark'd but one fair girl;
On her white brow was seen no pearl.
A pale rose gleamed amid her hair;
The hand of taste had placed it there.
It suited well that young sweet face,
That spoke of inward joy and grace;
Her cherub lip still wore the smile
Of infant years—as free from guile.
No care, no sin, had stamped its trace
On the calm beauty of that face;
Or marr'd the look of soft repose,
Which childhood's morning only knows,
Ere care, or tears, or burning sigh,
Have dimm'd the azure of its sky;
And she, my lyre's inspiring theme,
Was pure as childhood's early dream.
A few short years had pass'd away,
Again I stood amid the gay;
And thoughts were rushing o'er my mind
Of scenes life's journey left behind,
And chance and change, and all time brings
Of grief, or joy, upon its wings;
Till, starting from my dreamy mood,
I left my heart's deep solitude,
And turn'd to gaze upon the throng,
Loud with music, mirth, and song.
One form, supreme in beauty there,
Was gliding like a child of air:
'Twas she! that dream of other years
Remember'd still in smiles or tears;
But oh, how changed! On that white brow
The gaudy gems were blazing now;
And the calm smile that once she wore
Played round the coral lip no more.
The eye its dark lash lov'd to hide
Was flashing now with scornful pride;
Her look of sinless peace was gone,
The world had claimed her for its own;
And 'mid its waves now, tempest-toss'd,
Her heart its virgin calm had lost.
A votaress at Folly's shrine,
Her beauty lost its light divine,
And placed upon her, once pure, brow,
The modest rose would wither now!

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

(Imitated from the French).

"On entend un bruit effrayable dans le quartier de Romulus."—*Numa Pompilius. Liv. iv.*

It was about five o'clock, on the 6th of May in the present year, that my room-door in one of the loftiest chambers of the Middle Temple was burst open by a certain Irish friend, who rejoices in the name of Thaddeus, Ignatius Alexander O'Flaherty Macmahon O'Shaughnessy. I ought to observe, that there is no man who promenades in Hyde Park on a Sunday evening from four to seven o'clock, or who may be seen with his compatriots any day of the week on the Strand, that prides himself more upon his personal appearance, and the elegance of his address, than my many-named friend O'Shaughnessy. What, then, was my horror, to behold him, the generally beautified dandy, with his hair dishevelled—his cheeks pale—his boots covered with dust—and, what was still more extraordinary, one of the straps of his trousers trailing now along the ground, and now inflicting an occasional flagellation upon his ancle or his instep! Beholding him thus, I naturally inquired what could be the cause of such a combination of miracles.

"Oh, blur-an'-ouny-fish! don't you," said he, "be askin' me the raison for anything, when its hardly rhyme or raison that is left in my poor heart or head. What brings you *here*, you would be after saying to me—but what brought me *there*, is a question I shall never stop asking myself as long as I've tongue in my head, or ears long enough to hear myself talk. Here I am," he continued, "after walking all the way from Putney—bad scan! to me what brought me there at all, at all, why? Where do you think I was now? why there on a visit with Sir Tom Distich, at his beautiful seat, that he calls Pinchbeck-hall. But may be you never heard tell of him before. I wish I was like you if that is the case."

"Do you mean," I asked, "Sir Thomas Distich, of Iserne House, Dorsetshire.

"That I may never hold the ace of hearts, and the five turned up, but its the same. But do you really now know him," inquired, in turn, Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"I have not the honour of knowing him; but I have heard several of my relations speak in the highest terms of him. I always heard it said that he was not only a very rich, but a very good man—unbounded in his hospitality, unceasing in his kindness, and having but one fault—that he fancies he is a poet, and is under the delusion that he can write a comedy which will rival *The School for Scandal*."

"Ah—ych! is that all you have *heard* of him. Did you ever know that he was a murdering thief, that would sooner cut a man's throat, than give him a penny to get a glass of whiskey? Did you ever hear that he was as fond of the sight of blood as a country girl is of the sight of a soldier's coat? Did you ever know, that he would sooner see a gentleman eat poison, than cut a sallow or swallow a saffron cake. Do you know, that at this blessed moment he is seeking all over the world to put an end to a poor little innocent being like myself?"

"My dear O'Shaughnessy, be so good as to explain yourself. I really don't not know what you mean.

"You don't! Well! only listen to that! Do you think I am to find an understanding for you as well as a story? But no matter—just sit patiently and listen to me, and may be

you'll soon come to a complete comprehension of the entire matter. I was at the Hanover Square Rooms last winter, do you see? It was at some jackeen foreigner's concert—do you perceive? and what should I see but one of the purtiest creatures that ever I laid my two good-looking eyes upon, and then —"

"Oh! I see it all now, O'Shaughnessy—that was the charming Lady Distich, and her husband has heard of you; and, I understand—you see the consequences."

"Arrah! don't be botherin' us with your morality, which is like my grandmother's last almanack—date 1776—and, therefore, no use to young gossoons like myself. Why then it was Lady Distich herself in person. Do you see me now? And if I seemed to be taken with her beauty—be dad! the looks of her showed that I hadn't got a pair of whiskers on my cheeks that are the envy of the Oxford Blues, from the colonel down to the trumpeter, for nothing, why. But for all that, I have a sort of decency about me, and if I didn't get the greatest encouragement from her, I'd as soon think of paying a tailor's bill, as running away with her. But what can a man do, if a woman goes next door to asking him, why. And then too to add my temptations, and to have no excuse for falling, what should happen, but her big blackguard of a husband, who says he is so fond of studying characters, should take as great a fancy to me, as if he wanted me to *do* a bill for him; and not only that, but he insisted on my paying him a visit at his villa at Putney; and besides that, I had a bet on the Leander men, who were going to knock saucepans out of "the Champions of the Thames," in the way of rowing, sure; and the devil was in me, for I left all my fine morals, like the dirty acres in Ireland, after me, and I accepted the invitation of her husband."

"Ah, poor weak human nature! Men are always the same."

"Ah! then will you never let me edge in a word at all? You are as full of prate as a wig is full of hairs, why. Then just listen to me, and you will find that I was treated most barbarously; nay, I was treated as if I was a Hungarian, all the way from the stony deserts of Arabia. When I got down to Putney, may be it wasn't I that had the elegant reception from Sir Distich; and as to her ladyship, she looked at me as if I had two heads on me, and by reason of that she was twice as fond of me as of any other man. Now, mind me, I'll never say a bad word of her ladyship; for the, dickens a doubt of it, she is a dote of a woman shure. She was as fond of me as a fox is of a goose, or a boy of a holiday. By the powers, but she has mighty fine big blue eyes intirely! and it was only yesterday evening she almost looked right through me, while singing that mighty purty song that I myself asked her for—"Love has eyes," why. Well now; when I saw that she took such a fancy to me, may be I didn't let on, that I was as much smitten with her as a cat is with a trout; and that villain of the world, her husband, must have seen it, and at the same time sworn to be the ruination of me. But I'm a big bosthoun, after all—a regular gillibeen—that's what I am, or I might have guessed what he was at, by a question he asked me that day; for what do you think he said to me? Only just listen to it, and don't be interrogating me? 'Whether,' says he, 'would you,' says he, 'Mr. O'Shaughnessy,' says he, 'sooner put an end to a man,' says he, 'by a dagger,' says he, 'or—(by the powers!)—by poison,' says he to me. These were the very words he said, sure enough; and I, never thinking of myself, I answered, and says I, 'Why,' says I, 'sure,' says I, 'if it's going,' says I, 'to put a poor mortal under the sod,' says

I, 'I'd sooner cut a little hole in his throat,' says I, 'than be putting his undertakers to the expense of buying a big coffin for him,' says I, 'by blowing him up until he was as big as a balloon with the poison, why?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'and it will look a great deal better to see a man with a piece of bright steel running into him,' says he. Did you ever hear of such an inhuman, blood-thirsty monster, who thinks no more of a man's life than if he was a fly, that he was going to drown in a bottle of spirits, and that the first sun-shiny day would bring to life again? Well now, just listen, and don't be trying to talk; but let me just say one word for myself, sure. It was about twelve o'clock—yes, the dead hour of the night—that I went into my bed; and, instead of saying my prayers, I was thinking of Lady Distich, when—oh! that I may never sin but I did—yes, I did hear a sort of an outlandish, unearthly, coffin-screwing-like noise in the next room, that I knew was Sir Tom Distich's study and laboratory, sure. I listened as well as I could, and I heard him muttering, as a dog does over a dry bone, the words, and mind them,—do you see me now?—the very words I say: '*There can be no doubt of it, but that poison is better suited to the plot; but then the dagger—aye, the dagger!—a strong, stout blow of the dagger! To behold the expiring palpitations of the victim. Ah, that would be excellent!*'

"Oh, by dad! when I heard him say that, I saw at once what he was at; and it's I that hoped the curses of my seven preceding generations, beginning with the landing of the English, might light upon me for not seeing it all before. I jumped out of bed, and I clapped my ear to the wall, in order that I might know what the murderer was about. Gracious goodness! but it must be a horrid thing to have a bad conscience; for there he was stamping about, as if he had every moment to jump off hot irons; and then he would give a stool a kick, a sofa a thump, and a chair a regular back-hand, that would send it with its four legs flying up into the elements. And after all this, he would become as quiet as a baby sucking a sugar-stick, and say, '*Ought the guilty to be pardoned?*' and then he would fly up off the floor like a ball in a tennis-court, exclaiming, '*No: he must die by a dagger!*' and then he would mumble out, like a toothless old woman at her prayers, '*Guilty woman! shameless wretch! Heaven pardon!*'

"Well now, wasn't that mighty bad all out! *Phew!* you only know the half of it, and that the smallest half, why; for, while I was beginning to feel as if I was in a shower-bath, iced, I saw the bloody-minded murderer, who was thinking of nothing but cutting me off in the very flower of my youth, and prime of my beauty. I saw him step over as gently and peaceably, and with as little noise as if he were walking on eggs, or had the soles of his shoes made like a cat's foot, and thus approach to the room-door where I was sleeping; and as he did so, he muttered out the words, '*Is he asleep?*'

"Oh, *worra shew!* when I heard that, may be I didn't wish myself as small as a young corn-crake. I'd have given a hundred pound note (if I had it) I could have changed myself into a grasshopper, in order that I might hop off with myself. What in the wide world was I to do? I had no fire-arms; not even so much as a poker to defend myself; but as the best of good luck would have it, there stood in one corner of the room an immense big old wardrobe or clothes-press, that seemed to have been made about the time that Queen Elizabeth was a beauty, and that I'm told is very difficult to remember; and sure, when I saw that old wardrobe, I looked at it as my only weapon of defence, and therefore jumped into it, and shut the

door upon myself, determined, if I was killed, to die there like a man. 'Pon my word—not to say my honour—what happened afterwards I cannot tell; but that I think I heard the murderer stumble over a chair, and shortly after I heard him, that is, I believe, I think I heard him quitting the room, saying, '*His is in a death-like sleep.*' Oh, what a devil of a wicked fellow he must be, why! But there I lay, or rather, there I was *crudled* up in the wardrobe, like a doubled up cod in a pot, for two hours by the least, and for fear the assassin might take it into his ill-looking head to murder me twice over. At last I saw the first glimmer of morning stealing in through the window-blinds, as timidly, slowly, and cautiously, as if it knew that I had been massacred the night before, and was afraid to have to look at my corpse. It's I was right glad to see it—do you see me now? I dressed myself as it were for a wager, and without stopping to look at the bed, that I am sure, he, thinking I was there, stabbed it as full of holes as a billiard table is of pockets; and then I jumped out of the window into the garden—scaled the garden wall—got out into the road, and I may say I never stopped running until I got into the Strand, and saw four policemen talking together, and then I knew I was all safe, right, and well, why? And now, my dear friend, what would you advise me to do, sure?"

"Really," said I, "the individual that I most pity in this affair, is one that you have scarcely referred to—I mean Lady Distich. Your imprudence and impropriety must have placed the lady in a very dreadful situation. It is upon her that the fury of the husband will fall most awfully. As to you, all you expect is a message, for which, I suppose, you are quite prepared."

"Oh, murder, murder! is it a duel you mean? By the powers, I'm so bad a shot, that I couldn't hit a hay-stack; nor, if an elephant was a bird, would I be able to wing him at ten paces, though my fowling-piece was full of shot."

Mr. Thaddeus, Ignatius, Alexander, O'Flaherty, Macmahon O'Shaughnessy, was the most extraordinary Irishman I ever met; for he was the only Irishman, under thirty years of age, who had a decided objection to the being a principal or a second in an affair of honour. It was quite manifest, that if he did receive a message, he would be certain not to keep his appointment; and the man who would undertake to act as his second, must be prepared to have entailed upon his shoulders much more trouble than reputation. Now, I must own that I did not lose all affection for the simple-minded and vain O'Shaughnessy, merely because he was not prepared to comply with what I have always considered one of the most atrocious rules of society; and I therefore determined, if it were in my power, to extricate him from the embarrassment into which his own criminal weakness had brought him. I recollected that I had myself a letter of introduction to Sir T. Distich, from a relative, and I resolved at once to present it.

In accordance with this determination, I proceeded to the villa at Putney the next day, and my reception was in accordance with the character I had always heard of the host. He insisted on my staying to dine with him. I did so, and I found that Lady Distich was not only one of the most lovely, but most enchanting women I had ever seen. She was in manner, as in face, a perfect beauty. The husband was a good-humoured, handsome-faced, benevolent-looking man, in every line of whose face, and in every glance of whose eye, good nature was depicted. He too was an author; and when he knew that I was a humble labourer in the field of literature, his affection for me became as strong, as it was, I am sure, sincerely expressed.

"I pass over many of the incidents of the day, until the moment that the dinner-bell was heard; and then Sir Thomas said to me, "We must continue our conversation (it was with reference to the present state of the drama) to-morrow: for you shall not leave us to-morrow; and I am determined not to let you escape, like the wild Irishman, O'Shaughnessy."

"What! do you mean Macmahon O'Shaughnessy?" I asked.

"Yes; is it possible you know him?" resumed Sir Thomas; "and if you do, can you tell me, or not, whether he is a mad-man?"

At this moment we were interrupted by the company, who were about to proceed to the dining-room. During the repast I saw that Sir Thomas looked the very picture of good humour, and that his wife seemed as happy as any woman can be, who is sure that all the affections of her husband centre in herself. However, I remarked that when the champagne was uncorked, I could hear, at different parts of the table, the name of O'Shaughnessy mentioned; that a conversation, of which he was evidently the subject-matter, was carried on *mezza voce*, and that it not unfrequently was followed by laughter, and always accompanied by smiles.

"By-the-by," said Sir Thomas, aloud to me, "did you not tell me that you knew Mr. O'Shaughnessy?"

"Yes," I answered; "he is my most intimate friend."

There was instantly a dead silence in the room. All looked with eager curiosity at me, and gazed in the face of Lady Distich. Her look was perfectly calm, her eye clear, her brow unshaded by a single frown or embarrassment. Well, thought I, that woman is truly most innocent, or she must be a second Lucrece Borgia.

"Have you never observed a flightiness of manner in him," said Sir Thomas, "approaching to insanity?" This was uttered in a low tone of commiseration that completely confounded me. "Only fancy," continued Sir Thomas, "what happened here the day before yesterday. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who seemed to be all fun and humour in the day-time, at night smashed a wardrobe, broke through a window, and scaled the garden wall."

"Yes, and destroyed a most splendid bed of dahlias, upon me," remarked Lady Distich.

"I cannot understand the matter at all," resumed Sir Thomas! "nor what madness could have so suddenly seized him; for I in the course of the night went into his chamber myself, and there he was so fast asleep, that a chair, which I awkwardly upset, did not waken him."

"And what brought you into his chamber at night, cousin Tom?" said a young lady who sat next the host.

"My study is the next room to his sleeping chamber, and I was occupied with the *dénouement* of a melo-drama, when the notion came into my head I would ask Mr. O'Shaughnessy's advice as to the proper mode of terminating it."

"And then, cousin Tom," said the young lady, who seemed to be well acquainted with the habits of our good-natured entertainer, "I suppose you were declaiming aloud—talking as you usually do, about scenes that are all crimes—murders—assassinations—daggers—poison, *et cetera* and so forth."

"Most certainly, my little smiling cousin."

"Oh! then Tom, it is you that have scared him out of his wits. He was out of the house, I warrant, when you went into his chamber. He must have taken you for an intended murderer."

"What! is it I! Oh, folly! impossible—I assassinate him! Why, what could he have done to injure me?"

The arch-cousin looked at Lady Distich; but her Ladyship seemed to fling the suspicion from her at once, by a disdainful smile. I saw instantly that poor O'Shaughnessy was a fool—a fool whose consummate vanity had first duped him, and then his weakness of nerve exposed him to all the fancied terrors which he had depicted. All this came upon my mind at once, and I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I was asked the reason for my extraordinary mirth, and I was about to give an explanation, when Sir Thomas, with his eyes beaming good humour and mirth, exclaimed, "I have discovered it!"

"What!" cried all in one voice.

"Oh! it is a most admirable idea. It will make one of the best scenes ever played upon the stage. I am for ever indebted to Mr. Thaddeus, and Lord know what beside, O'Shaughnessy. Here it is—a vain fool makes love to the wife, the husband never suspecting him—and, as in my case, being above any suspicion of his beloved wife—comes on the stage talking of poisons and dagger; the lover is a poltroon—gets frightened—hides himself in a box. Oh! it is admirable—charming; I have the entire plot now clear before me, and it will be represented very soon for the amusement of the public."

"But mind," observed the lady, "we must have a private box for Mr. O'Shaughnessy. You, sir," she said, turning to me, "must promise to bring him."

Three weeks afterwards I received a note intimating to me, that a private box was retained for me, and *my friend*, at the Adelphi, where Sir Thomas's new piece was to be produced. I had, I own, some scruples in bringing the brave Irishman with me; but I thought it would do him some good if he learned a lesson, however severe as to modesty and diffidence. I had, too, the less reluctance in the matter, as I found that he was beginning again to lay himself out for the conquest of every pretty woman that chanced to look at him.

He did see the play; and never yet was a man so mystified as he was by the excellent acting of Yates, who played *his* part. I could not possibly give an accurate picture of the astonishment, nay, the stupefaction, of O'Shaughnessy, when he saw converted into a broad farce, that dreadful night in which he had been a principal actor. At last he exclaimed in a rage—

"Who is the author of this shocking balderdash, why?"

"What!" said I, "do you not know? It is Sir Thomas Distich. If you look out you will see him, his wife, and cousin in a box nearly opposite to us. Yes, there they are—and you may perceive, that they are all looking at us." In truth, so they were, and laughing loudly and joyously.

My friend O'Shaughnessy did not laugh; but he vanished instantly from the theatre, and when I inquired the next day for him, at Gray's Inn, they told me that he had gone for a few months to Baden Baden.

W. B. M

RIDDLE.

I pierce and sting, yet gladden all,
I'm always ready at a call,
Where'er I am good cheer is found,
And mirth and laughter dance around;
I toil all through the murky night,
And daylight forces me to flight,
Although I generous am to all,
Of the human race I'm deemed the fall.
Now tell me what I am, and how
I oft force man to break his vow?

A LAY OF AUTUMN.

By Mrs. George Norman.

How sooms the wind adown the naked glade,
Through many a gap sad Autumn's blasts have made;
And, toss'd up high into the rushing air,
Quiver the leaves of thousand blossoms fair!
How many a thought of weakness and of power
Is brought to man by Autumn's darkening hour;
When by the storms of life his heart is driven
To look where rest alone is found—to Heaven.

Now the blind moles their wint'ry dwelling make,
Deep burrowing in the moss-bank of the brake;
And squirrels sleep in green nests, swinging high,
Stored with sweet nuts 'gainst Winter's poverty.
No songs arouse the slumberer from his bed;
Songs go with flowers, and both alike are dead;
The blackbird's note and throstle's lay are o'er,
And the once merry woods rejoice no more!

Oh, Autumn! an unwished-for tear, I ween,
Bedewed my cheek when first thy step was seen;
When the first yellow bough wav'd o'er my home,
I sigh'd to think how soon decay was come;
And, as days past, torn leaves and scatter'd flowers
Chok'd up the entrance to our summer bowers;
And childhood e'en stood still, with fixed eye,
Weeping that Autumn came so boisterously.

The little garden, once so trim and neat,
With mignonette and purple sultan sweet;
Where little hands had toil'd from morn till night,
Each day sure loaded with some fresh delight;
In one short week is naked and forlorn;
Their green garb gone, their flowers rudely torn,
Stand sticks and stones: and then, in answering woe,
The child comes whispering, "I've no garden now;
The wind has taken all I loved so well,
The roses, and my sweet blue hanging bell:
Quite faded now is all my garden store!
Dear mother, will the flowers come no more?"

"Yes, my loved boy, when Spring smiles on our land
She'll bring fresh flowers in her jewell'd hand;
And brighter then will blow thy cherish'd rose,
After the Winter's drear and long repose.
And so, loved innocent, e'en thou must die,
And leaves of life around thee scattered lie.
As flower may'st thou rest, as flower arise,
And, clad with brighter glories, seek the skies!"

CHARADE.

Dancing, glancing on the house-top,
Then gliding down, I like a mouse drop,
Roaring now like tempest thunder,
When rocks and oaks are rent asunder;
And then like child in slumber lying,
With whispers soft as echoes dying;
I'm fear'd, I'm lov'd, I'm sometimes sought for,
But not rich gold or silver bought for.

THE NIGHT OF THE FETE; OR, A LOVER'S
FAREWELL.

A most glorious sunset was stealing over the City of Venice, and dyeing the calm waters of the Adriatic with a deep golden dye; the gondolas shot over the surface in countless numbers, and evening was fast succeeding, in all its calmness, to a hot, sultry day. Close to the brink of the lovely river stood a magnificent palazzo, tenanted by the wealthy Lord Edgar Leman, and his young and lovely ward, the adopted child of his now declining years, who had sought Venice with the intention of escaping from the round of amusements her guardian obliged her to pursue in the great metropolis. Lord Edgar doated on his beautiful ward with childish fondness; she was his idol; and never did the old man's eyes glisten with so much pleasure, as when, decked with gems and covered with lace, Theresa Stanhope sought the gay halls of pleasure.

Lord Edgar was the pride of all the English nobility in Venice; he was so rich, so hospitable, so generous; the Palazzo Maggio, which he inhabited, was so gorgeously furnished, and his ward was so graceful and so lovely, that all contributed to render his residence abroad delightful. Certainly Theresa Stanhope was lovely; her figure was faultless; scarcely attaining the average height; yet so gracefully rounded, so perfectly proportioned, that the most decided connoisseur in female beauty could not find one single fault.

Lord Edgar was a man of singular virtues; he was free from most of the petty foibles which characterize weak minds, and possessed in an eminent degree those pleasing excellencies which dwell only in pure and well regulated minds; but he had one dark fault which stained the whole of his character, and that was, his desperate ambition. Cross his plans for future aggrandizement, and he sunk at once from a noble-minded creature to a cold, unforgiving man.

In early youth he had almost worshipped his little sister, and watched over her with more than brotherly love; and when, after eighteen years' patient care, he saw her the loveliest maiden, the most graceful creature in the beauty beaming realms of May Fair, he determined in his ambitious heart to place a marchioness's coronet on her brow before her first season closed; and he betrothed her to an old but wealthy Marquess.

One night, on the return of his sister from a ball, Lord Edgar mentioned the proposed match; she answered him not a word, but throwing her snowy arms around her brother's neck, wished him a most affectionate good night, and went to her room. Next morning she did not appear; and when they sought her chamber she had gone, and, to the utter misery of Lord Edgar, she had married his private secretary. From that hour he hated her, forbade her name to be mentioned in his presence, cast her portrait into the flames, and turned her husband from his door. It was after a lapse of thirteen years that, passing through the town of N——h, where his sister resided he found her reduced to great distress, and her eldest son being educated as a chorister. The proud Noble shuddered as he heard this, and, without casting one glance at his unfortunate sister, Lord Edgar drove from the town. Fate checked his progress, and at the door of the cathedral one of the wheels rolled from the carriage, and his Lordship walked into the noble building while the mischief was being repaired. He crossed the transept, and stood before the choir, and beheld the image of his sister in the person of her son; the same deep blue eye; the white high brow; the golden hair playing over the noble face; the ruby

lip, the delicately rounded chin; all that characterized the mother, was transferred to her youthful son. A tear trembled in the eye of Lord Edgar; but he dashed it away, and advanced close to the boy, who was about to enter the desk, and placing a purse in the hand of the graceful youth, strode haughtily from the cathedral, and entered his carriage, which quickly whirled him far from the town, to the gay and bustling metropolis. But to return to Venice:—

Theresa Stanhope had determined to coax her fond guardian into giving a sumptuous fete, and with easy good nature the old noble complied, and the Palazzo Maggio was turned into a complete fairy-land by the artiste employed to decorate it and convert it into one immense *salon de dame*. It was on the evening that my story commenced, that the last preparations were completed, and Lord Edgar and Theresa, accompanied by their most intimate friends, the Earl and his sister, Lady Louisa Digby, walked through the sumptuous apartments.

"Every thing is in perfect taste, Miss Stanhope," said the Earl, gazing into a large mirror, which was partially covered by pink satin curtains, held back by two flying Cupids. "Is this apartment decorated from your own design?"

"No; but the *salon de reception* is from a drawing made by your *protégé*, Mr. Lavington, and I admire it more than all the rest; we shall pass into it directly."

A smile sat on the lip of Theresa as she said this, and they entered into the favourite room.

"Too exquisite, my Theresa," said Lord Edgar, looking round; "too lovely for any but those little feet to enter, who designed such an Elysium as this."

One deep blush suffused the neck and face of Miss Stanhope, as she said, "It is from a drawing after the antique, I believe; presented by a friend of the Earl of Digby's to me."

"Indeed, the *tout ensemble* is perfect. I admire the taste which placed that magnificent statue of Cleopatra by that crystal fountain; and nothing can be more superb than that St. Cecilia, standing forth from that pale blue drapery; it looks like a seraph descending from above on the beautiful clouds of morning."

"What charming device is that, Miss Stanhope!" exclaimed the Earl, raising a bunch of flowers, which formed part of a fragrant basket, made in so delicate a manner that it appeared a natural production; the handle, sides, and centre, being one mass of rare exotics. "Is this also a design of George Lavington's?"

"Yes, made by him, and forwarded this evening. I could not have dreamt of anything so beautiful," replied Theresa, pressing her ruby lips lightly on the odoriferous gift. "But the loveliest spot in this enchanting *salon* remains undiscovered."

"Yet, not so; Lord Edgar has discovered it."

A curtain of blue satin was now thrown back over embossed silver bands, and beneath it was seen a stained window, through which an artificial moonlight poured its mellow ray, giving to the statues, fountains, and flowers, the appearance of a midnight dream, or rather of some luxurious enchanted palace, where anything save pale delicious moonlight, would take from the soft dreamy feelings its calm ray always inspires. A burst of rapturous delight followed the unveiling of the window, and the gratified party returned through the suite of *salons*, talking of the approaching fete. Every breast beat high: Lord Edgar's particular y; for, in imagination, he already saw his adored Theresa, Countess of Digby. The Earl beheld her presiding over a sumptuous *dejeuné* in Park Lane, courted and flattered as his beautiful wife. Lady Louisa dreamt of figuring in the columns

of the "Morning Post" as one of the lovely bridesmaids; and Theresa remembered there was one, without rank, title or fortune, sitting in the deserted villa of the Digbys silent and alone.

It is necessary to make my readers acquainted with Mr. Lavington before I proceed, whose name has so frequently been mentioned in these pages, and the exact position he held in the establishment of the Earl of Digby.

On the return of Lady Louisa from a long aquatic excursion, and while engaged in landing, a magnificent diamond brooch fell from her bosom. She uttered a cry of distress, and endeavoured to recover the gem. All attempts proved useless, till Mr. Lavington, stepping on shore from his gondola, beheld the favourite jewel lying on the lowest step of the landing, and with a smile of manly beauty handed it to the distressed lady. From that moment an intimacy commenced.

Enquiry proved Mr. Lavington to be a professional pupil of Signor R——i, and the Earl determined to encourage him. He asked him to the Villa; spoke of him as "Lavington, my *protégé*;" and, in short, when not engaged with the Signor, he became the cicerone and musical instructor of the Earl and his sister. Visits of great length and frequency were made by Theresa to her dear friends; and it was during these she met Mr. Lavington; he was young, captivating, and handsome—peculiarly so—with a delicate refinement of manner, accompanied with such elegant attention, that it was scarcely to be wondered that Theresa, forgetting her proud aristocratic schooling, found pleasure in his society. Sure of winning Theresa, with his influence over Lord Edgar, his title and princely fortune, the Earl never thought of finding a rival in his youthful *protégé*. It mattered not to him that the flowers which lay on the bosom of Theresa were the gift of Lavington; or that, during their moonlight sailing in the gondola, the hand which threw the mantle over her sylph-like form, to protect it from the evening air, was Lavington's; or that the voice to which she gave the most attentive ear was Lavington's; or, farther, that when she smiled most sweetly and sang most brilliantly, it was when she gazed upon, and sang the favourite songs of Lavington. Unconscious that these attentions were more likely to captivate the heart of a girl as ardent as Theresa, than all the charms which wealth and rank can offer, the Earl satisfied himself with leading her to the dinner-table, and offering his arm in their morning walks.

Things could not long continue in this state. It was only natural that Theresa should prefer the one who ministered most to her wishes, and seemed to read her thoughts, only that he might gratify them; and then there dwelt such a charm in the tone of that sweet, low voice; the snowy brow bore such a noble beauty; the long fair hair fell in such glossy profusion over the finely-formed head, that Theresa could not but admire a creature so pre-eminently gifted; and on the night before the fete she discovered, but, alas! too late, that the spell which had made Venice so fascinating was the presence of George Lavington. One burning tear fell as she thought of the gulf between them. The Patrician, in all his glory, stood before her offering her to share it; and the Plebeian, with more than a Patrician heart, was the only one whose love and home she cared to share. She dared not gaze upon the future, so certain did her misery seem. Lavington had never told his love, and Lord Edgar had presented to the Earl a formal proposal for her hand in marriage. She knew her doom was fixed; and, with the consciousness that her peace of mind was gone for ever, Theresa sought her couch on the night before her brilliant fete.

Lord Edgar sat in his library, with his head leaning on his hand. He had achieved his greatest desire. Yes! his adopted child would be a countess. But a look of sorrow sat on his furrowed brow, and deep, bitter sighs escaped his surcharged heart. What could distress him? Was he thinking that Theresa would not be happy with the Earl? No; for he had not named the proposal to her; she knew it only from the lips of Lady Louisa. Could it be that he mourned he must lose her, and bestow her on another? No; for he felt life with him was a shadow, and he knew the remainder of his days would be passed at Digby Castle, or his own splendid estate, with Theresa and her husband. Did he remember his lovely sister, and her last fond embrace? Did the old man bow his proud head to think of her? Did he recall the moment when he first held her, a cherub babe in his arms, and vowed to be a father to the helpless child; for she had no paternal love to hope for, her parent had perished with the gallant and the brave? Did he remember the beautiful boy who called her mother, and who might have been a pride and support to his aged uncle; whose feet might have trod the lofty *salons* of Leman Park, which was destined to descend to Theresa and her heirs, to enrich an earldom already over-powerful with wealth? Did he remember the poverty that boy must endure; or else be supported by the charity of strangers? Yes, he thought of these things; and the old man bowed his head, and wept with shame, grief, and remorse. For the space of twenty years he had not heard his sister's name; but now he breathed it; and then came upon him the hour when he found her not, his old sorrowful feelings returned, and he sought his couch an humbled and a better man.

With mingled feelings of pain and hope, Theresa met her anxious guardian at the hour of breakfast; her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her long dark hair fell in confused clusters over her pallid cheeks. She knew too well the message he was about to deliver; and if he obliged her consent to his wishes, Lavington was separated from her for ever. A pang of unutterable agony crossed her heart as she felt her guardian's usual affectionate kiss upon her brow, and she mentally ejaculated, "Must I, must I displease him, my kind, my more than father? Must I give him pain, by refusing to accede to his wishes? No, never. I will die, but not displease him, and forfeit his love, his regard for ever."

With calm, diplomatic demeanour Lord Edgar sipped his chocolate, and, after some few moments opened the important subject to Theresa. "I need not ask your answer, dearest," said he, in conclusion; "I feel you have but one to give, and believe me my hopes are crowned in hailing you Countess Digby."

Theresa replied not; her voice was choked, and she merely bowed her head in token of submission to her guardian's will. She saw the angry flash dart into his eyes, as for one moment she hesitated. It nerved her. She slowly bent forward, then rose and left the room.

The day passed on heavily; evening and night came at last. The *salons* were crowded with guests, and Theresa, splendidly attired, met them all smiles. At length the Digbys arrived, and, with masterly effort, she endeavoured to meet the Earl as an affianced bride should; but she could not; her heart failed her, and she shrank from his greeting.

Lavington, the graceful, the elegant, next approached; and as he bent his bright blue eyes on the face of Miss Stanhope, she involuntarily sighed; then, taking the arm of the Earl, she entered the *Salon Dansante*, and the ball commenced. Quadrille, Valse, and the merry galloppe, succeeded one another with

delightful rapidity; and no one seemed gayer or happier than Theresa, as she smiled, talked, and complimented her guests, or strolled through the *salons* on the arm of the Earl.

"We have not met to-night before, Miss Stanhope," said a flute-like voice to Theresa, as she stood gazing on the dancers in an obscure part of her favourite *salon*; for she had requested to rest during that quadrille. "I have wished very much to see you, to bid a long farewell."

"Mr. Lavington!" was all Theresa could utter, and her cheek grew pale.

"I am about to leave Venice," continued he, trying to appear calm; "but I could not without seeing you once more. I have met with delight in your society, such as I never experienced before; therefore, pardon me, Miss Stanhope, if I seem to be lonely and broken-hearted, when I feel I am about to leave you for ever. But why should I seek to oppress you with these unhappy thoughts; you, whose gentle heart deserves nought but joy; why should I distress you in such a gay scene as this? True, I had forgotten; this is no place for friends to part. Let us quit these scenes, and look upon the night." And, with a bursting heart and throbbing brow, Theresa descended the terrace steps to the illuminated gardens. Gay groups passed them sauntering in the brilliant paths; but they saw them not, and Lavington only felt, for the last time, he and Theresa were alone.

Silence is often more eloquent than words; and as the unfortunate lovers stood beside a marble fountain they felt this surely was the case.

"I have found much in Venice to love, Miss Stanhope," at length Lavington began; "but still fate has decreed I must leave it. I must part from all that is dear to me; from all that made life valuable; yes, why should I conceal it, from all that could give me happiness—I part from you! (Tears fell fast from the averted eye of Theresa as he uttered these words, and she covered her lovely face with her hands, and wept unrestrainedly). "Thank you for these tears. You pity, but you cannot return my unhappy love; and surely if a being deserves to be blest, it is you, my long-loved but lost Theresa."

"Lost! Mr. Lavington!" sobbed the wretched girl. "Lost for ever to all sense of happiness; I am lost for ever to you; I am the affianced bride of the Earl."

"The affianced bride of the Earl!" exclaimed Mr. Lavington; "then you have much to pardon me; for I have dared to hope for your love, which he, my patron, with his power and wealth, could alone deserve to win."

"You are unjust, Sir, cruelly unjust, if for a moment you could suppose wealth or power can win my heart. I tell you, I care not for either; but if you have entertained a thought so derogatory to a female, so utterly without foundation; if you have looked upon me as a mercenary creature, let us part as strangers, and as those who knew each other not would part; and Theresa held her hand coldly to say farewell.

"Not thus, Miss Stanhope; I cannot bid you thus adieu. Forgive me; but the vehemence of my feelings led me away, and I only felt that, as the bride of my patron, I indeed had lost you for ever. Pity me, I pray you! You cannot understand my sufferings; you know not the misery of love unreturned. I do; and when I found how dear your presence was to me—how much I loved you, you know not the agony the knowledge brought me; for I felt that the kindness your manner expressed, was indeed but the natural goodness of that richly overflowing heart; and yet, when sometimes your eyes

have rested kindly on my face. Oh, Miss Stanhope, you cannot feel the thrill of delight I have then felt; to think, to hope you were not indifferent to me."

"Indifferent to you! Oh, would I were!" said Theresa, whose bursting heart could no longer be controlled. I too have indulged in this fatal, this delusive dream, and find with you that my peace of mind is wrecked; but leave me, in mercy leave me. Let us gaze upon each other no more."

"I will not leave you, my adored, my loved Theresa, until you give me one small token of remembrance; which shall be prized and guarded as I would have guarded the happiness of the donor, would she be but mine"—and Lavington caught the hands of Theresa in his own. "Say, tell me that you love me, and I go in peace!"

"Better than life!" replied Theresa; and, overpowered with emotion, she fell fainting in his arms.

For a moment he gazed upon the beautiful burthen, pale and motionless as a statue; then raised her, and bore her back to the lighted hall. All crowded round her lifeless form, and gazed upon it with sad dismay, till Lord Edgar, in wild despair, rushed forward, and assisted in restoring her to life and sense. At length he met the eye of Lavington, and shook from head to foot in seeming horror; his eyes glared wildly in his face, and his teeth gnashed with strange and awful dismay.

"What do you here?" said the old man; "have you come to upbraid me for the neglect of years, and to rob me of my child? Stand back, thou image of my injured sister, that I may look upon you, and see her noble brow in thine. I am your mother's brother; yet I have left you to starve. I am wealthy; you have no wealth. Yet it is not too late to repair my injustice. My boy, my nephew, come to these aged arms!"

"Are you, can you be my mother's brother; the brother of whom she has often spoken, yet whose name she has so nobly concealed? If you are, receive a nephew's kindness, a more than nephew's love from me;" and Lavington was instantly folded in Lord Edgar's arms.

"How shall I repay your years of past misery? What shall I give to repair the evil I have done? How shall I honour the son for the neglect, the coldness I have heaped upon the mother?" said Lord Edgar; "tell me, and it shall be done?"

"Give me my Theresa, and I am more than repaid. I ask no more; but give me my love, my long-sought Theresa, and I am happy;" and Lavington sank on his knees before Lord Edgar.

"Oh, do not say nay, my father!" said Theresa, casting her snowy arms round his neck. "Bless us both; bless us!" and she knelt beside Lavington.

Lord Edgar joined their hands, and in a faltering voice and with streaming eyes whispered his benediction; then folded them in one long embrace, and pressed kisses on Theresa's brow.

The explanation followed. Lavington, on leaving the choir of N—h, had proceeded to Italy to study under Signor R—i, the celebrated tenor, intending to make his *débüt* on the Italian stage; little dreaming the donor of the purse which enabled him to forward his musical studies was his uncle. But so it proved; and when, on the night of the fete, the proud noble saw his nephew, his heart relented; he beheld the anguish of her whom he fondly loved, and owned the ties of nature, by taking his nephew to his aching heart.

The sun shines brilliantly down the aisle of the cathedral of N—h,—the bishop stands at the altar, and a bridal party is

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gathered there. Look well at the faces of the bride and bridegroom; they are Theresa and Lavington! Lord Edgar stands beside them. A lady pale and beautiful hangs on his arm; she is his sister; and she is watching intensely the countenance of her son, who is placing the ring on the finger of the bride—and now Theresa is his for ever.

F. J. B.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE; OR, THE BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

HIS EXCELLENCY THOMAS PHILIP,
EARL DE GREY, LORD LIEUT. OF IRELAND.

We recently called the attention of our readers to the claims to public respect of one, who was then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Circumstances, with which we have nought to do, have induced our Gracious Sovereign to appoint to that high office the illustrious subject of our present notice.

The present Earl DE GREY is the son of the second Lord Grantham, and brother to the Earl of Ripon, who is a cabinet minister, and holds the office of President of the Board of Trade. His Lordship married in 1805 the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Enniskillen. He succeeded to the title of Lord Grantham in the year 1786, and to the Earldom of DE GREY in the year 1833. His Excellency has long been remarkable for his patronage of the fine arts and of literature. His ample fortune, which he expends with a noble and judicious splendour, has enabled him to gratify his tastes, while at the same time he has conferred the greatest advantages upon the society, of which he is so distinguished an ornament. Knowing these facts we cannot but anticipate, aided as he will be by his amiable and charitable Countess, that his rule in Ireland will be a very popular one; for it will serve all who are in trade, while it at the same time holds out to the highest classes the fitting example of hospitality, on the most refined scale that generosity, combined with the nicest discrimination can present.

It has often been remarked, that nothing could possibly be more magnificent, and at the same time so skilfully managed, as most of the drawing-rooms and all the balls given by Her Majesty since her accession to the throne. At these entertainments the Earl and Countess DE GREY were frequent guests, and, if we are not greatly misinformed, they mean, as far as circumstances will permit, while representing the Majesty of England, also to imitate its hospitality, and thus to give to the Castle of Dublin some of the glories and attractions that circle around St. James's and Buckingham Palace.

The following account of some of the ancestors of the Earl DE GREY will we are sure interest our readers:—

WILLIAM ROBINSON, an eminent Hamburgh merchant, was lord mayor of York in the years 1581 and 1594, and was twice chosen M. P. for the same city. Mr. Robinson married first, —, daughter of John Redman, Esq., of Tulworth, in the county of York, by whom he had a son, William; and, secondly, Miss Harrison, of the city of York, by whom he also had a son, Thomas; and between these sons he fairly divided his property,

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at his decease in 1616 (aged ninety-four), leaving to the city of York £80, and a silver bowl doubly gilt, and to the company of merchants of the said city £40.

THOMAS ROBINSON, first Baron Grantham, who began his political and diplomatic career as secretary of embassy, in 1723, to Horace Walpole (afterwards Lord Walpole), ambassador to the court of France. From that period until 1749, Mr. Robinson was employed in different important diplomatic missions to the various Courts of Europe. In 1750 he was appointed master of the great wardrobe, and sworn of the privy council; and, in 1754, nominated one of the principal secretaries of state, which office he filled until 1755, when he resumed the post of master of the great wardrobe. He was elevated to the peerage on the 7th April, 1761, by the style of Lord Grantham, Baron Grantham, in the county of Lincoln; and, subsequently, appointed one of the postmasters general of Great Britain and Ireland. His Lordship married Frances, daughter of Thomas Worsley, Esq., of Hovingham, in the county of York, and dying on the 30th of September, 1770, was succeeded by his elder son,

THOMAS, second baron, born 30th November, 1738. This nobleman was also a diplomatist, being appointed secretary of embassy to the Congress of Augsburg, in 1761, and ambassador to the Court of Madrid in 1771. In 1779, he was nominated first lord of trade; in 1782, secretary of state for foreign affairs: and in 1783, he concluded the preliminaries of peace with France. His lordship married in 1780, Mary Jemima, second daughter and co-heiress of Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke, by Jemima, Marchioness de Grey.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The English Maiden; her Moral and Domestic Duties.
George Bell, Fleet Street.

It is, we think, a particularly favourable illustration of the growing taste, the increasing judgment, and the improving civilization of the present century, that more works have been published in praise of the fair sex, or for the purpose of making them worthy of the praise bestowed upon them, than in all the other ages of the world combined together. What a curious, and at the same time instructive, analysis it would present of the changing condition of the human race, if we were to trace up to its source the history of each nation, and, taking the manner in which women have been treated in each era, to show what then must have been the degree of barbarism, of growing intelligence, of improvement, and of civilization, to be found amongst those who are considered "their lords and masters." But why search into history, when within a single month, and from two books lying at this moment on our table, we can give full proof of what their state is in a state of barbarism, and what in the highest state of civilization. First, there is the invaluable work of Mr. Catlin, in which he details the manner of treating the women of the North American Indians. Amongst these, in other respects, kindly-disposed and honestly-intentioned savages, the woman is the slave of her husband: she tills the fields, bears the burdens, performs all the onerous duties of the household; while the man devotes himself to the amusements of the chase, the excitement of war, or the beautifying his own person! The wife of the red Indian may be only one amongst many wives—an additional drudge in the wigwam of the powerful barbarian. Compare then the pictures given of female life

in that truth-telling work, with the "English Maiden," to which we now devote attention; and we find here man devoting all his faculties to the improvement of his lady readers; and at the same moment he fills their minds with an honest pride in all those gracious attractions and supreme perfection that an ALL-WISE PROVIDENCE has bestowed upon them.

The author of the "English Maiden" takes a most judicious view of the subject on which he treats; for in his admiration of the fair sex he does not fall into the common error of claiming either their superiority or their equality to man, in those particulars in which a woman cannot be like to a man, without, at the same time, flinging from her the most attractive features of her character. He would not have an English Maiden ever to become a Thalestris, no more than an Aspasia; but he would make her that, of which we may affirm the Pagan history gives us but one striking example; namely, a Cornelia, whose palace was her home, that she adorned with her own virtues; whose richest jewels were those children that she made brilliant by her own purity, her own heart, and her own ever-living example. One so good in all the domestic duties, and that gave such sons to the commonwealth, that a statue was erected to her, bearing the inscription—"Cornelia Mater Gracchorum," and yet so accomplished, that some of her letters, which have escaped the ravages of time, are still shown as elegant specimens of Latin composition. We have endeavoured to convey by this illustration what is the object of the author of the "English Maiden." It is one that enlists all our sympathies, and entitles the publisher of such a work to the highest commendation we can bestow upon him. We therefore devote more than usual space to it, because we are desirous that it may obtain the patronage of our readers. We can assure them, that it would form the most appropriate literary present that can be made to young ladies at the approaching Christmas.

The following extracts will, we are confident, justify the praises we have bestowed upon "The English Maiden:"—

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

"If we consider the influence of woman, on the Social, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious condition of the world, we shall find abundant reasons for giving a prominent place, in all counsels and instructions addressed to the public, to her spiritual necessities.

"But, is it not true, that civilization, refinement, and the manners and habits of society, depend much on her character? In Christian lands, and beneath our own observation we can see that it is so. Mark the nation, the city, the village, where order, purity, and the social virtues in general prevail. What is there, the female character? We hazard nothing in the reply, that it is elevated, accomplished and pure. The coarse jest, the impure expression, the subtle innuendo—poisoning the more surely and deeply by its very obscurity—where are these tolerated? Where woman maintains the high rank of her sex? No; for she has but to frown on such improprieties, and steadily, and on all occasions to discountenance them, and they are banished from the social circle. Let her influence, in this regard, be correct; let it be mild and gentle, yet always decided; and there is no passion so rude, nor any proneness to an outbursting of temper, or the violation of the courtesies of life, which she cannot, and does not restrain.

"The influence of woman on the Intellectual condition of the world is by no means small, or unimportant. Literature is indebted for many of its most excellent productions to her pen. Science owes much to her. It was the wife of Galvani,

whose observation first drew his attention to those phenomena that led to the discovery of that science which bears his name. Miss Herschel, sister of the distinguished astronomer, received a gold medal from the Astronomical Society, in token of gratitude for her contributions to their great work. In how many seminaries of learning has woman been the chief instrument in forming the minds of the youth, not only of her own, but of both sexes! Who has not marked, that where a taste for reading and mental cultivation is found, there the female sex is usually intelligent, educated, and refined. It follows indeed naturally, that a well-trained intellect will discover itself in the intercourse of society, and that it will impart a tone to familiar associates. She who reads much, and profitably, will converse upon the subject that have occupied her thoughts. This will incite others to imitate her course; and pride is sufficient—were no higher motive awakened—to induce man to make himself at least the companion and equal of her, who thus laudably cultivates the nobler part of her nature.

"But should this position be questioned, none can doubt that in one sphere the intellectual influence of woman can hardly be exaggerated. We refer to that of the Mother. 'What is wanting,' said Napoleon, one day, to Madame Campan, 'in order that the youth of France be well educated?' 'Good mothers,' was her reply. The Emperor was most forcibly struck with this answer. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word.' Let the mind of this parent be imbued with knowledge, and her children will imbibe from her the love of learning; let her heart become filled with the affection of good, and her children will imbibe from her the love of virtue and of noble deeds. How often has she planted germs which, in subsequent years, expanded, and produced the fairest fruits of science and wisdom. It is related of Alfred the Great, that 'when twelve years of age, he could neither read nor write, and the development of his rare intellectual powers was mainly attributable to his step-mother Judith, the Queen of Ethelwulf, who having promised a finely-illuminated book of Saxon poems—to which Alfred had been listening with enthusiasm—to such of her sons as should the soonest be able to read them, the young prince took the book, found out an instructor, and learned to read. When his modesty had crowned his wishes with success, he recited its contents to her. The innate energy of his dormant talents was roused, and the foundation was laid of that learning which produced the greatest benefit to his country.' Bacon, Cuvier, Sir William Jones, and many other prodigies of learning, received their first impulse in the path of study from their mothers. Who is that mother that thinks lightly of her influence on the minds of her children? Let her know that on her it may now be depending, whether a son is to pass through life, ignorant of this world, of his duties as a man, a citizen, and a Christian; or to be so educated as to adorn the stations he may hereafter fill, to be a blessing to his country, a honour to his race, and heir to a glorious immortality."

WOMAN'S PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

"But there is yet another relation, which gives woman her chief power over the destinies of our race. It is that of the Mother. We shall have occasion, elsewhere to speak of this power, as affecting the intellect of children. But a far higher work is to be accomplished. For if the mind alone be educated; if science and literature be all she impart to them; if their love of knowledge be not quickened and controlled by a spiritual love, it will be a vain possession. The culture of the

religious affections, the development of the sense of duty, and of the entire moral nature, this is the great business of human life. And to whom has God entrusted the commencement of this solemn work? Who is to cherish the swelling bud, who to point the infant soul to its spiritual Father? On whom does it devolve to call forth the infant man? Where is the influence that shall keep the young heart from fatal wanderings and errors? It is the mother, to whom we look for the discharge of these momentous offices. It is not more certain that Providence designed her to supply the first wants of the animal nature, than it is that she must impart to her child its spiritual nutriment. If she neglect to do this, there remains no substitute, none to whom we can turn to excite, purify, and foster its immortal faculties. An irreligious mother! what an anomaly, what a monster, among things human, is she! A wicked woman is always one of the darkest spectacles this earth can exhibit. But if that woman be a parent, and give poison to her own offspring, who can exaggerate her faithlessness; her unnatural, may we not say, her inhuman qualities? The remark of Napoleon, before alluded to, is of much more importance than, at first sight, it may appear. No one can consider maternal influence as he ought, without having the conviction forced upon his mind, that mothers are designed by Providence to be the regenerators of mankind. It is lamentable to observe the little care which is taken in the education of youth, to lay the foundation of early religious impressions. We place before them the works of the heathen sages; we encourage in them the spirit of bravery, defiance, and domination; we teach them to despise the weak; in a word, we do all that art and instruction can do to make them tyrannical, hard-hearted and selfish; and what is to counteract all this mischief? Not the intercourse with the world in after years, not the prevailing and conflicting religions of the day, not fierce competition and the contests of party strife! No: these will make the hardened and the selfish infinitely more so. It is the spirit of active benevolence, of soul-subduing love, that can alone rectify the evil, and that can in no way be so effectually infused as by the instructions, and THE EXAMPLE, of Mothers. Let them teach religion, not by words only, but by works. Let children see piety, love to God exemplified by love to man, in her they most venerate, and they will imbibe a spirit which, though its gentle voice may be often drowned in the bustle and the turmoil of the world, will be heard when the heart retires into the inner chambers of its thoughts and remembrances, and the mother's influence will be felt and responded to when the kind instructress is seen no more."

DEMEANOUR IN COMPANY.

"In Society woman should ever bear with her a deep conviction of the power she there exercises. Her deportment should never be of that frivolous or insipid character, which betrays no consciousness of a share in the dignity of our nature. She should carry to the social circle a sense of the value of human life, and a resolution to acquit herself as becomes an intelligent and immortal being. A courteous yet perfectly natural manner, a cultivated understanding, and pure morals, are the tribute she should lay on this altar."

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"Look at the Domestic circle. Not more surely does the empress of night illuminate and beautify the whole canopy of heaven, than does woman, if educated aright, irradiate and give its fairest tints to her own fireside. To leave her uncul-

tivated, a victim to ignorance, prejudice, and the evils they entail, is to take home to our own bosoms, a brood that will inflict pangs sharper than death. For the love and honour of our homes, let us encourage the most liberal culture of the female mind. Some are fearful that women may become too learned, that they will then be discontented with their ordinary occupations, and lose their native simplicity. Such should recollect that it is "shallow draughts" of knowledge, which "intoxicate the brain." A truly learned person seldom affects superiority to others. We know of no better security against the tyranny of fashion, against caprice, *ennui*, and the languishments of indolence, than a well-stored mind. She who best comprehends her nature and relations, will usually best adorn any and every sphere in which providence may place her."

LOVE.

"We have said that the young are apt to fall into so many fatal mistakes in reference to the passion of love, and many of them must be traced to our injudicious method of training the female mind, and we will add, the male mind also. The female is told that love is a subject which should be banished from the thoughts of a girl in her teens, and the consequence is, that as nature will assert her rights, and the young maiden must think of love, she learns to think erroneously, and draws her information respecting that on which the whole happiness or misery of her life depends, from defective, and, in too many instances, from impure sources. To boys, love is not a forbidden theme, but they are instructed in its mysteries by the heathen sages, and the result of such a course is but too manifest in the abandoned profligacy of those who boast of having received a liberal education."

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE.

"There is but one divine cement, LOVE. No substitute can atone for its absence; no talisman can produce consequences that belong only to this holy principle. Many joys are inherent in a true marriage. It has sympathies, the most intimate of which mortals are capable; and it calls forth affections, such as pertain to no other voluntary relation of life. But these sentiments are the fruits of love alone. Disgust and aversion cannot produce them, nor are they the growth of indifference. If there be not a peculiar interest in the society of another, and a pain in his absence, no foundation is yet laid for a genuine marriage between him and yourself."

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

"They who join hands with cold hearts often cease even to respect one another. They become, in truth, like the pith-ball, in its approach to the electrified cylinder, the more fiercely repelled, the nearer the contact. If you do not love the individual you wed, above all his sex; if nothing more than fancy and friendship draw you toward him, then marriage will be indeed a 'lottery,' and yours must be a blank. Let there be genuine love, and if alienation afterward occur, it may be overcome by time and circumstances. Enter this condition in coldness, and strange will be the exception, if that chill ever be exchanged for a glow."

A DESCRIPTION OF TRUE LOVE.

"But what is love? We have already answered this important question. We will now take the description given of it by the master poet of our nature, who tells us that—

'Love with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.'

It may be thus mighty in its sway over some hearts; but not always are its courses so 'swift.' The affections of some 'tremble, like a leaf, at every breath of love; while others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm.' Yet in all, its approach causes great changes in the character, and usually alters the entire complexion of life. 'Be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when we become all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him; who has richer company, and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object, are not like other images, written in water, but as Plutarch said, "enamelled in fire," and make the study of midnight.' Where the individual has enjoyed great mental culture, it brings in its train increased hazards; and, in not a few hearts, its involutions are strangely complex, and its abysses of fearful depth."

THE DRAMA.

The Opera has sustained a severe loss in poor LAPORTE, unquestionably, the best manager this establishment has ever possessed. He never recovered the severe blow he received in the TAMBURINI affair, and from that period seemed to take much less interest in all matters connected with the Opera House; he always considered himself, and truly so, as very ill-used, and those who were most intimate with him assert, that the excitement produced by his treatment on that occasion was the foundation of the disease that caused his death; his loss will be much felt, for he had all the elements of an excellent manager, and was a truly liberal caterer for the public. It is some satisfaction to find that there is every probability that the same liberal and spirited career will be pursued by the new manager, whose principles of management are, in every respect, similar to those of LAPORTE; he has also the advantage of being well known to the principal nobility as long connected with the house, and for the great readiness and attention that has always been bestowed by him upon any thing they have desired to be done; we believe no one could be found so well calculated to succeed as the gentleman who will be found undertaking the management during the ensuing season, as the subscribers require some person of undoubted respectability in whom they can confide sufficiently to subscribe for the season. A mere adventurer may obtain some subscriptions, and only carry on the season half through; but with the present manager, he has too ample funds at his disposal to render it for a moment doubtful that the season will be in every respect a brilliant one for the subscribers, since no one is more inclined than this gentleman to carry on the concern with the utmost spirit and liberality; and the performers, knowing their money to be certain, will be glad to enter into terms. We have not mentioned the manager's name, as we are not aware

whether he will carry on the concern in his own name, or content himself with supplying the necessary funds and judgment, leaving the ostensible management in other hands; in a short time we hope to be able to enter more fully into the particulars.

COVENT-GARDEN.—SHERIDAN KNOWLES's new play of the *Old Maids* is, in many respects, a very clever play, and bears about it the stamp of all this clever author's productions; it is, however, in many respects different from his other productions, in that the plot is composed of lighter materials, the whole weight of his genius being thrown into the dialogue, which has a freshness and brilliancy about it that is exceeded by none of his previous works. The story of two young and beautiful women determining to die old maids is not natural; there is, as the French elegantly express it, a *besoin d'aimer* in every human breast; we must love something, and, though that love may not be made known, it will still exist in all: but these ladies soon prove that they are in love, and most desperately too, for one woos in a good set fashion, after the manner supposed to be current in leap years, and the other teaches the art of love to a gay young gallant until the pupil takes the preceptress for better or worse—to have a life-long lesson of love. All this is very well, but still the plot is not very interesting; we feel at the beginning of the second act that there is nothing to prevent them all getting married in five minutes if they chose, so that all the rest of the play is but a series of scenes of love-making, and which, unfortunately, being too like such scenes in real life, is only interesting to the parties concerned; the piece is beautifully produced; the new scenery and costumes are the perfection of good taste and liberality, and VESTRIS and NISBETT as the intended old maids, not only looked too charming for any such desperate calamity, but played with an archness and spirit sufficient to have proved such an event an utter impossibility. CHARLES MATHEWS as *Sir Philip Brilliant*, a gay gallant of the first water, looked the character to perfection, and played it with a spirit and effect that no one could have surpassed him in.

HAYMARKET.—WEBSTER seems pursuing the even tenour of his way most prosperously; his company is excellent, and his pieces all that can be desired; he has the very rare tact with managers of knowing exactly the taste of his audience, he does not doom them to spend the evening prosing over dull and heavy pieces, that renders a theatre more of a toil than a pleasure, but gives them either a tragedy excellently acted, and some smart lively bagatelles to follow, or a series of amusing pieces that keep up the evening with spirit; few men have deserved more of the profession than WEBSTER, or have done more to uphold the drama than he has done, and yet no one has been treated with so much unkindness as he has by his performers; the merest casual observer cannot but observe how often he is thwarted in his endeavours by a variety of causes, and yet how well he relieves himself. We are glad to find he is doing so well, for this is a very favourite house with the fashionable world. CELESTE, as usual, continues her attraction in the favourite piece of *Foreign Affairs*, and MACREADY is playing the round of his favourite characters with much success. *Money* has, as we long since predicted, equalled the *Love Chase* in popularity, having run upwards of a hundred nights, and the houses being still crowded every night it is played. BERNARD's drama of the *Quadroon Slave* affords CELESTE another opportunity of displaying her charming acting.

ENGLISH OPERA.—The Promenade Concerts at this theatre are extremely well attended; the orchestra is in every respect admirably adapted for the pieces performed, and comprises some of the best players from the Opera House and Philharmonic bands. MUSARD has also brought over with him a new repertoire of Quadrilles and Waltzes, which have all the lively characteristics of this species of composition about them. Amongst the soli performers we find the names of TOLBECQUE, DELOFFRE, BAUMAN, BARRET, LAURENT, jun., LAZARUS, &c., the private boxes are nightly filled with fashionable company, and the speculation seems to proceed with much spirit.

TO EMILY.

From the days of my earliest youth
Thy form hath been worshipp'd by me;
And the world, or the world's untruth,
Could not make me unfaithful to thee.

I have seen all my fond hopes depart—
I am left to my sorrows alone;
Yet, still, it brings balm to my heart
To think on the days that are gone!

I lov'd thee ere anguish or care
Had clouded one feeling of mine;
And now, that I've nought save despair,
Each thought of my bosom is thine!

Farewell! best beloved of my heart!
I am sever'd for ever from thee!
But never, till life shall depart,
Canst thou e'er be forgotten by me!

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THE COURT.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace at 20 minutes past four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon (Oct. 19th), in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of hussars, from Windsor Castle. The equerries in waiting, Lord Charles Wellesey, clerk marshal, and Colonel Bouverie, equerry to the Prince, followed in a chariot and four. Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal and her attendants, and the royal suite, including the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, Hon. Miss Paget, Hon. Miss Anson, Baroness Lehzen, the Marquis of Ormond, Hon. C. A. Murray, Hon. Captain Hood, and Captain Francis Seymour, also followed in three carriages and four. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness were received at Buckingham Palace by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and Lord George Lennox, lord in waiting on the Prince. The royal standard was hoisted on the marble arch.

The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at half-past one o'clock on Thursday afternoon (Oct. 21st) at Buckingham Palace.

At the Court, his Excellency Andrew Stevenson, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, had an audience of Her Majesty to take leave, and presented a letter from the President. His Excellency was introduced by

the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir Edward Sugden had an audience of Her Majesty, and kissed hands on being appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Sir George Murray, G. C. B., had an audience of Her Majesty, and kissed hands on being appointed Master-General of the Ordnance.

Her Majesty gave audience to Sir Robert Peel, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir James Graham, and Earl Delawarr.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, and his Serene Highness Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal, and attended by Earl Howe, chamberlain; Earl of Denbigh, master of the horse; Countess of Brownlow, lady of the bedchamber; Miss Boyle, maid of honour; and Sir Andrew Barnard, arrived at five o'clock on Friday afternoon (Oct. 1st.) on a visit to the Duke of Rutland, with the royal suite, in five carriages, from Belton House, the seat of the Earl of Brownlow. The preparations for the reception of the royal guests of the noble duke were on the same scale of elegance as on the occasion of Queen Adelaide's visit in November, 1830. The arrival of the illustrious visitors was announced by a salute of artillery. After dinner there was a *petit* concert. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, her Majesty the Queen Dowager honoured the meeting of the Belvoir hounds, on Blackberry Hill. Her Majesty left the castle at half-past two on horseback, in company with the Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Granby, his Serene Highness Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal, Earl Howe, Earl Denbigh, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lord Charles Manners, Earl of Brownlow, Miss Boyle, Lord Bloomfield, &c. A fox soon broke cover, and afforded excellent sport to the noblemen and gentlemen, who had a sharp run. After dinner in the evening there was a carpet dance, in which the chief domestics were permitted to join. On Sunday her Majesty and the whole of the guests of the noble host attended Divine service in the chapel. On Monday, shortly after one, the Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal, with the members of the royal household, left for Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire. At the departure of her Majesty a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and on entering the royal carriage, the band struck up "God save the Queen."

The Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal, and attended by Earl Howe, the Earl of Denbigh, the Countess of Brownlow, and Miss C. Boyle, honoured the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings with her company on Friday (Oct. 8th) at Donnington Park.

On Friday (Oct 1st), at a quarter before twelve at noon, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent arrived at Woolwich, from Ostend, in the Firebrand steam frigate, having left the latter place at half-past ten o'clock on Thursday night. The tide being at nearly high water, her Royal Highness landed direct from the Firebrand, and was attended by Commander Henry Boyes, of the Vixen frigate, the senior naval officer at present at Woolwich. Commander Hastings Reginald Henry, of the Devastation steam frigate, and a number of officers, and the authorities of the Dock-yard were also in attendance when her Royal Highness came on shore; but there were not many spectators on account of the unfavourable state of the weather. The Royal Artillery, having been at the Dock-yard for about two hours each day on the three previous days, were not called out; but they were held in readiness, and fired a royal salute

from the Mortar battery in the Park, to announce that the Duchess of Kent had landed. Her Royal Highness looked remarkably well, and entered one of the carriages, and Colonel Wylde, C. B., who was in waiting to receive and attend upon her Royal Highness to town, entered the other along with some of the Duchess of Kent's suite, and immediately proceeded to her Royal Highness's residence.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.—At Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, the Hon. Mrs. CHARLES LENNOX BUTLER, of a son.—In Great Cumberland Place, the Hon. Mrs. JAMES NORTON, of a daughter.—At Smeaton, Lady BUCHAN HEPBURN, of a son.—At Goldings, Lady TOWNSEND FARQUHAR, of a son.—At No. 6, Grafton Street, Lady JOLIFFE, of a son.—At Bath, the lady of MYNORS BASKERVILLE, Esq., M.P., of a son.—On the 27th ult., at Leyton, Essex, the lady of W. T. COPELAND, Esq., M.P., of a son.—In Eaton Square, the lady of CHARLES WOOD, Esq., M.P., of a son.—A Belgian journal (the "Tribune") states, that a woman of Oreye, aged forty, and who had never before had a child, has just been brought to bed of three daughters. Her husband is turned sixty.—At Wootton Rivers, New Pewsey, MARY, wife of THOMAS SMART, labourer, of three girls, two of whom, with the mother, are doing well.

MARRIAGES.—At St. George's Church, the Very Rev. HENRY BARRY KNOX, rector of Hadleigh, second son of the late Right Hon. George Knox, to JANE, eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Arthur Vesey, of Knapton, and niece of the Viscount De Vesci.—At Melton Mowbray, the Hon. and Rev. ATHERTON LEIGH POWYS, to CHARLOTTE, daughter of Mr. and Lady ELIZABETH NORMAN.—At St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, Sir ROBERT CHARLES DALLAS, Bart., to the Hon. FRANCES HENRIETTA, relict of the late CHARLES DES VOEUX, Esq., eldest son of Sir Charles Des Voeux, Bart., and youngest daughter of Lord Ellenborough.—At Newport, Isle of Wight, the Rev. G. COLEMAN, Rector of Water Stratford, Bucks, to AUGUSTUS ANNE, only daughter of C. C. S. WORSLEY, Esq., and niece of the late General Sir Henry Worsley, G. C. B.

DEATHS.—At the Green Park, Lodge, Piccadilly, the Right Hon. Lady WILLIAM GORDON, aged 80.—In Portland Place, Lady AMELIA FREDERICA GORDON LENNOX, aged ten years, after an illness of ten days, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond.—The Right Rev. Dr. BEESFORD, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, who had reached a very advanced age. The bishopric is one of the retained Sees under Lord Stanley's Temporalities Bill, and is now united with the suppressed diocese of Elphin.

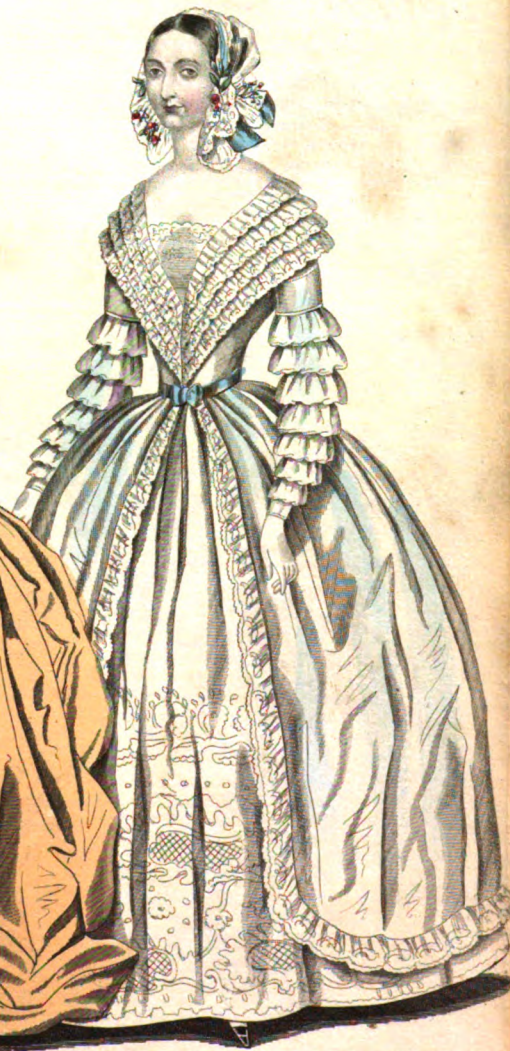
MISS LOUISA SHERIDAN (LADY WYATT).—The death of this amiable and accomplished person is announced in the Paris papers. Her playful humour and talent have frequently been the theme of our praise, as the volumes which she wrote or edited issued from the press; and it is a melancholy reflection that she, too, should have been taken from us in the flower of life. In society Miss Sheridan appeared to much advantage, combining with a handsome exterior lady-like manners and pleasing powers of conversation. She had not very long since married Sir Henry Wyatt, and lived upon the Continent. It seems fatal to our women of genius to leave their native soil.



Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James

Fashionable Head Dresses

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Adelaide the Queen Dowager The Queen Victoria The Duchess of Kent (1)
The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions

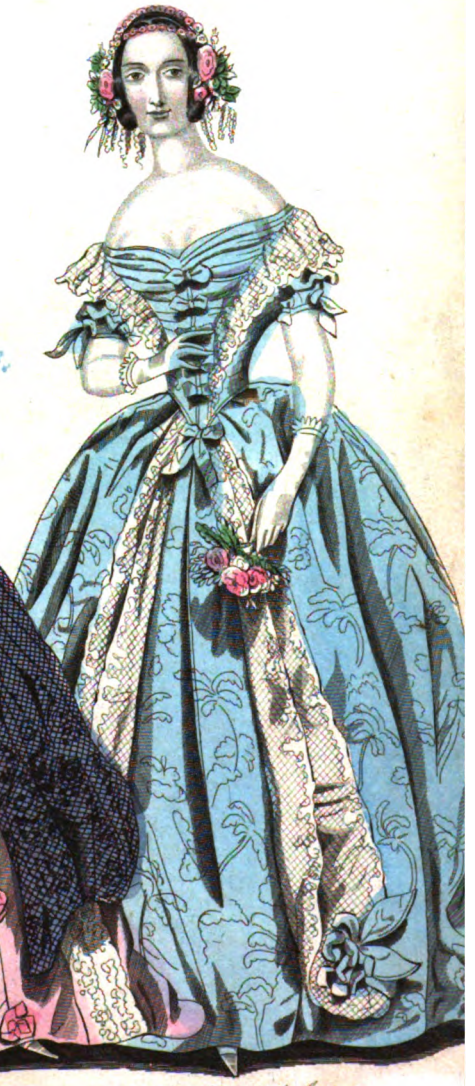


Lady Chesterfield

Duchess of Sutherland

Lady Jocelyn

Last & Nearest London & Paris Fashions 1867



(8)

Lady Blessington

The Marchioness of Anglesey

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Miss Marchioness of Abercorn.



The Latest in Fashion London & Paris. Designed by E. A. Hughes. Dressed by

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

THE QUEEN.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

May health, happiness, and prosperity, be her handmaids, and may she long live to bless us. We have been favoured with a sight of a promenade dress, made expressly for her, and in which Her Majesty is represented in our plate.

It is composed of an open *redingote of moire Nankin*; the skirt *à traine*, and trimmed on each side of the fronts by two folds *à bias*, placed a little distance from each other; each of the folds being headed by a very pretty trimming, composed of straps, with buttons gradually enlarging towards the bottom of the skirt, placed at regular distances upon the straps. The *corsage Amazone*, open in the front and laced across; a pelerine, being a continuation of the trimming down the front of the *jupe*, with a row of buttons, placed so as to form a stomacher; the sleeve long and tight, trimmed at the wrist with a row of buttons, and at the top by three epaulettes *à point*, placed one over the other; a button being placed in the centre of each point *en suite*. A simple white dress is worn underneath, high up to the neck, and finished by a single fall of rich lace *d'Angleterre*; gloves of a pale lavender; *chapeau* of velvet, blue marine; the form very open, shallow in the centre, and long and rounded at the ears; on the right side is placed a beautiful *camilla* the leaves in velvet, and on the left by *nœuds* of ribbon, placed *en plume*.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

WALKING DRESS.

This amiable and truly charitable Lady is too well known to need any comment; we shall therefore merely give a description of her dress.

It is composed of Pekin *rayés*, green, and lilac; the *jupe* very long and full, with two wavy *volants* of deep *bouillon fringe*, headed *à perle*; the body and sleeves *justes*; no *ceinture*, but a small square pelerine of the same, trimmed with a fringe to match, showing the front of the *corsage*, and fastened by a brooch *en antique*; a small *râche* of white lace encircles the neck. *Manchettes* and *mauchoir en batiste de Chine*. A close bonnet of velvet *à bois*, having a trimming of the same *en boucles*, passing over the crown, where it is finished by three magnificent *marabout* feathers, and placed *en demi couronne*; there is no curtain worn with this style of bonnet; the *brides* of velvet; the inside of the brim decorated with a small demi-wreath of autumnal flowers.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MORNING DRESS.

This excellent and exemplary mother of our youthful Queen is well worthy the admiration of all English matrons, for having so ably fulfilled the several duties which her high station imposed upon her; and may she long be spared to her affectionate and devoted high-born daughter.

The Duchess's dress is a morning one, and composed of a beautiful embroidered under dress of *batiste de l'Inde*, over which is worn an upper tunic of the same material, open in front, *doubled* with a pale blue *gaze*, and trimmed all round with a *volant* of rich lace. The long sleeve formed of *bouillons* to nearly the height of the shoulder, where it is finished by a plain piece. The *corsage* half high and plain, covered with a splendid pelerine, composed

of four rows of lace *de Malines*, placed so as to touch each other, and forming a point in the front of the body. Cap of illusion *tulle*, trimmed with magnificent lace *appliqué*, draped low at the sides, and interspersed with beautiful sprigs of variegated heath.

PLATE THE THIRD.

THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

This lovely and interesting lady is the wife of the fashionable and gay Earl of that name. She was a Miss Forrester, and niece to the present Duke of Rutland. Her amiable qualities and graceful manners make her adored in the circle in which she moves.

This Lady is represented in our plate dressed in a pelisse of *poult de soie, rayés*, green, and *bois*, ornamented with a gaged trimming down the front of the dress; straps of satin are placed across this trimming at equal distances, and three rows of velvet buttons form a perfect *échelle*, each side of the dress, having a fall of black lace, finished round the bottom by a *volant* of the same. A half-high pointed body, *pareil* to the dress; fall of black lace round the top of the neck, descending in front to the point of the waist, attached down the centre by velvet buttons *en suite*. The sleeve *juste bouillonnée* to a little above the elbow, where it is met by three rows of black lace, placed so as to touch one another. Scarf of green velvet, lined with white levantine, trimmed all round by a velvet twist or *retour*; *chapeau* of *velours d'Afrique*; the brim rather open and round; the outside decorated with *blonde*, falling very low, and forward at the ears; the right side attached by a *nœud* of ribbon, and on the left by two splendid *marabout* feathers *en lilac*; the interior of the brim ornamented with bunches of violets intermixed with *blonde*.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

One of the greatest ornaments of the British Court, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and wife to one of our richest Dukes. This Lady, from her imposing appearance and dignified carriage, was appointed Mistress of the Robes to our present Queen, with whom she is a great favourite. Owing, however, to the change of ministry that office is now held by the Duchess of Buccleugh.

We now present our fair subscribers with a portrait of this beautiful woman, dressed in a carriage dress or *redingote* of rich *velours de Levant vert*. The skirt *à traine*, ornamented down the centre by a row of *boutons d'ecaille*. The robing on each side formed by a *râche à point*. The *corsage* high, plain on the shoulders, and full into a narrow band round the waist, the front and back of the body forming *un evantail*, finished by a narrow *râche* up the front. A full sleeve, *bouillonnée* top and bottom; the guagings at the bottom part running *à revers*, and reaching to the elbow, where it is met by a narrow fall of black lace. Bonnet of white *velours*, of an open form, rather shallow in the centre of the brim; on the front of the crown is placed a *nœud en matelot*, from which depends a long ostrich feather, curling at the tips. The inside decorated with small bouquets of roses and clematis.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

WALKING DRESS.

Health and happiness to the young and lovely bride! This Lady is the daughter of the Dowager Countess Cowper (now Lady Palmerston), was the Lady Fanny Cowper, who is and ever must be considered one of the most admired Court beauties. She is now, we trust, the happy wife of Viscount Jocelyn, eldest son of the Earl of Roden. This lovely Lady was one of the Maids of Honour to our beloved Queen.

The dress in which she is drawn is of *soie glacée*, grey and peach; the skirt immensely full *à traine*, and trimmed round the bottom by two deep flounces; the top *volant* being rather narrower than the bottom one, which gives it a lighter effect. Tight body formed *à point*, the top of it being trimmed with a *berthe en plis*. Tight long sleeves, with two rows *en bias* round the top, each bias headed by a silk cord and tassel, forming a *nœud* in the centre. *Manchette* of fine lace; *mouchoir* of *batiste de Chine*. *Chapeau* of green velvet, the outside of the brim being entirely covered *à l'Anglaise* by a fall of rich white point lace, forming a perfect *àile* on each side; the crown trimmed with ribbon, and a plume of short white feathers. The collar *à cœur*, composed of Valenciennes lace, and beautifully embroidered.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A walking-dress of *pou de Soie gris*, trimmed round the skirt with two broad tucks on the *bias* in plush *raies*, each tuck being headed with a narrow fringe the same colour as the dress, body and sleeves tight; scarf *Napolitaines* of green velvet *nuée saumon*, piped all round in small vandykes of violet-satin pipings, the back of the scarf being attached round the waist giving it the appearance behind of a *jacquette*; a small collar, cut in waves and edged round with piping to correspond, finishes it round the edge; this elegant scarf is lined with silk. A double net *rûche* is worn inside the collar. A bonnet of pale pink satin, the brim rather open, the crown low and trimmed tastily with ribbon crossed on the top, and descending low on the front of the right side, where it is caught with the aloe and four leaves in velvet, finished by a pretty band of ribbon behind in the centre of the curtain.

LADY BLESSINGTON.

FIG. 2.—This lady, so justly celebrated for her great beauty and talents, is the wife of the late Earl of Blessington. Her ladyship holds a high place in the literary world; we are indebted to her for many an hour's amusement and instruction, from a perusal of her most delightful productions.

We present her to our readers in a *demi-toilette* of rich satin rose, the front of the *jupe* having two splendid rows of lace *d'Angleterre* on each side, forming a robeing, and ornamented down the centre with *cocardes* of satin, this trimming is continued up the centre of the half-high *corsage*, the lace forming into a small pelerine behind; short sleeves *juste*, but turned up round the bottom of them with a *manchette* of the same magnificent lace. A splendid shawl of black lace. Cap *à Dubarry*, composed of *blonde*, descending in a *volant* on the right side, caught here and there with three roseats of ribbon of a pale green, the back perfectly plain and simple.

THE MARCHIONESS OF AYLESBURY.

FIG. 3.—This lady is considered one of the most fashionable women in London, and a leader of the *Haut Ton*.

Her dress is of *moire brochée* of a pale blue, ornamented on

each side of the front with double robeings of *point d'Alencon*, terminated at each end with a *grande cocarde* of ribbon; the *corsage à point*, the stomacher formed in fullings of the silk, fastened down the centre with *petit* bands of ribbon; a handsome fall of lace decorates each side of the body reaching from the point of the stomacher round to the back of the neck; short sleeves *bouillonnée*, finished with a small *nœud* of ribbon placed in the centre; long kid gloves, piped at the top; head-dress, composed of a *guirlande à la Psyche*.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERCORN.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This high-born Lady is the daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, the once celebrated Lady Georgiana Gordon, and considered one of the most fascinating and beautiful women of her day.

An under dress of grey *pou de soie*, perfectly plain and simply elegant, over which is worn a *manteau* of *velours Persans*, the form somewhat resembling the *capuchon*, and falling into two long ends in the front; this is trimmed all round with fur *de queues de Canada*, forming the arm-holes, and trimmed round the shoulders, so as to give it the appearance of a small pelerine, fastening close down the front; a high tight *chemisette* is worn underneath, *manchettes* in lace *à point d'Alencon*. Bonnet of emerald green byzantine, the form of the front shallow in the centre, and very low and round at the ears; the brim ornamented with folds of green velvet, placed at distances. A long flat green ostrich feather, curled at the tips, falls gracefully low on the left side.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A pelisse composed of dark blue *moire uni*; the *jupe* is trimmed down the centre with facings of rounded Vandykes, gradually increasing in width, each wave trimmed round with a narrow silk fringe of the same colour; this is caught in the centre with narrow straps of satin. The *corsage* high, and gauged back and front *en cœur*; the sleeve *juste*, finished at the top by an epaulette *à jockey*, trimmed *en suite*. *Chapeau* of white *gros des Indes*; the form shallow, and very low at the ears; the crown low, and trimmed on one side by *cocardes* of ribbon, from which depend a bouquet of ranunculus in velvet, falling very low on the front, and joining the *brides*; the inside of the brim at the sides trimmed with *blonde*, and continuing to the back; *mouchoir en Batiste de Chine*.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A pelisse of *gros d'hiver uni*, the colour *à bois*, the skirt *à traine*. ornamented down the centre by a magnificent trimming, *à demi lune*. A close high body and sleeves, and round cape; the whole trimmed *en suite*. A collar of rich lace, tied round the neck with a pale blue ribbon, fastened in front by a gold brooch *carré*; *manchettes uni*; bonnet of a pale blue, the form of the front rather close and long at the ear; trimmed inside with a rich *blonde*; the crown round and full, finished at the back with a *nœud* of ribbon, and on the right side, by a long, drooping, white, uncurled ostrich feather.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Manteau composed of white cachmere, lined with *moire vert*, and turning back on each side, in the form of lapels, edged round with a border of *peluche*, the ground white,

with beautiful cachmerian designs upon it, confined round the waist with a magnificent girdle; a large round cape falls over the shoulders, partly showing the sleeve of the dress, and trimmed in the front by narrow *peluche à bias*: a beautiful twisted cord is thrown à chaîne, over the shoulders, confining the cape at the back of the waist, and brought gradually high up to the throat in front, where it is attached by two rich tassels. A square collar *en chevalier*, decorated with *peluche à bias*, finishes this most elegant and charming cloak. The dress underneath composed of violet satin with two *volants* of rich black lace; the sleeves *juste*, *manchettes* of *Batiste de Chine*. *Chapeau* of pink *reps*, the form extremely shallow and open, descending very low at the ears, where it turns back in the form of a scroll, caught back with thin silk cords; the crown very low, and decorated with four beautiful short ostrich feathers, shaded pink, placed so as to fall partially over each other; the inside of the brim ornamented with a pretty demi-wreath of the wild rose.

FIG. 2.—A dress of *velours gris*, the *jupe* extremely long and full, trimmed on each side of the front, by pieces on the *bias à cœur*, attached at each end by buttons of *nacré de perle*, and placed at regular distances, gradually widening and enlarging from the waist downwards; the body half-high, falling very low on the shoulder; the front of the body trimmed with folds à *bias*, draped *en cœur*; the lower fold forming the stomacher, the centre of the points having a button to finish them; the sleeve tight, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt; a *chemisette* and *manchettes* of fine cambric; scarf *en fil*, of violet colour, having at the ends a magnificent *bouillon* fringe of the same, headed by four narrow silver stripes, giving it a rich effect. A bonnet of satin *mauve*, the brim rather close, trimmed with a rich fall of white lace, falling from the centre of the crown, where it is attached by a beautiful shaded rose in velvet of the same colour, with two pretty *marabouts*, shaded also, of the same colour, falling gracefully on one side, the inside of the brim trimmed with bunches of *houblon en lilac*.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Composed of satin *gris*, having a facing of velvet, cut in rounded points, edged with a *rûche* of satin; the body high up to the throat, where it is finished by a velvet collar, half-high, shading the throat. The sleeves tight, and finished at the top with two epaulettes of velvet placed one over the other, each edged with a *rûche en suite*, which also surrounds the wrist. A *chapeau* of velvet of a pale blue, the inside having a fulling of lace, descending on each side in the form of long lappets; the crown tastefully decorated on each side with a *saule* plume.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1841.

The crows are now skimming the air, and legions of swallows commence their annual flight to the recesses of the forests; we may now, therefore, pay our adieu to the summer season—everything begins to wear an autumnal aspect—our very thoughts and occupations teach us to prepare for hoary winter. We have explored the regions of Fashion, and we have succeeded in procuring all that is novel, and that will be most fashionable for our fair *élegantés*.

HATS, BONNETS, AND CAPOTES.—*Capotes* of pink satin are now quite the rage; the forms of them, long at the ears and rather shallow in the centre, trimmed with a light kind of

rose, or, what is still more preferred as being more seasonable, are branches and wreaths of leaves in velvet; for example, we have one in a dark shade of pink satin, the front of the *capote* covered with *crêpe lise à l'Anglaise*, a double *guirlande* of *coques* of satin passes across the crown and underneath, the *crêpe lise* giving it a very light effect, the brim in the inside being decorated with a triple *rûche* of a pale pink *tulle*. Others of the same form are partly covered with *demi voiles* of blonde, the left side having one or more long ostrich feathers falling very low at the side. Then we have hats for *la grande toilette* in blue satin *d'Afrique*, ornamented on the outside with feathers *nuée*, and round the interior of the brim with white lilacs; others in velvet decorated on the exterior with roses; in green velvet, streaked white; or black, streaked with red. Sweet peas, made in velvet of all colours, are also favourites; the form of the *chapeaux* are mostly straight, very shallow in the centre of the front and long at the ears, the flowers or feathers being placed very low on the front of the bonnet. *Les Chapeaux de reps* are also much in vogue; these are mostly worn for *demi-toilette*.

CAPS A LA SULTANE.—This is a favourite style of head-dress for *le spectacle*; the form of the crown is round and perfectly simple, of the illusion *tulle*, a robe of the same material passes *tout autour* in the turban style; the novelty of this pretty cap lays, however, in the lappets, which are very broad, and gathered on each side into a small compass confined by a beautiful pale rose, the lappets being composed of deep blonde à *la Vandyke*, gives it a very *neige*-like as well as *distingué* effect. We must speak, also, of another style of head-dress, called *les coiffures religieuses*—far, however, from giving that sanctity to the countenance which we should be led to believe from its name, it is certainly one of the most coquettish little head-dresses we have seen for a very long time, composed of a row or *bandeau* of lace, descending very low on the face, the bows and flowers at the side descending *en pliué*. For a long and delicate countenance, this *coiffure* is most becoming. Another style of cap worn in morning costume is made of blonde or lace *appliqué*, falling rather low over the back of the head interspersed at the sides with autumnal flowers, others are trimmed with roseats or tufts of satin, being of a simple description; these have many admirers. For the evening, the head-dresses are generally composed of satin or a new kind of tissue called *Tissu de Verre*; these are generally trimmed with light flowers. They are generally known by the name of the *Dubarry* cap.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Figure to yourselves, my fair readers, a crown of pretty roses, without leaves, excessively delicate and fine, high in the centre, and gradually lessening towards the back; a scarf or lappet crosses the summit of the head, and is twice caught up on each side of the crown and brought forward near the cheek, allowing the two ends of the lappets to fall negligently over the shoulders and neck.

MORNING DRESSES.—A great many dresses are made of *tartane*, the bottom of the dress trimmed round with broad tucks, divided by small waving wreaths of olives; then there is a dress *en poulx de soie*, of a deep green, no trimming on the skirt; plaited body, the stomacher rounded, tight sleeves of embroidered muslin, *fichu-canézou* in worked muslin, with a small pointed collar set round with lace, embroidered epaulette, or jockeys, trimmed also to match. A dress of grey *poulx de soie*, trimmed down the front by a net-work of silk cord; shawl body, trimmed with two *bias* of the same; tight sleeves; headed with two folds on the *bias*, forming an epaulet; the elbow and wrist ornamented with

three puffings *en musline*. Another a robe of *taffetas*, the form of the body being long and tight; a three-quarter sleeve, trimmed to the top with a puckering of the same; long skirt *à traine*, ornamented with a deep headed *volant*. A dress of *moire Nankin*; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with three folds, each fold edged with a fringe; the body high, and sitting close to the figure; the point of the *corsage* rounded, and draped with fringe. Sleeves *demi-large*. A robe in *poult de soie Nankin*, trimmed with folds on the *bias*, placed at distances; each of them edged with a fringe the same colour; high body, *à rever*, trimmed tastily with fringe; the body open in front to the waist; the sleeves plaited; collar *Amazone*, of embroidered *batiste*, trimmed with lace, and fastened down the front by gold buttons; a scarf of blue satin, *broché*.

PELISSE ROBES.—We have just seen one of the *raies "verte et bois,"* scattered all over the surface with rose-buds; the front of the dress was formed *en échelle*, by folds biased, gradually increasing from the waist to the bottom of the skirt; each of the *biais*, being finished by a *neud à la Fontaine*, in light *guimpe*; a high plaited *corsage*, ornamented down the centre with three rows of *neud à la Fontaine*; the sleeves plaited and trimmed with folds *à bias*, headed with *guimpe* ornaments, to match those on the skirt.

CLOAKS.—The *capuchon manteaux* is now formed so as to represent, when thrown back, a small *pelerine*; this is trimmed with velvet *en bias*, placed at regular distances, forming the capuchon in the novel shape of a large collar, giving a more graceful effect to the shoulders; the *bias* is continued down each side of the front of the cloak. A new style of cloak is now being much worn, half Arab, half French; it is composed of white *cachmiere*, trimmed at the bottom, with two folds *à bias*, edged with a light fringe, and headed with a broad *galon Mauresque* of white silk. The form of the sleeves are rounded *pagodes*, trimmed all round with fringe and *galons*; the top of the cloak finished with a small cape *à bias*, falling over and ornamented with the same kind of trimmings, placed alternately. The lining of this mantle is of an orange satin, piped so beautifully and fine, as to resemble a wreath of palms, running round the border of the cloak. Others of a most charming description are called *manteaux Almaines*; these are generally made in velvet, *grenat*, or green, trimmed and embroidered *en relief* with silk cord; this cloak has no hood, but a cape or *pelerine*, surmounted with a small round stand up collar, in order to preserve the neck from the cold air; a handsome silk girdle is attached to the waist, and the whole is lined with white satin. Another style is that of the Spanish cloak, or *pelisse* in black satin, trimmed down each side of the front by fullings of satin, caught at regular distances by bands of velvet, gradually widening from the waist downwards, and forming on each side a perfect *échelle*; this trimming surrounds also the large sleeves, which fall back and open in the inside in a manner that allows of the arm being covered, without the sleeve of the dress being *chiffonné*; a *pelerine* of the same style, forming *à point* in the front and on the shoulders; the cloak lined with black satin *piquée*, in beautiful designs, in a style *tout à fait Espagnol*. We must not forget the *bournois à petits capuchons*, which are still great favourites. One in rose-coloured satin or blue, embroidered all round in a kind of *appliqué* work; the design *gothic*, in coloured silk, and made to resemble old fashioned lace; a fall of antique lace is placed all round the edge, and forms a great addition to a lady's costume. Another is made in grey *cachmeir* or the *bleu marine*, with beautiful Indian designs running round the edges of the cloak, *pelerine*, and sleeves.

EVENING DRESS.—A robe of grey *foulard rayé*; no trimming to the skirt; pointed body, very low; short sleeves *bouillonnée*, and trimmed with a *volant* of the same stuff, edged with a narrow black fringe. Another of rose or white satin *glacé*, trimmed round the skirt with three *volants d'Angleterre*, headed by a *bouillon* of *tulle*, through which is passed a satin ribbon of the same colour; a draped *corsage à point*, very low; the short sleeve formed of three *bouffants*; each *bouffant* headed by a fancy silk trimming; a beautiful pink girdle *à la Beguine*, surrounds the waist.

PELERINES.—Amongst the million of pretty fantasies, called forth by the approaching winter, we must not omit the *pelerines* and *canexouts* of velvet, which are being worn with silk dresses, as well as the *joli* apron in velvet or cloth; the latter being embellished with all sorts of pretty designs, and cut very narrow at the top, so as to fit into the waist without any fulling or plaits *à la Swiss*.

SCARFS.—The following are the names of the different style of scarfs that will be worn this winter;—*Berjuths, Albanaises, Napolitaines*, and others not yet named in velvet, edged with a corkscrew trimming, called *cannelés*, &c.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—Ladies of *haut ton* are wearing very large cashmere shawls; they descend almost to the ground, with very deep borders, and are worn in a variety of colours. We are not surprised at the preference given to India shawls; which, certainly, for elegant designs, and valuable appearance, are unequalled, and, in our estimation, more calculated to distinguish the lady than any other part of her wardrobe. An India shawl is as indispensable to the *tout ensemble* of a well-dressed lady, as the *bien soigné* appearance of the coachman and footman is to her equipage.

COIFFURES.—One of our great romance writers pretends that by the appearance of the hair an observer may know and distinguish the character of the individual to whom the hair belongs; for instance, a sensible woman has a soft fine head of hair, arranged in a capricious sort of manner; the egotist has a thick harsh head of hair often very long; this observation, just as it may be, has much more force and pith when applied to the style in which the hair of the individual is dressed. Each person has their hair dressed in a style most becoming to their appearance, and according to their own taste, and their position in society. We have often remarked, for example, that a lady who is in love takes great care of her hair; a celebrated beauty wears it *très négligé*: that of an old maid is extremely neat and *tirée*; a coquette, on the contrary, never tightens her hair; the female poet abandons her *coiffure* to its own caprices; she lets it fall in twenty different forms; a prude never changes the style of her hair; one who studies much generally adopts *boucles*; the lady who paints much, places it in bands; the lady who travels, *fries* her's into a large *boucle* on each side; the old coquette and ladies of a certain age have a new style every year; the lady's maid wears her hair in natural curls; a great lady wears her's in a way kind of band; the young lady in plaits; and the dowager *buys her hair*. We trust these observations, if not useful, will be at least amusing to our fair readers, and so we take our leave of *coiffures* until next month.

WINTER NOVELTIES IN MATERIALS.—*L'Allamra*: this is a beautiful *tissu de soie*, covered with designs *mauresque*; the colours are of the most variegated and harmonious description; this exquisite material is generally used for visiting dresses and for *négligé habillé*.

Royal Sphinx. The ground of emerald, red, or orange, covered with an embroidery, in black, of branches or flowers, birds, crocodiles, or sphinxes, the latter entwined by their

heads, wings, or tails, which has, indeed, a most novel and rich effect.

Royal Ibrahim: This is made for *les grandes toilettes*, the designs being large, and the colours brilliant; the cape and front of the dress representing the most beautiful Egyptian emblems. An evening dress made of this rich material, and trimmed with handsome lace, is well worthy of being accompanied by a *parure* of splendid diamonds.

Diamantine: *Tissu de soie* made to resemble silver sand scattered over a gold ground; this silk, when trimmed with *points d'Alençon*, has a most rich effect.

La Nacrée: If you have seen a rainbow, red, green, and violet, reflected in a sheet of bluish water, then you can form some idea of the beauty of this material; the ground being white, and shaded in the manner above described, which causes it to be named *La Nacrée*.

La damas de Perse: This is a continuation of the *foulards*: but plaided and crossed with a mixture of different colours; this material will, no doubt, be much approved of, being of a consistency and richness of appearance, quite suitable for winter.

Le Pekin Bosselé: This is composed of small black silk squares, placed near each other upon a ground of green, red, lilac, &c. When I was first shewn it, I thought I was going to see something which would resemble the hunch of a camel, instead of which I saw nothing but a million of miniature *carrés*.

Le Gourgouran: Here is a charming dress for church; beautiful, good, solid, and useful, for it will neither spoil or fade, and can be put on the first thing in the morning; the ground is either grey, blue, or black, striped with small *traits brisés*, embroidered in different colours.

Royal Victoria: This is composed of white Pekin; embroidered in a lace pattern, interspersed here and there with small *bouquets* of flowers of all colours, embroidered and intermixed with designs in gold or silver; this is a toilette suitable for a young bride, or for one of our ambassadors.

Le Reps Coburg: This is a very pretty kind of embroidered silk, after the most novel designs, and worn much by the ladies of the Cobourg family.

Satin Mandarin: This ought only to be worn by a young and pretty female; it is made principally for a *robe de chambre* and has a most magnificent effect.

We here close our catalogue of winter novelties in *mantelets*, by summing up the remainder. Plaided silks, Pekin *rayés*, the *mousselines Persanes*, the *Barpours faconnes*, and superb *cashmires*; these are what will be worn this winter.

ENGLISH FURS.—One of the greatest novelties that has ever been invented for a lady's dress is the *pas dessus*.—We have been highly gratified with a view of one made expressly for her Majesty; it is composed of a rich seal skin, having greatly the appearance of a rich plush; lined with silk of the same colour, and slightly wadded; the form of it is that of a jacket; the lower part being particularly adapted to set off the figure; it is double-breasted; a flat collar, and cuffs turning up upon the large plain sleeve; a handsome girdle of silk cord, with two rich tassels, surrounds the waist, and finishes this truly elegant and useful *pas dessus*. It is principally worn by ladies either their riding habits, and will, we have no doubt, be most generally worn during the ensuing winter season.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS will be *grenats, bois, green, blue marine*, and various shades of the autumnal hues.

* * Our fair countrywomen will, we trust, after perusing the foregoing London Fashions, perceive how great and rapid

have been the improvement amongst the English milliners. Without wishing to deteriorate from the extreme taste and talent of the French style, we must say—and we think that all true-hearted English ladies will agree with us—that French taste, when combined with English judgment, must bear off the palm. In order to render this point indisputable, we have paid a visit to most, if not all, of our great English milliners and dress-makers, and found that although not (we are ashamed to say so) patronized by English ladies as the French; yet, that it was not from a want of finding taste, fashion, elegance, and simplicity, combined in their rooms, but from an absurd notion that nothing can be fashionable but what comes out of a French house. We most sincerely and fervently hope that this evil will soon be remedied; and we trust that the selection we have made of English novelties will show our fair countrywomen how possible it is for them to rival French women in dress; and we assure English dress-makers and milliners that we shall be happy to receive any communication or invention of their own.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

We have just received from one of our Paris correspondents the following list of all that is most fashionable and elegant in that most renowned city of Fashion and gaiety, which we hasten to lay before our Fair Readers.

CAPS.—These are now of every form and variety, from the Puritan's simple mode to the *bonnet à Dubarry*. We have seen a very pretty *coiffure* composed of black tulle and lace, plaited on the head in the form of a half-handkerchief, and falling on each side of the face in long *aile* lappets, interspersed with the sweet-pea in variegated colours, of velvet; then we have *le bonnet griselle*, with its pretty *cocardes* in satin, placed in a demi-circle over the crown, and that prettiest of all pretty *coiffures*—*la Pompadour*, consisting of gaufered lace or blonde, intermixed with pale pink or blue gauzes round the borders; and others too numerous to mention: we must, therefore, refer our fair enquirers to our plates of Fashions, were they will find every variety.

HATS in velvet *jappé*, of all colours; trimmed with wreaths of shaded velvet leaves, with here and there a rose to match, or what is still more elegant, a cluster of small flowers, divided with ribbon, and gracefully *coquillé* with lace; the inside of this kind of hat being composed of a double *rouleau*, trimmed with blonde.

BONNETS.—*Capotes* are still much in fashion; they are in drawn satin, but quite in a new style—the satin being made to draw without the aid of runnings or whalebone, which, of course, adds much to the lightness of this *capote*; the head or crown very small and round, gives a new grace to this most charming bonnet. A *capote* in black velvet, lined with rose-coloured velvet; the outside ornamented by a plume of black feathers, tipped with rose. The same style is very pretty in *vert pré*, and in flame colour; these forms of *capotes* being much admired, both for their being *négligé*, and at the same time perfectly elegant.

WALKING DRESSES.—A dress of Ottoman velvet; colour *vert chou*, trimmed round the skirt with three fringed folds *à bias*; an *écharpe-mantelet* of the same stuff as the dress; trimmed with a flounce *à pareil*; hat of black lace, lined with pink satin, and decorated with a branch of small roses, placed very low on one side. Another dress in grey velvet, trimmed

en tablier, with *nauds* of silk cord; the ends terminated with small tassels of the same. A tight fitting *corsage à point*, decorated with *nauds*, placed on each side of the body, descending from the shoulder, and forming a continuation of those on the skirt; the sleeves plaited. Another, also in green *gros de Indes*, trimmed round the skirt with three *volants* of rich black lace; a *corsage amazone*, open in the front, and shewing the *guimpe* or nun's stomacher worn underneath, and composed of India muslin, piped and trimmed with a double frilling of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves long and plaited, and decorated with three rows of black lace.

PELISSÉS.—The greatest novelty in pelissés is that made last week for one of our *grandes* and *joli* duchesses, being of black satin "*a petit pelerine*," like what is now worn; tight sleeve and body, trimmed with leaves in black satin *en relief*; these are so disposed in branches as to meet in the form of a fan in the front of the body; this trimming is continued down the front of the dress, the centre being ornamented by *Brandebourgs*; the cuff turned back *à la Crispin*, trimmed all round with small leaves to match; the cape finished in the same way. The leaves of this trimming being formed by silk cord or braid, much surpass, both as to effect and solidity, the embroidery which has lately been so much the fashion.

L'AMERICAN.—This is a new style of *robe de chambre*, and must prove a great addition to a lady's *toilette*. It is not only becoming and luxurious, but is also a great comfort. The beauty and expense of this *robe de chambre* lays in the rich lace, with which it is amply trimmed, and the girdle which encircles the waist; this is, indeed, a novelty being in the form of an elastic ribbon, proving a great support to the waist, without its being too tight or oppressive to the wearer. *L'American* can, without any impropriety, be worn of a morning to receive company, it being of the *première* mode for a *toilette du matin*.

EVENING DRESSES.—Dresses in embroidered muslin will be most generally worn. We have seen one of this material, trimmed alternately with *inlet*, embroidery, and lace, alternately arranged so as to form a perfect *tablier*; the body is made to correspond with a *guimpe* trimming; the sleeves plaited flat; another had three large tucks round the bottom of the *jupe*, headed with beautiful embroidery; the tucks having a broad satin lilac ribbon run through them, and at the bottom of each tuck an inlet of lace; this is a costume well fitted for a young and pretty *debutante*; others, of a heavier description are of black satin, with black velvet *à bias*, placed *en chevrons* down the front of the *jupe*, and having at the end of each *chevron* a *naud* of silk cord; the ends finished with small tassels; the body low, and trimmed in the same manner, with velvet; the lowest fold forming the stomacher; the sleeves plaited flat, and covered with *chevrons*, in velvet; these dresses have, generally, a very pretty girdle to fasten round the waist, made in lace or *guimpe*.

CANEZOUS AND SCARFS are much worn for *semi-toilette*; they are of plain muslin, simply embroidered on each side; trimmed *tout autour*, with points *de malignes* or *appliqué*.

SCARFS will be much worn this winter, not only without sleeves, but with them, and made in velvet, edged with a trimming *en bias* of a different colour; there is none, however, to equal the satin *en blue marine*, which is trimmed all round with a kind of corded lace of the same shade of colour, and lined with white satin.

MANTEAUX.—Velvet cloaks will be worn much longer in the skirt than last winter, and mostly embroidered. For promenade, satin will be preferred, being of a lighter material; these are

generally trimmed round the border, with either velvet *en bias*, or in designs *en relief piquée*. We have seen some in *gros des Indes*, ornamented with *guimpe* trimmings, or embroidery, some with lace, and lined with satin, which is generally of the same colour as the exterior, except for an evening, and then they are generally *doublée* with white.

SPANISH AND ARABIAN MANTLES OR PELISSÉS will, we are inclined to think, become a more favourite style of wraps for our *élégantes* than the simple cloak. We have seen one or two made in *le gourgouran*; the trimmings down each side of the front consist of a puckering of the same, headed by a running pattern of cut velvet *en relief*; a narrow light style of *guimpe* running round the edge of the cloak. Another in satin, the colour *aile de mouche*; trimmed with three folds *à bias*, the same width; a row of black lace running alternately between each fold; the capuchon sleeves and *manchettes*, trimmed also with lace to match. Then we have *les Bournous* in all their perfection; some of them in *cachemir*, lined with velvet or *peluche*; others, more simple, being merely embroidered in beautiful colours; these mantles are scarcely ever trimmed much, it being important that they should be as light as possible, to prevent the full dress underneath being crushed.

VICISSITUDES OF THE SEASON.—It is a well-known fact, that during the few past years the changes of the weather, and the alternations of the season, have been most sudden and unequal. Variations of this nature are, of necessity, extremely trying to the constitution; and there is no part more exposed to their effects than the skin—that delicate and finely-formed portion of our frame; the sudden transitions from heat to cold, from moist to dry, &c., being calculated, in a most inconvenient degree, to produce those Freckles, Marks, and Eruptions, which are so hostile and injurious to beauty. The fortunate discovery of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, and the ample proof of its virtues, afforded by long experience, evince that it is admirably adapted to *beautify and preserve the skin fresh and unimpaired*—amid the most trying vicissitudes of the season and the weather.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cleon is received, appreciated, and accepted. We shall be happy at all times to hear from the same quarter.

The contribution of "*An Unknown*," has been carefully perused, and notwithstanding our desire to be as little critical as possible, we are compelled to reject the favour intended us.

The tale of "*Jealousy*," is so full of horrors, unrelieved by either good taste or originality, that were we to insert it, we should run the hazard of sending many of our gentle readers "*weeping to their beds*."

We have received some contributions from a "*Rochdale*" Correspondent; but, as they are conditionally sent, we are (without perusing) obliged to decline them. The manuscripts will be found at the office if called for.

"*The Musical Husband*" is accepted and shall appear in our next if possible.

"*Indian Longings*," "*The Wanderer's Return*," and the "*Faded Flower*," next month.

BOOKS and MUSIC cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "*World of Fashion*" for the purpose.

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VOL. 18.

THE EVE OF THE NUPTIALS.

"J'ai cru dans son desordre entrevoir sa tendresse,
'ai prononcé sa grace, et je crois sa promesse."

RACINE, *Bajazet*, Act 3, sc 5.

CHAPTER I.

There is in the good old city of Glasgow a certain hotel, the name of which I do not choose to particularise; but that may be guessed at, when I state that it has a room which serves the treble purposes of a travellers, a coffee, and a general reception room. The reader is to suppose that *she* (for I never tell stories to gentlemen) has a peep into this room at the hour of about three o'clock in the day, and there she may see a traveller quite alone. The individual that I am about to describe, *was*, at the time my story commences, about or beyond fifty years of age. His name is —; but I may as well tell it—Sir Edward Jones. He was, despite of his increasing years and gray hairs, and his not very strongly-defined wrinkles, a handsome man, with lively eyes, a clear complexion, good teeth, and a noble forehead, on which sat impressed his character—the finest and the best that England can boast of—the perfect gentleman. Sir Edward was a young-old man, who struggled against old age firmly and manfully, seeking to beat it down by temperance and exercise, and not troubling himself with concealing a single wound that it inflicted upon him, in its sure progress to an ultimate victory.

There, then, reader is *my* hero. He is fifty years age—and yet, see how agitated he appears. Can it be that *he* is in love! He walks at one moment quietly and coolly up and down the room, then his pace quickens into a trot, and then it is varied by a stamp. At one moment he runs to the door, then to the window, and when there he casts a long and wistful glance into the street. He calls, by turns, all the waiters in the hotel; "Alexander," "Thomas," "John," "James," and "Charles" have been questioned, interrogated, cross-questioned, scolded, abused, and nearly knocked down stairs one after another. Twenty times has he taken up his hat, his gloves, and his cane to go out, and to meet—perhaps some one that he admires—and twenty times has he again seated, or rather, flung himself into an arm-chair, with all the appearance of a man who is *ennuied*, who waits, who expects, who listens, who looks without seeing anything, who grows impatient, and then begins to despair.

Now, then, reader, I must let you know what is the matter with him. I am about to unravel this secret and read this riddle for you. The true, the veritable, the exact, and the

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only cause for all this *ennui* and all this despair is—but it must be whispered into your very ear—for the worst place in the world to tell a secret is in an hotel—then, whisper—the secret is this—Sir Edward Jones, who is fifty years of age, is going—to be married to-morrow morning! and quite privately too!! and to one of the prettiest girls of eighteen years of age in all Scotland!!!

There, now, gentle and fair reader, you have my secret, or rather his secret, and you will keep it, I am sure, as well as anybody does the secret told her by another. But I have more to tell you. He is not only in love, but he is desperately in love—as much so as that middle-aged, charcoaled-face general, Othello, was with the young and gentle Desdemona, who, I have often thought, deserved to be smothered for marrying a black-a-moor—but that opinion of mine is *another secret*, which I do not care the world to hear of. To return, however, to my hero; he is about to marry unknown to all his friends and relations—he has not even said a word of the matter to his son, Richard, a fine young man, a student in Cambridge, and *of course* one who is utterly unacquainted with the ways of this wicked world. It was only a week before this story begins, that Sir Edward quitted his magnificent mansion in Belgrave-square to make a tour in Scotland, and—to marry Miss Arabella Warbeck, who had been educated at one of the first boarding-schools in Glasgow, and who was *then* the prettiest unmarried girl (in his opinion) in the three kingdoms. The truth must be told, that Sir Edward Jones knew very little of the lady that he admired so very much. He had not seen her but two or three times, in company with her mother, at some fashionable parties; but he had made the most particular inquiries respecting her, and he was told the very best news, as to her heart, her mind, her character, and her accomplishments. It was said to him that never was there a young maiden that ever yet was educated in, or out of a boarding-school, to equal her in real talent, and in solid virtues, and what gentleman could desire more in a wife? It must, then, be known, that this paragon was abroad with her mamma, and the cause of all poor Sir Edward's uneasiness was—their staying too long. They were three long, very long, dull, tedious hours out of his sight; for they had gone shopping. The bride had gone shopping—the intended bridegroom was waiting, and—we all know what scenes will sometimes occur on such occasions! "What could have happened to *her*—to *them*? What could have become of them? What could keep them? Where were they? Was it not shameful? Was it not cruel? Was it not outrageous thus to disturb, pester, vex, harass and annoy

A

a kindly-hearted gentlemen who loves, who adores, who expects, and who calls for her in vain?

But, oh! extatic joy! "a well-known voice salutes his ear"—it is that of Miss Arabella, who is humming to herself (and thoughtlessly, too) the tune, to which the words are sometimes put of "an auld man he cam' woo'in'." Sir Edward forgets in an instant all that he has suffered—he no more goes over the carpet in frightfully long strides—he growls no more—he would not now, for the world, hurt a hair of the head of Alexander, Charles, John, or Thomas, who were in such peril a few minutes before, for behold! there enters into the room Mrs. Warbeck—and, what is still better, and certainly prettier-looking, Miss Arabella Warbeck!

"Oh! Sir Edward! Sir Edward!" said the young lady, "see what a very pretty parting gift I have had from my dear, kind, good, old schoolmistress—poor love! I thought she would have fainted, as she gave me the last kiss."

"Yes, indeed, Sir Edward," observed Mrs. Warbeck, "the good old lady wept for joy that her pupil—her favourite too—was about to be united to a Baronet—to the richest Baronet in all England."

"May I leave the room, mamma?" said the timid Arabella, trying to blush, and hanging down her head.

"Leave the room, indeed! No, miss, you may not. You must stay beside me—with your husband, Miss—your husband that is to be, to-morrow, Miss Arabella."

"Oh! Let her go," said Sir Edward; "let your lovely child do as she pleases. Go, Miss Arabella, and admire at your leisure the handsome present that your mistress has made to you."

"May I go, mamma?"

"Yes—since Sir Edward permits it."

Miss Arabella quitted the room humming the air, with the ugly words that I have before referred to.

"Sir Edward," said Mrs. Warbeck, in a voice as solemn as that of a clergyman reading the burial service, "that is an angel that Heaven has sent you. Don't you think so?"

"Doubtless, she is so; but then it is not enough that Heaven has sent her to me. It is also requisite that this good angel should consent to stop upon earth, with her husband—with a poor mortal that calls himself Edward Jones."

"Now, now—make your mind perfectly easy as to that; for I can assure you the dear little angel desires nothing better than to become your wife, and—your splendid palace in Belgrave-square will be to her a terrestrial paradise. I must say this for my daughter, that she has been so well educated, as to know nothing about that ridiculous sort of love, that is so unnaturally described in Lord Byron's poetry, or Sir Walter Scott's romances—but she will love you, as I loved my poor dear departed husband. And now, my dear Sir Edward, I ask—I require from you one favour—it is that I may never have to be separated from my child. I wish that her pains, her sorrows, and her little pleasures may be all shared by me; yet, Sir Edward, she is such an extraordinary adorable creation, that to see her, to follow her unceasingly, to live with her for ever, I am ready to undergo the greatest sacrifices—to go out with her to every ball, and to sit out even the grandest dinner party."

"That shall be all as you please yourself, Mrs. Warbeck."

"But do you promise me?"

"Certainly I do promise."

"Then, Heaven be praised, all my wishes are crowned with success, and I am ready to die—the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Warbeck having given utterance to this splendid sen-

timent, thought proper to sigh and to weep, like to the manner that becomes all well-educated matrons upon all such occasions as their daughters have made very excellent, prudent, proper, and rich matches. She was in the full flow of a beautiful shower of tears, when Miss Arabella again bounded into the room. The affectionate mother instantly dried her eyes, for she saw her daughter held a magnificent casket of jewels in her hands, that she admired with a joy that was almost infantile in the excess of its demonstration.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "see what a treasure I have discovered in my chamber."

"In your chamber, Miss!"

"Yes, mamma—indeed, upon my dressing-table."

Sir Edward smiled and said, "Then, will my dear Miss Warbeck be pleased to accept so poor a present, from a regard for me. Will you, Arabella, do so?"

"Oh! Sir Edward, you are too good—I am by no means worthy of —"

"Eh! what is that you say, you little fool you?" replied on the instant Mrs. Warbeck. "Know, Miss, that a good, handsome, well-conducted young lady is worth all the diamonds in the world—that is when it is her intended husband that presents them to her. Arabella, thank the gentleman at once."

"Grand merci, Monsieur."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Warbeck, "and as it is not the fashion at present for ladies to wear diamonds, I shall just, to pay you a compliment, wear them myself to-morrow, my dear child—"

"Hold, mamma, that is not exactly what I wish—"

"Hold your tongue, Miss—Sir Edward, will you favour me with your arm, for I have still some purchases to make."

"Very willingly. Adieu! dearest Arabella—à revoir—and soon."

"Why don't you speak, Miss. I am very angry with you, and must certainly scold you when I return home."

Arabella had the courage to whisper a few words into the ear of her pitiless, heartless mother. Sir Edward then advanced to Mrs. Warbeck, to say to her—

"What has Arabella now said to you in a whisper?"

"Why, she whispered me, that—*she likes you very much!*"

CHAPTER II.

"Alas!" thought the maiden, as she followed with her eyes that worldly-minded mother, who was thus disposing of her fortune, her happiness, and her future life—"Alas! my mother insists—absolutely insists, that I must love this Sir Edward, because he is generous, rich, and powerful—is that possible? say to me, my poor heart, that I feel now to sigh, to groan, and to lament beneath my trembling hand? She insists that I should fall in love with a name, with rank, with opulence, with a Baronet who condescends to like me. Say to me, is that possible my soul, who have preached to me a thousand times a contempt for mere grandeur, and a disdain for vulgar wealth? She reproaches, with her unkindly words, my indifference to that which she calls my happiness, my triumph, and my glory. She scolds, she rages at me, because I have not the contemptible talent of hypocrisy, and because I will not speak a lie. She says that I am an infant—a child, that can think of nothing but dreams and amusement. Ah! no; for I have learned, also, how to suffer; and now, why is it that I do not weep? why not give myself up to despair? because I am thinking of one,

who thinks not of me. Yes, I am sure of it—Henry *has* forgotten me. And if so, what have I to do more with love? Has he even answered me? Has he listened to me? Has he come to my assistance? No—no—no—and therefore am I left alone, abandoned, miserably wretched—and forced to marry to-morrow, not an hour longer than to-morrow, a man that I do not love at all—that I do not wish to love—and that I never shall love."

Arabella seated herself, or rather sunk into a wide, deep huge arm chair. She closed her eyes, in order that she might the better collect her thoughts—in order that she might chat the more peaceably with her two best friends—her two most intimate confidants—with her heart and her mind.

At that same moment a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, entered the room. He flung a valise violently to the earth—he shook the dust from his clothes, he dashed his hat against the wall, and said in a voice that trembled with emotion—

"At last I have got to Glasgow! Arrived too late, I suppose! I thought I never should be here. I am furious, outrageous, mad—killed three horses, and broke the leg of one postilion. God forgive me! what a shocking folly it is to be so deeply in love; but then it is the sweetest, dearest, finest folly in the world!"

As he was about to continue his soliloquy, which was a combination of anger, impatience, and love, he began to look around him, and to listen, for he thought he heard sighs and plaintive murmurs. He did not see any one; and all of a sudden he could hear anything. Then it was that he took it into his head to go over to an old arm chair, that had the appearance of being banished into a distant corner. He advanced slowly, mysteriously, and on tip-toe—he looked over the back of the chair, and—suddenly Miss Arabella, who had been in a day-dream, opened her lovely blue eyes; she uttered a shriek, and, out of her senses with joy, she began at once to weep and to laugh in the arms of her lover—of her beloved Henry!

Now, you must know very well, that it is a very long time since Arabella and Henry have seen each other. They must, then, I think, have a thousand things to say to one another. Let us, then, quit the room, and leave them together. You will hear of them again, you may be sure of it.

CHAPTER III.

It was between the hours of two and three o'clock on the same night, that Miss Arabella Warbeck, who could not think of sleeping, stole into a little private parlour, that was adjoining to the chamber of Mrs. Warbeck, and not far from the apartments occupied by Sir Edward. The position of this parlour rendered it one from which a nocturnal flight was not only possible, but easy, for in this parlour there was a window out of which you could with ease step into the garden, and at the end of that garden was one of the leading streets of the town.

Arabella was seated at a table on which there was a small lamp and a tiny watch. The hands of that tiny watch seemed to her to be immovable. They looked to her as if they were frightfully lazy—as if nothing could induce them to go on to the hour of appointment. At first Arabella awaited the hour of rendezvous without hesitation, without trembling, and without even blushing; but then, after a little while, it must be said to her praise, when it was approaching to the hour for the given signal with her lover, she began to feel ashamed both

of her boldness, and her affection. She began to be greatly disturbed at the thought of what she was going to do. She began to feel very uneasy for her mother, and for Sir Edward—for herself, for her future repose and honour, and at last she murmured, in a heart-broken voice, "My mother! my poor mother! your daughter shall never cost you a tear." And then she heroically resolved to leave the parlour, to return to her room, and never to quit until the next morning, when she should go forth to marry an honest, worthy (*middle-aged*!) man, who adored her; but, owing to some unaccountable struggle between her imagination and her conscience, she resolved, at least, to bid Henry adieu—in a letter. This she determined to do, and she began to write to him. She had hardly written three lines, when all of a sudden she felt herself fatigued, jaded, exhausted by emotion—by terror and by watching; she felt herself very weak indeed, so weak that she let her head fall back on the pillow of a sofa, and as she did not like to faint, she closed her eyes, and—fell fast asleep.

A few minutes afterwards Sir Edward gently opened the parlour-door; for, like other lovers, he liked to look upon the stars. Great, however, was his surprise when he beheld Miss Arabella asleep in such a place, and on the table before her an unfinished letter, in which he read the following lines:—

"It is the will of fate, of my unhappy destiny, combined with the desire of my mother. I must never again see you—never again listen to you; never again—but why utter the word? To-morrow I become the wife of Sir Edward; fly, then, from my sight—it is a sacrifice that I appeal to your honour to make——."

"Who can this person be?" thought Sir Edward. "Who is this mysterious lover? How could she have ever seen him, educated as she has been so strictly, in the severest school in Scotland? And this, too, at eighteen years of age! And here is what *the mother* calls true perfection!—angelic innocence!"

He was about to awaken the lady, when a young gentleman jumped into the room! The two rivals gazed at each other for an instant, and the indignation of Sir Edward may be guessed, when he discovered that his rival was—Mr. Richard Jones, a student at the University of Cambridge!!!

CHAPTER IV.

When her affectionate mother had conducted, or rather carried away Miss Arabella, who was *very* near fainting, Richard cast himself at the feet of Sir Edward, and exclaimed, "My father—my father! I am innocent, pardon me."

"Rise, Sir," said the old gentleman, "I am no longer your father. I am your accuser, and your judge. Why have you come to Glasgow, and what has brought you to this hotel?"

"It was absolutely necessary for me to do so. Honour compelled me to come and see one who—is very dear to me."

"Very well; but then you choose to pay your visits to this very dear person at moments that are very equivocal—at three o'clock in the morning, for instance."

"Father, since you know all, why do you thus question me? Why thus interrogate me?"

"Because it is my desire to know the most minute details of your love for Miss Arabella Warbeck."

"And wherefore?"

"That is my business. Miss Arabella ought to be my wife, and not yours."

"Then, Sir, you must know, that it is about six months ago, I accepted the invitation of a friend, and came on a visit to

Scotland. He brought me to see his sister, a young lady of large fortune, who was then at school. I saw her and her friend, Arabella there, and I was introduced to them as Sir Henry Williams."

"But, why take a name and title that did not belong to you?"

"Because, knowing that you were to be in Scotland, I did not wish you to hear of my having been here, without your permission. I called at the school often—very often. I loved *her* at first sight. I loved without thinking of it; without any hope of its being returned. One evening, Arabella was on a visit with my friend's family. We went to walk in the garden. I offered her my arm, and, I know not how, I soon found myself alone with her on the banks of the Clyde. I dared to tell her all my love, and without receiving from her a word, a sigh, or a look, which could be construed into an avowal; yet I felt that already we were in heart and in hope, destined for each other. And after that, my dear father, I continued a month longer in this accursed city, still further to lose my reason. We agreed to write to each other often. We did so every day, and it was thus that I learned she was about to be hurried into a marriage, and without stopping to ask with whom, here I am—most unintentionally to offend, and to injure you."

"Richard!" cried Sir Edward, as he wiped away some tears—"Do you, then, love Arabella?"

"Yes, father, to distraction—and you—"

"I cannot say that mine is so very ardent, and therefore, my dear, unhappy, good-natured, free-hearted fellow, since you do love her so very much—take her, and Heaven bless you both!"

"Oh! unthought of happiness! do you give to me her, that you intended for your wife?"

"I ought never to have had such an intention. At my time of life, one ought not to think, and has no right to think of loving, adoring, and marrying a very young girl. An old man, who has fallen in love, has not a sufficiently long time to live for the purpose of truly regretting and repenting a misplaced affection."

CHAPTER V.

It was about a month after the preceding conversation that Edward Jones, Esq., of Brunswick-terrace, Regent's-park, was married to the lovely daughter of Mrs. Warbeck—the latter having established herself at a pretty house in Brompton. As to Sir Edward, as soon as the nuptial ceremony was concluded, he bid adieu to love, to his family, his friends, his pleasures, Belgrave-square, and England. Since then he has dwelt in France, where he has taken one of the finest chateaus in Touraine. He passes a great portion of his unhappy time in hunting, smoking, eating, drinking, and soundly sleeping. This is the conduct of *my hero*. Is it not I appeal to every discreet and sensitive heart, a proper example to all future lovers, whose hopes have been disappointed, and whose affections have been blighted by thoughtless maidens, who prefer youth, beauty, and twenty summers, to sense, solidity, and fifty winters?

BELINDA.

ANTICIPATIONS UNREALIZED.

WINTER.

How oft in winter's dark, short, chilly day,
We cherish schemes of summer happiness?
Our feet we promise shall the green hills press,
Our eyes devour the glorious and the gay
Of rural scenes! The snows wreath melt away,
Beauty and life burst forth from every bud;
Then comes the bland luxuriance of May—
Then the full pride of garden, tree and wood;
But, ah!—by interest, indolence, or pain
Bound—we behold the precious season pass!
Fade the bright leaves—grow sere the withered grass,
Our disappointed hearts at home remain
To hope another year—and cheat our hopes again.

SUMMER.

How oft, when summer's bright and fervid day
Exhausts the panting energies of mind,
And jaded thought reposes, disinclined
To brush the gathering indolence away,
Form we brave plans of stern and studious toil
For winter's nights—which promise then to stay
'Till learning hath consumed the midnight oil:—
The long nights come—but with them come the hours
Of social festival, and fireside glee;
From books the mind too readily gets free—
Self franchised, start the intellectual powers;
Ah! then 'midst broken resolutions, we
Start, flounder—haply that may be ours
Henceforth to improve the minutes as they flee.

J. H.

TO EMMA.

There is an hour on memory's page
We cannot e'er forget,
An hour, 'till life's remotest age
We view with fond regret;
It is that youthful sunny date,
When souls united flow,
Ere falsehood, or relentless fate
Hath bow'd the mind to woe.

When riper years around us spread
Their clouds of worldly care,
And Hope and friendship early dead
Awakens to despair.
Through the dim vista of the past
We fondly turn the eye,
And mourn our joys too sweet to last,
With many a bursting sigh.

Thus, Emma, 'till each ling'ring thought
Lies hearsed in Memory's death,
Will those past joys we early sought
Employ my latest breath;
For there's a light that ever burns
In souls that erred with truth,
A sympathy that ever mourns
The happy days of youth.

J. W. H.

THE NEW CORSET.

A FRENCH TALE.

CHAP. I.

THE CORSET FITTED.

I am compelled by necessity to introduce all my readers into the boudoir of one of the greatest coquettes of the court of Paris. It is that of the Marchioness of Simioni; and sorry am I to say, that the day upon which I have to introduce them was one of those deplorable days, which marked by their frightful contrast the restoration of the elder Bourbons to France. The very day upon which my story begins was that which was signalized by two events of a very opposite nature. The first was a splendid masked ball, given by the Duchess de Berry; the second, the execution of the four sergeants of Rochelle. Both events are connected together, or I would not think at all of referring to the latter; and with this brief preface I proceed with my story.

The Marchioness Valerie de Simioni had many rights by which she was entitled to move in that little world of fashion, which circulated around the throne of the Restoration. She was by her birth a member of one of the very noblest families of Brittany; and, what was still better, she was a distinguished beauty, and had grace and spirit. She had health that defied the fatigues of a ball; she was, too, something of a coquette, and she was in the very prime of woman's loveliness, for she was twenty-four years of age. Can it be a matter of surprise that she was deemed worthy of taking a part in the "*quadrilles historiques*," of Madame, the Duchess de Berri?

Upon the day then that my story commences, the Marchioness had had prepared for the nocturnal fête of her Royal Highness a dress, that she calculated would dazzle, astonish, and delight the court. The costume selected was the time of Louis the Fifteenth; the dazzling costume of Marie Leczinska, that which the daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland had worn at the coronation of her august husband, the King of France. The reader may then well fancy, what must have been the gorgeous bearing, the capricious value of all those rich stuffs, those pure pearls, those costly diamonds, those trinkets, those golden ornaments, that were poured forth, as if from an inexhaustible treasure upon the crown and other royal appendages, that were to decorate and set off the coquettish Majesty of the Marchioness of Simioni.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the preparations for the ball of the coming night were begun. I do not mean to go through the interesting detail of the lady's—and so pretty a lady's—toilet. Besides, who is there could count up the innumerable ribbons, ornaments, millions of diminutive pins, and the flowing gauzy-like Brussels laces. All I have to say is, that there was in the midst of these a new-fashioned, rose-coloured corset. That happy corset was made of satin, brodered with gold, and the inventor of it boasted that it was made on a new system, which would at the same time give a new grace to the most beauteous figure, and even make an ugly waist look attractive. The corset, I am quite ready to admit, was a *chef d'œuvre* in its way; but it was also one that was not very unlike a steel spring, and of which, most assuredly, the naturally Venus-like waist of the Marchioness of Simioni, stood not in the slightest need.

The lucky maid of the pretty Marchioness was busily engaged in fastening the corset on her mistress. Every moment she was drawing it closer and closer, and robbing at the same time her mistress of some natural grace.

"Is it possible," said she at last, "that your ladyship does not feel the corset pinch you too much?"

"No, no," was the answer of the Marchioness.

"This nasty, new-fashioned corset I am sure will prevent your dancing the entire night."

"Do not, my good girl, make yourself uneasy on that account; but pull it, if you please, a little tighter."

"I am sure, my lady, that I am making you sick."

"Not at all, not at all."

"Well, well; we shall soon see the consequences of all this. I hate the very sight of that corset!"

At last the corset was completely closed, or rather the pretty Marchioness was locked up in a steel case. She then had placed upon herself the magnificent robe of the eighteenth century, and that she trailed after her with all the noble pride, and all the borrowed pomp of a veritable queen. Nothing now was wanting to the splendours of her rich costume, but the glorious blaze of diamonds. These were soon put on, and then she appeared with a necklace, a girdle, a diadem, a patch on each side of the mouth, a fan of Vanloo, and Marie Leczinska was arisen living from her tomb, to reappear, and again command the entire Court of France!

While the Marchioness was waiting for her jeweller to bring her the royal crown, which she was about to wear for one night, she thought she might as well rehearse, with closed doors, the brilliant part of ephemeral royalty that she was about to enact. She came out from her boudoir slowly, majestically, gracefully, and looking the genuine princess. She entered into her immense drawing-room, which might be called her state room; and as she did so she looked—aye, she looked a hundred and hundred times in all the glasses, those mute and excellent confidants of a woman, and that so frequently give them such very pleasing information; and as she thus looked she seated herself on a large velvet sofa, and, doing so, it seemed to the Marchioness of Simioni, that she was altogether an adorable creature; and, truth to say, I do believe that she was perfectly correct in thinking so.

The Marchioness, for a considerable time, did not think that she could be better employed than in admiring herself; but, on a sudden, she uttered a shriek, that a regard for her assumed royal dignity obliged her to smother; and then she began to pace up and down the room—to press her forehead with her hands—to fall, half-reclining on a chair, and to feel as if she were about to faint. Alas! the headache, a frightful headache, had seized upon the beauteous brows, that were destined for the circlet of a royal crown!

It was an unfortunate evening for the Marchioness de Simioni. There had she, the young, the beautiful, and the beloved, been waiting ever since morning, for an old and vulgar goldsmith to come to her. She was obliged to wait for him; and he had not come. But then, a visitor she did not expect nor wish for had come to her—it was an awful, sickening, distracting swimming in the head. She began to suffer dreadfully. She suffered without knowing how or wherefore. "She was suffering," that was all she knew about the matter; and then, the exhibition of her royal costume was likely to be postponed, in consequence of her indisposition. It was most melancholy to think of it. But there was another grief to be endured by her, greater than all the rest; for, as she advanced to a mirror to look at herself for the thousandth time that evening, it seemed to her as if, in the course of ten minutes, she had grown ten years older, and she thought herself ugly—abominably ugly; and instantly she rang the bell for her *femme de chambre*.

"Louise!" cried the Marchioness, "come here and look at me well. Mind me, well."

"I am looking at you, Madame."

"What do you see in my face?"

"A great look of fatigue, Madam."

"And in my eyes?"

"There is the dullness of lassitude in your ladyship's eyes. Perhaps you did not sleep well last night. Your ladyship suffers perhaps from a headache; or perhaps your ladyship is feverish?"

"Fever! Yes, you are right; I have caught a fever. It must be so; for I am cold, I am hot, I am shivering, and at the same time stifled with heat. I am ill with a fever."

"Perhaps your ladyship would wish me to send for your physician?"

"For what? Can a doctor prevent us from suffering?"

"No; but he can tell you what is the matter with you, and that itself is some consolation."

"You little idiot! Pray in whose service have you been before you came here?"

"I have been with Madame de Verneuil."

"Oh, I understand you. It is on that account, I suppose, that you have that sulky manner, for which you are always remarkable."

"Perhaps it is, my lady."

"Well, henceforth try and do not be so sulky. Sulkiness is very unbecoming in a person in your situation of life."

"Why so, my lady?"

"It is disagreeable to those in whose service you are."

"But, may it please your ladyship, I——"

"Hold your tongue!"

"One single word more, and I discharge you!"

"Oh, my lady——"

"You are discharged. Be gone!"

Louise withdrew; and, as she did so, murmured against all employers in general, and against the Marchioness in particular. The Marchioness meanwhile cast herself upon a sofa, at the imminent hazard of rumpling her miraculous robes. At the end of a few minutes she rang the bell for her *valet de chambre*.

"Jerome," said she, "what is it that *can* be going on in the court-yard of my hotel? What is the meaning of that dreadful, insupportable noise?"

"My lady, it is only the poor of the parish, who are huddled together on the steps of the hall-door."

"Well, and what do these persons demand?"

"Demand, my lady! They demand nothing; they only wait."

"Wait—for what?"

"For the alms that your ladyship is in the daily habit of giving them."

"Oh, then this is a forced tax upon me; it is regular and perpetual, and there is, I see, to be no end to it. Those wretches want to rob me of all my fortune. Go, and tell those gipsy-impostors never again to come to my hotel."

"How shall I be able to say all that to them and from your ladyship?"

"Tell them to beg at a greater distance from me; to go into some other street; out of the town, if they like. What do I care how they live?"

"At a greater distance they will not find any one as charitable as your ladyship."

"You pester me. I am not charitable; I am not generous; I am not good for anything. Besides, I cannot give away all

my fortune in charity, and I do not wish my hotel to resemble an hospital, where there are none to be seen, but the sick, the blind, and the lame."

At the same moment there appeared two new visitors to the Marchioness; the one of these was the brother of the lady, and the other her lover. Now the Marchioness had been cruel to the poor, and to her *femme de chambre*, and she did not prove herself less cruel or less unkind to her brother. In reply to his compliments on her dress, she reproached him with imaginary crimes, and all sorts of fantastical offences. Her brother endeavoured to justify himself in presence of his friend; but as his justification was a very good one, it only increased the fever of the capricious Marchioness, who folded up her fan, a most splendid fan, that had once belonged to Madame de Pompadour. She twisted it between her fingers, and she broke it, not upon the head of her brother, but of an unfortunate Italian greyhound, which was sleeping at the feet of his ill-tempered mistress.

The little animal awoke, uttering loud cries, and was about to take refuge beneath the sofa of the Marchioness, when her brother took it in his arms, and went to another part of the house, in order that they might mutually console each other.

The lover did not fare better than the poor dog, the valet, the brother, and the *femme de chambre*; for the only answers from her to him were cold, disdainful, and unkind words.

The unhappy young man endeavoured in the most affectionate manner to recall to the mind of the Marchioness those charming words, so full of delicious hopes, that had lately fallen from her lips, and that she seemed to have altogether forgotten. He spoke to her of his love, of his devotion, of his grief, and I believe that he even knelt at the feet of the coquette. But the Marchioness on a sudden stood up, and without deigning to pay the slightest regard to his despair, his sighs, his tears, or his prayers, exclaimed—

"Go away; for I know before-hand all that you may wish to say to me, if I shall only have the patience to listen to you. It is all a mere conjugation of the verb 'to love,' in all its tenses. Is it not true?"

"Yes, in the first person; and all its tenses, 'I have loved you,' 'I do love you,' 'I shall or will love you.' Adieu, until this evening."

"This evening! what do you mean?"

"Shall I not have the honour of saluting you; of seeing you at a distance, at the ball of her Royal Highness?"

"I do not intend to go to the Duchess de Berri's ball?"

"What! will you not appear at the Tuilleries at all this evening?"

"No; before another quarter of an hour has elapsed it will be night with me in my apartments, and I shall endeavour to set myself asleep, by reading the first page of some one of our modern poets."

"You to fall asleep at such an hour—and wherefore?"

"In order that I may the sooner forget that there is in existence such a number of fools, of coxcombs, and of lovers, who pester me with their attentions."

"Farewell, then, Marchioness de Simioni."

"Fare you well, Sir."

CHAP. II.

THE CORSET TAKEN OFF.

What a pity! The Marchioness was determined to cloister herself in her private apartments, even until the next morning;

and she therefore summoned her two *femmes de chambre* to aid her in undressing. The two attendants despoiled her, pin by pin, of her borrowed costume, of her regal masquerade; so that, in the glance of an eye, there was nought left to her of all the luxury of a Queen of France, but the broidered satin corset. The corset was soon unclosed, and disappeared, and, at the same moment the Marchioness, freed from that diabolical constraint, was restored to the power, the precious power of walking unrestrained, of gesticulation without agony, of breathing without a sense of suffocation. She was at last completely at her ease.

"Louise," cried she, in one of the sweetest voices, and with the blindest smile in the world, "do you then really desire to quit my service?"

"Ah! my lady," said the poor Cameriste, "it is your service that quits me."

"When do you leave the house?"

"When it will please your ladyship to compel me to go."

"Very well, I shall think about it; but, Louise, there is in my *baguier* a ring that you were admiring very much the other day."

"And I admire it still as much, my lady."

"Very well, then, I make you a present of it."

"What! is it possible! so splendid a present for me!"

"It is given to you; it is now yours."

"Will your ladyship see any company this evening?"

"Yes, I am at home until twelve o'clock."

The metamorphosis in the Marchioness proceeded exceedingly well. Charity, when well-regulated, it is said, begins with oneself; and faithful to that principle of morality, which seems to have been invented by the good-nature of some lady-patroness, the Marchioness, who but a short time before perceived that she had been frightfully ugly, was now become sufficiently just, and so charitable, as to find herself exceedingly pretty, and even to pay a compliment to her own enchanting face, as she stood before a Venetian mirror. And then there was for the injured Italian greyhound a rich treat of sweetmeats, with which he was fully satisfied. The magnificent fan of Vanloo was in reality the only sufferer from the chagrin of the Marchioness, and her rose-coloured corset.

A little later in the evening there was heard the brawling noise of the street criers in the Rue Saint Dominique, and the Marchioness called for her valet, Jerome.

"What means," she said, "all this tumult? Has any great crime been committed; or has there been an *emeute*?"

"May it please your ladyship," said the valet, as he wiped away a tear, "all this noise is about the four sergeants of Rochelle, that were executed at the place de Greve."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Marchioness, who was wanting neither in generosity, kindness, or greatness of soul; "then I do not in the slightest degree regret being absent from the ball of her Royal Highness. Persons ought not to dance over the hangman's scaffold. Jerome," she continued, "here is my purse. The half of this money is yours; the other half you will give to the poor that wait at the door of my hotel. But, oh, Heavens! now I think on it, if you have driven them away, those poor wretches who expect alms from me, at my own door, they will not venture to come near me for the future."

"I have not *driven* them away, my lady; I have only sent them away, at your desire, until to-morrow."

"Oh, so much the better! You have repaired, without my knowledge, my cruel folly, and I am therefore made very happy."

It was about ten o'clock the same evening, when Louise tapped at the door of the boudoir, to announce the second visit for that day of the unhappy lover, M. Olivier d'Alby. He bowed a hundred times; appeared a good deal confused, and in no small degree embarrassed, as every young gentleman who is in love ought to be, or seem that he is; and then he took a chair near to where the Marchioness was sitting, who well knowing all the tricks of a coquette, began to pretend by *tarus* surprise, disappointment, and fear, in order that she might have a pretext for being angry in appearance.

"How!" said she, "you here, Sir! Was there ever any thing so indiscreet! Do you consider, Sir, or know, that it is eleven o'clock?"

"I know it very well, my dear Marchioness; but then it is the fault of your watch, and not of mine. Besides, your brother, who you know is most attentive to his duties at the palace, finding you would not take part in the ball this evening, resolved to go by himself to the Tuilleries, while, as for me—"

"Well?"

"Well, I promised your brother to come here and chat to you, and to amuse you in his absence, if you please."

"My brother requested you to do this."

"He did indeed, and here I am."

The *denouement* of this story is by no means new. The Marchioness, who had given such an unkind reception to her timid lover in the morning, believed herself in conscience bound to repair the injury that had been inflicted by her cruel impoliteness, as she had already repaired the wrong she had done to her little dog, her *femme de chambre*, and the poor of the parish; and therefore she, who had given the beggars an abundant alms, who had made a splendid present to her *cameriste*, and had given comforts with her own fair hand to her lap-dog, promised to bestow that hand upon the enraptured Olivier d'Alby, a promise to which she most faithfully adhered.

The story of the rose-coloured corset of the Marchioness de Simioni does not stop here; for a few months after the revolution of July, 1830, it was of great advantage to the brother of the Marchioness; he having declared that he prevented his sister from appearing at the quadrilles of the Duchess de Berri, they having taken place upon a great day of national mourning. The consequence was, that the rose-coloured corset made his fortune; for by its means he became an ambassador, and a great favourite at the new Court.

LOUISE LURINE.

MY LOVE.

AN IMITATION.

Imagine all things beautiful and bright—

A summer's morn when nature is most fair,
Or autumn's evening, when the pale moonlight
Gleams on the golden corn the while the air
Is "breathing balm;" or brook, whose waters clear
Glide with a merry song through woodland bow'rs;
Or the white lily which that brook doth bear
Upon its breast; or, fairest of all flow'rs,
The queenly rose; or violet the blue,
Or, primrose, glory of the forest scene;
Or cowslip, bathed in early morning's dew;
Or honeysuckle 'mid its foliage green;
Or graceful heron, or most faithful dove—

Imagine all these things, and thou dost see my love.

CLEON.

THE DUELLIST.

"Ove la morte al vincitore si pone
In premio, e 'l mal del vinto è la salute."—Tasso.

CHAP. I.

It was about two months after the celebrated battle of Fontenoy, that there was collected together near the bath of Latona, at Versailles, some officers of the Gardes-du-Corps, who were listening to the discussion of a point, that is very rarely made the subject of a controversy amongst military men.

"What!" said one, remarkable for his harsh features and thick red mustachios; "what! refuse to fight a duel, after an affront in public had been put upon him! Why, it is a dishonour that not all the waters of the deluge could wash away."

"M. de Malatour," said his opponent, in a tone of voice remarkable for its mildness and calmness, "I have the honour of again repeating to you my opinion, that I think a man shows his virtue and good qualities very frequently—perhaps more frequently, in declining to fight a duel, than by being a principal in one. What is there, in truth, more disreputable, what more unworthy of a gentleman, than to give way to passion, to rage, and to vengeance? What can there be more worthy of admiration, than resisting such violent impulses? And, remember, that the virtue that does not cost us some sacrifice of feeling, is scarcely deserving of the name."

"Well, well; all I can say to M. de Argentre is this: that if ever the King should give you a company, you ought to have engraven on the scabbards of your soldiers' swords, the Fifth Commandment—'*Thou shalt not kill.*'"

"And why not? The King would have more good servants, and the country fewer annoyances, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer ruffians. Look, for instance, for the justification of what I have said, to the conduct of him, concerning whom this argument has arisen. See how nobly he avenged the affront put upon him, by carrying off the English standard at Fontenoy, and this too at the very time when some of your fire-eating duellists were, not improbably, prudently ensconced behind the baggage."

"The base have their moments of courage, as the timid deer will itself turn at bay, when hard pressed by the dogs."

"Aye, and the brave, good sir, have their attacks of cowardice."

"That is not either the thought, or the expression of a gentleman or a soldier."

"And yet it was first said by Marshal Turenne, who was certainly as nobly born as either of us. He avowed that he was not exempt from such feelings. Every one knows what he did with respect to the braggart, who boasted that he had never felt fear. The Marshal took a candle, and put it so close to the nose of the gasconader, that he had to draw back his head in affright, to the great amusement of the spectators."

"None but a Marshal of Turenne could have presumed to play off such a miserable practical joke. Sir, I maintain that your friend is a coward, and that you—"

"And I!" exclaimed M. de Argentre, curling himself up like a wounded serpent, his forehead pale and his eyes on fire; "and I, sir—"

"Holloa, gentlemen," cried out a new comer, who, in the heat of the discussion, had glided unperceived amid the group. "This is *my* affair," he said to M. de Argentre, whose already uplifted arm he seized; "and as to you, M. de Malatour, I am at your command."

"In that case, then, after you it is my turn," said d'Argentre, calmly reseating himself.

"By my honour, gentlemen, you give me infinite pleasure!" cried the duellist.

"One moment," said the new comer, who although still very young, wore the cross of Saint Louis. "Too great haste in a matter like this testifies less a contempt of death, than impatience to have done with life."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"It is but this very moment that M. d'Argentre has told you, that one of the bravest of our generals admitted that he had moments of fear. Now, without making myself responsible for the authenticity of the anecdote respecting Turenne, I affirm that the courage of the duellist is rather to be ascribed to habit, than to courage. Would you wish to see this proved."

"Enough, good sir, we are here as soldiers to fight, and not as mere students, to argue themes according to the strict rules of logic."

"Listen to me a moment longer. This is my proposition to you. We are all now about to obtain leave of absence. Now, I invite you, as well as all our mutual friends present, to my country house, or rather to the Rock du Clat, situated in the Eastern Pyrenees. I invite you there to a bear-hunt. You are very clever, M. de Malatour; you can snuff a candle with a pistol-ball at twenty paces' distance, and no one can pretend to compete with you in the exercise of the small sword. Well, then, sir, I mean to put you in presence of a bear, and if you are able, I do not say to lodge a ball in his head, but even to take a steady aim at him, then I shall be quite ready to submit myself to the proof, either to be killed by you, or to kill you; since these are the only terms on which you will allow me to be friends with you."

"Are you joking, Sir?"

"On the contrary, I never was more serious in all my life. I believe that the fiery ardour which brings you to the duelling ground, is to be regarded rather as a courage of the nerves, than the courage of the heart. The bravery of the soul, which is, after all, the only true one, and that on which we can solely rely in moments of unexpected danger is not there."

"Yes, but supposing that I accept your proof, what security shall I have that you will not find another excuse for not giving me a meeting?"

"My word, Sir; of which I make all my comrades the witness, and that I place under the safeguard of their honour."

"Here there was heard such a general murmur of applause amid his auditors, that M. de Malatour, in despite of the fury that flashed from his eyes, felt himself compelled to accede to the proposition made to him."

It was then agreed, that in a month from that day, that was on the first of September, all who were then present should again meet together at the Chateau du Clat.

CHAP. II.

The Castle of Clat, like the greater part of those buildings that have very strong walls is still to be seen beneath the chain of the Pyrenees. It was planted on a high and elevated point, from which there was commanded a view of the mountains around for many leagues, while the place itself was overtopped by the dazzling snows of the Pyrenees.

The first care of the young Lord of Villetterit, after having

paid the due tribute of regret to the memory of his father, was to have summoned before him a man named Pareur de Gesse, one of the most celebrated bear-hunters in the district.

Of the person that we now venture to introduce into our story, there are still told the most astonishing anecdotes, with respect both to his skill, his courage, and his extraordinary escapes from the most imminent peril. This man was of a thin figure, very slightly bent; the latter defect principally to be ascribed to his constant habit of climbing to those places that were the ordinary theatre of his hunting. This defect gave him the appearance of being somewhat advanced in life, although he had not yet reached his fortieth year. But then, looking at him more attentively, it would be found in that compact body, in those muscular limbs, in the eye, lively, bright, and intelligent, in that brown, smooth hair, that not a single streak of grey as yet defaced, that there stood before you one of those hardy constitutions, that seem destined to remain a stranger to every species of infirmity that ordinary life is exposed to. He was a robust child of the mountains, in the midst of which he had passed his life. His heart too was upright and religious; it was penetrated as all kindly and simple natures are, with the light of conscience—with the conviction that we are accountable to our Creator for all our actions. Thanks to this habit of respect for things that are sacred, and perhaps, also, by reason of the innumerable perils to which he stood exposed, le Pareur bore in his manly physiognomy a character of rude elevation, that was not destitute of nobility. It was no doubt owing to his religious feelings, and to his confidence in the ways of Providence, that our bear-hunter accomplished feats that were truly miraculous, and that now have afforded, for more than a hundred years, the inexhaustible subject for stories and anecdotes, in the long winter evenings, amongst the inhabitants of those mountains.

It was in consequence of the young Lord of Clat following, as a child, this singular man in his dangerous chases, that he was indebted not merely for his vigour of body, but also that energetic *sang-froid* of which he had given such dazzling proof on the plain of Fontenoy, and that we shall soon see him exhibit in a different field of battle.

When Pareur appeared before his young master, that he had not now seen for two years—he who never trembled before any peril—felt himself moved even to the very bottom of his heart, as much as a poor mother at the aspect of her child that she unexpectedly beholds after a long absence. He was about to cast himself at the feet of his lord, when the latter prevented him, and affectionately shook him by the hand.

"You forget, Pareur, my friend," he said, "that it is the duty of the pupil to pay respect to his instructor, and more especially so when he stands in need of his advice and his wisdom."

"Speak, my lord, speak; for, after God, the old hunter is yours, body and soul."

"Thanks! thanks! my brave honest fellow; but have you received my letter from Paris?"

"Oh! yes, my Lord, and you may be sure your guests will find some rough fellows to speak to."

"How many of them are there on the mountain," resumed the young nobleman, stretching his hand towards one of the giant peaks that shone with the golden rays of the setting sun.

"Five in all—a complete family—father, mother, and children."

"Well, but a few days yet to come, Pareur, and we shall be called upon to show our country skill—but I scarcely can

hope for our superiority—for one of my guests is so excellent a shot, that he can snuff a candle at twenty paces distance."

"That is perhaps easier than to strike a bear when he is within four feet of you."

"It is my opinion, also; but as I am particularly anxious to judge myself of his address, you must take care and place us at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance; for you know—"

"I understand you," said the hunter, and bending down his head, and giving his right ear a pinch—an attitude which was familiar to him when he was at all embarrassed—"but to speak frankly, my lord, I had rather see you in any place than that."

"Why so?"

"Because, to guard that post, one should have their conscience free, and be in a complete state of grace; for there the hunter is between two dreadful deaths—the bear on one side, and the precipice on the other."

"Thanks to you! I know the one, and I do not fear the other."

"Hum! now with your Lordship's permission, I would say, I would prefer being with you in that dangerous pass, than see any one else there along with you."

"But are you sure the bear will go to that point?"

"Sure! yes, certainly; but no—for it is a cunning beast, and tells no one what it intends to do."

"Very well, then; the matter is perfectly well understood between us. I shall maintain the bridge of Maure with my friend. Do you go and have everything ready for the day on which the hunt takes place."

"Yes—yes—it is all right," murmured the hunter aside, as he withdrew, pinching his ear—"but for all that I must watch over him."

CHAP. III.

Eight days after this conversation, all the guests had arrived at the Castle. M. de Malatour was amongst them, and, notwithstanding the delicate and polite attention of his host, he still maintained towards him a cold and icy reserve in his manners. The greater number of the guests were inhabitants of the centre of France, and it was to them at once a spectacle magnificent and unexpected to behold the mighty chain of the Pyrenees, rising with the whole crown of contrasting snows, beneath the deep blue of a Spanish sky.

Before the first dawn of the morning after their arrival, there was collected beneath the walls of the Castle a multitude of traqueurs and batteurs, armed with all sorts of noisy instruments, such as trumpets, drums, &c. Pareur appeared at the head of this assemblage. He was escorted by his faithful dog, which with its broad breast, its fiery and intelligent eye, appeared as the sergeant of a dozen enormous mastiffs that were ranged in close file, and held in leash by the vigorous hunters. The instant the guests at the Castle, armed with carbines and short hunting-knives, appeared, all the cortege, at the desire of Pareur, set forward on their march, and in perfect silence. The very dogs themselves appeared to comprehend the necessity for this proceeding, for not a bark nor growl was heard from one of them. They proceeded on their way, and nought was to be heard but the dull noise of their own footsteps, the fall of distant torrents, and the cries of some lazy night-birds, as they slowly flapped their wings on their flight to their day retreat. As soon as they had reached the crest of the mountains that looked down

on the silent earth, the first ray of the sun, hitherto concealed in the East, lighted on the top of the Pyrenees, and the landscape suddenly illuminated, unrolled itself at the feet of the hunters—an imminent and profound valley, in which the jutting points covered with dark and majestic firs, formed a gulf of moving verdure, murmuring and sighing in the first breath of morning. Before them the scene was whitened by the foaming waters of a cascade, that fell from the distance of a hundred feet, into a black and fathomless hollow, to which the eye could not penetrate. By one of these caprices of chance, that bear testimony to the primitive convulsions of the globe, the gulf opposite to them was crowned by a species of bridge, formed by two piles of granite, which elevated themselves on both sides, and that seemed to be united and kept joined together by a long flat stone, composed also of rough granite. It seemed to be the work of the Titans, when warring against Heaven; for it appeared impossible that human hands could have raised to such a height those monstrous blocks, for the purpose of forming that colossal arch.

Of such a place it might well be supposed that sinister legends were told, which rendered it a place of horror and of dread to the mountaineers. They affirmed that no hunter, with the exception of Pareur, had ever been able to place himself there without becoming the prey of the bear, or falling into the abyss. Pareur was too religious to be at all affected by the superstitious tales that were told of the place. He explained that the danger which attached to the place was to be ascribed to the swimming of the sight, which was likely to occur, from the presence on one side of so awful an abyss and on the other by the danger to be apprehended from the bear—both sufficient to dazzle the hunter's eye, and to make his hand unsteady. Hence it was that he felt much fear for his young master who, in despite of his renewed and urgent prayers, persisted in occupying, with his antagonist, that post.

After having placed the hunters on different points which were considered the most favourable, Pareur rejoined his men, and scattered them round the valley facing the cascade, and again recommending them to the most complete quietude, until the first bark of his own dog was heard. When that signal was given the mastiffs were to be uncoupled, the instruments to sound, and the troop to descend slowly, closing in on both sides by little and little as they approached the cascade.

These dispositions for the coming struggle having been made, Pareur buried himself in the forest, followed by his dog.

Some moments were given to profound silence, in which might be heard the tapping of the woodpecker on the dry trunk of some old tree. The silence continued; but on a sudden it was broken by a wild cry and a loud roaring. Each person grasped his weapon. Every heart beat violently—the hair of the dogs bristled up, and all with eyes of fire dashed like a whirlwind in the direction from which the strange noise had come. Soon their furious barks were mingled with the cries of the traqueurs, and the loud din of the most discordant instruments, above all of which came by intervals the awful roar of the bear. It was as of a concert of demons, that echo after echo repeated from one end of the valley to the other.

At that moment the young lord of Villettriton stood with the duellist at the bridge of Maure. The nobleman looked at his companion, upon whose face, although there was still great paleness and some nervousness, there was yet preserved an apparent calm, and disdainful bravery.

"Attention, Sir," said the young nobleman in a low voice. "The dogs are coming this way, and the bear cannot be far dis-

tant. Take a steady aim, for if you miss the bear, he certainly will not miss you."

"Be so good, my Lord, as to retain your prudent advice for your own guidance."

"Attention," repeated the Baron, without being in the slightest degree excited by this uncourteous answer, "the animal is now two perches from you."

"The bear is running on you, my Lord," was shouted now from all sides of the valley.

At that moment there was heard the dull cracking of some broken branches, accompanied by the rolling of fragments of rock, which, dashed aside by the feet of the monster, and whirling to the bottom of the precipice, announced his impending approach.

This time the paleness of M. de Malatour became a little more visible; however, he grasped his carbine, and stood in the attitude of a courageous sportsman. The bear at length appeared! his mouth foaming and his eyes full of rage—at times he turned as if to make head against the clamour that pursued him; but when he saw the bridge, his only path of safety, occupied by two adversaries, he sent forth a frightful howling, and then raising himself on his hind paws, his head down and his teeth menacing, he was on the point of flinging himself on the hunters, when—a ball struck him on the forehead and stretched him dead before them!

M. de Malatour, white as a sheet, still convulsively held his gun, of which he was not capable to make any use. On a sudden new cries were heard—they were still more eager, still more anxiously uttered than what had been said before—they appeared to come from all sides. "Heaven and earth! You are both dead men—another bear is rushing upon you—fire—fire—fire there!" Such was the exclamation of Pareur, who appeared suddenly beside the bear that had been shot. At this cry the Baron turned round, and saw on the other side of the bridge a second bear, still more dreadful than the first. Its arms were extended, and it was about to bound upon him and his companion! To make a jump backward, to seize the carbine of his comrade, who had not yet fired, and to fire at the heart of the new assailant and lay him at his feet, was but the work of a second! Most fortunate presence of mind! It preserved our intrepid hunter from a certain death; for had there been, on his part, the least hesitation, or the slightest terror, he must have been devoured by the bear. It was the male, who had come to the aid of the female.

Pareur, who was not able to fire because his master was right between himself and the animal, felt his knees bend under him from emotion. As to M. de Malatour, a livid paleness covered his features, his hairs stood straight on his head, and a convulsive shaking of his limbs, gave testimony to the dreadful struggle of his soul.

"Take your gun, Sir," said the young nobleman hurriedly, restoring the carbine to his trembling hands, "here are our friends, let them not see you disarmed. As to you, Pareur, silence! I know you can be relied upon." The whole troop at this moment appeared, and he continued, "You see, gentlemen, there are the two monstrous beasts killed—it is one for each of us; and now, Mr. de Malatour, I am, as I said on a former occasion, at your command, and ready to give you that satisfaction you seemed to require."

The only answer that his confused adversary was able to give, was to stretch out to him his hand in silence. It was grasped affectionately and cordially.

That same evening, a grand banquet was given in the Castle, in honour of the double victory. Towards the close of the

repeal, a toast was proposed "to the conquerors," and it was received with acclamation. At the moment d'Argentre stood up, with glass in hand, M. de Malatour stopped him, and rising in his place, thus spoke:—

"To the only, the single conqueror of the day! to our worthy host; for he it was who killed the two bears. If I have until this moment permitted his generous invention, so completely unfounded in truth, to pass in silence, it is because I have been desirous that my apology to him should be as public as the affront I offered him. I wished that every reparation in my power should to so great and so good a man, be solemn, open, undisguised, without equivocation; I then declare the Lord of Villettriton is the bravest amongst the brave, and this I am ready to sustain before all and against all."

"This time, certainly," said M. d'Argentre, "I do not mean to take up your glove."

"What a noble, brave young man!" murmured Pareur, as he wiped away a tear. "It convinces me, that a little practice would make him as calm in the presence of a bear, as he is, it is said, in the face of the enemy."

W. B. M.

INDIAN LONGINGS.

Thou English glen, my heart revisits thee,
Ever art thou before my longing sight;
Oh! that I could in sweet reality
Walk 'neath thy shadows this hot burning night.
Ten years have pass'd since last I saw the trees
Drooping their branches o'er thy babbling stream,
Listen'd unto the music of the breeze,
And saw thy lilies in the moonlight gleam—
Ten fleeting years of mingl'd joy and woe.
And yet no change has come o'er thee I ween;
Still do thy streamlets lucid waters flow,
Still are thy mossy banks most brightly green;
Still grow thy violets as they grew before,
And thou, oh! English glen, art as thou wert of yore.

Hath it been thus with me and mine? ah! no;
I, since I gazed on thee, am changed,
I have been doom'd to taste of frequent woe,
And oft have mourn'd o'er friends once dear, estrang'd;
And I have wept for the unchang'd yet dead,
They who in pride of youth and beauty's bloom,
Like stricken spirits to their home have fled—
Albeit, that home was to the silent tomb;
Yet 'mid these years of trial and of pain
I have been constant in my love to thee,
And should be happy could I once again
With joyful eyes thy well-known beauty see—
Fain is that wish upon this foreign shore,
I feel, oh! English glen, I ne'er shall see thee more.

CLEON.

ENIGMAS.

Red and blue and tender growing,
Gentle as the zephyr blowing,
All unconscious, all unknowing,
Down a streamlet constant going,
Who can a guess for me be throwing?

BURNING OF THE TOWER.

The crackling flames appear on high,
And driving sparks dance along the sky;
Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire;
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire.

DRYDEN.

The recent burning of the armoury of the Tower is a circumstance that will long be memorable in the annals of London. It is one that we are sure must have excited great interest amongst our fair readers, many of whom have visited and admired that very portion of it in particular which has now ceased to exist. But with respect to the facts connected with this awful occurrence, we do not mean to trouble them, being quite sure that all have been already perused in the ample columns of the newspapers. That which we have done for their gratification is to present them a living picture of the interior of the Tower, at the moment that the work of destruction was going on, and when human exertions were making, but, alas! in vain, to control it. The attempt to prevent the further extension of the fire was made almost exclusively by the soldiers, and therefore it is that there will be found in the picture the great peculiarity of that extraordinary scene—where the Tower looks as if it were attacked by a besieging army, instead of being invested by those, who were risking their lives for its preservation.

It is, we think, difficult for any one, who is at all read in history, not to compare the destruction of the armoury of the Tower, with its contents—things so celebrated for their beauty and magnificence, and so quickly preceding that auspicious event, that has given a new Prince to England—and not compare it with an event something similar, which accompanied the birth of Alexander the Great, viz., the destruction of that wonder of the world for art, beauty, richness, and sculpture, the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. With the antients that event was regarded as the presage of the mighty achievements of the son of Philip. Thank Heaven! however, our Prince is born with happier auspices; for while the Royal Crown, while even the minutest insignia of royalty, have been preserved unhurt from the destructive element, our future King has been ushered into the world, as if his reign was to be one of perfect peace; since all the nation has to lament, is the mere loss of those weapons that have been fashioned for the purposes of war.

If there be superstition in our notion, it must be admitted that it is harmless in its object; that it clings to the hope that England will long enjoy the happiness of seeing itself ruled by the illustrious family who now hold the throne; and that now, as in future years, peace with all its blessings may encompass them.

Our picture portrays precisely the Tower, as it was on the night of the conflagration, at that very moment when it might be said—

"On ruddy wings the bright destruction flies,
Followed with ruin and amazing cries;
The flaky plague spreads swiftly with the wind,
And ghastly desolation howls behind."

We are quite sure that we shall add to the gratification of our readers, by giving them the following description of the Tower, from Mr. Mackay's Work, "The Thames and its Tributaries."

It will be found written with all the accuracy of an antiquarian, and the refined taste of the most pure of our modern poets :—

" Could we by any means read the true and intimate history of this solemn edifice; could the dumb walls speak, and tell us of the groans they had listened to, the prayers they had heard, the ravings of remorse, or the wail of innocence, that had echoed within them, when not a living soul was near; could we force them to deliver up their awful secrets of unmerited suffering, blighting tyranny, and of guilt, misery, and despair, in all their various shapes; how harrowing would be the recital, and what hitherto unopened pictures of the human heart would be spread out before us, to cheat us of our sympathy for thousands, who are now far beyond its reach—*The Tower of London*, of all other dungeons in the world, would perhaps tell the saddest tale. The dens of the Inquisition may have witnessed more suffering; St. Angelo of Rome, or the Bastille of Paris, may have had more victims; but it is not for the mere greatness of suffering, or the number of sufferers, that men in general weep: it is for the glory, or the patience, or the beauty, of a few victims, that they shed most tears. The same individuals who hear with callous indifference of the slaughter of ten thousand men, or the burning of twenty cities, melt into tears for the misery of one. Hence the peculiar interest that attaches to the captives of the *Tower*, including so many who have left a never-dying fame, whose names are household words to us, and the leading incidents of whose career are engraven upon our memory. Who does not remember the sad story of Wallace, imprisoned in these cells? of Henry the Sixth,

' Whose place was filled, whose sceptre wrung from him,
Whose balm washed off wherewith he was anointed?'

of Clarence, drowned in the malmsey butt? of the Royal Babes, smothered by the orders of the bloody Richard? of the ambitious Bohun, Duke of Buckingham? of the conscientious Sir Thomas More? the tender and innocent Anne Boleyn? the guilty Catherine Howard? the mild and accomplished Cromwell, Earl of Essex? the chivalrous Earl of Surrey? the proud Duke of Somerset? the quiet and erudite Lady Jane Grey? her sad spouse, Lord Dudley? the pious martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer? the amorous and high-vaulting Earl of Essex? the accomplished Raleigh? and the forlorn Arabella Stuart? But we cannot go through the long list of victims, which stretches out, like Banquo's progeny, crowned, and mitred, and coroneted spectres, start up before our mental eye in long array, making us, as we reflect upon their fate, thank God that 'the good old times' are gone for ever, and that we live in an age when law reigns paramount, and the axe is idle, except for the hewing of wood and the breaking of granite,

"The Tower was not always used as a dungeon. It was, until the time of Elizabeth, a royal palace, in which it was customary for the sovereigns to spend the first few days after their accession. Much difference of opinion has existed as to whether it were built by Julius Cæsar. It seems now to be generally acknowledged by those who are the best informed, that a fortress was erected upon the spot by the Romans; but that the present edifice, or great white Tower, is the work of William the Conqueror. Rufus expended large sums in adding to, and fortifying the building. Henry the Third imitated his example, and taxed the Londoners very sorely for the purpose. In his reign the outer walls fell down, it is supposed, by an earthquake, 'for the which chance,' say the old historians, 'the citizens of London were nothing sorry.' A brick wall was built

by Edward the Fourth, as well as that part of the structure known by the name of the Lion's Tower. The storehouse was begun by James I., and completed in the reign of William III. The various bulwarks are named the Lion's Tower, Middle Tower, Bell Tower, Beauchamp Tower, Dwelling Tower, Flint Tower, Bowyer Tower, Martin Tower, Castle Tower, Broad Arrow Tower, Salt Tower, Well Tower, Cradle Tower, Lantern Tower, St. Thomas's Tower, Hale Tower, Bloody Tower, and Wakefield Tower.

"It is now twenty years since it has been used as a state prison; the last prisoners being Thistlewood and his accomplices, committed in 1820. It is now chiefly famous for its beautiful Armoury, its Jewel Room, containing the regalia of England and Scotland, and its Record Office, in the Wakefield Tower, containing the parliamentary rolls from the reign of King John to that of Richard III., a survey of the manors of England, a register of the ancient tenures of all the lands, a perambulation of forests, a collection of charters granted to colleges and corporations, and various other state papers. It formerly contained a menagerie; but the wild beasts have been removed within the last eight or nine years to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park.

THE MUSICAL HUSBAND.

Dedicated to the Young Gentlemen of the United Kingdom.

How I wish that my husband would let me alone,

And not want me always to play!

Oh, I've never a minute to call my own;

I'm playing and singing all day.

How well I remember the night we first met,

At Lord Mornington's concert and ball,

When he asked me to join in his lordship's quartette,

With himself and Sir William Mac Hall.

When I think of the concerts to come I despair;

Oh, ladies, of Musical Husbands beware!

"Now, Henry, my love, let me finish this screen

I've begun for my sister's bazaar."

"Impossible, Mary! for Parry I've seen,

And he begs you will learn 'Hope's bright Star.'

I've invited a few here for Wednesday night,

And Lord Francis will join you, with me,

In singing 'Sweet Evening' and 'Beautiful Sprite;'

His second's so good in a glee!"

When I think of the concerts to come I despair;

Oh, ladies, of Musical Husbands beware!

I seldom can get to the nursery now,

For practising fills every hour;

I've never seen Susan or Willy, I vow,

Since Wednesday evening at four:

For if ever I enter the school-room to hear

How much they have pleased Madame Lisle,

My husband comes in with, "Now, Mary, my dear,

Come and practise Herz's newest quadrille."

When I think of the concerts to come I despair;

Oh, young ladies, of Musical Husbands beware!

He says that its time for Louisa to play,
 Though she's yet only four years old.
 He'll take her to Kialmark's concert to day,
 And she's got such a dreadful bad cold.
 She went to hear Grisi on Saturday night,
 And was frightened to death at Lablache;
 She told me this morning she hated the sight
 Of Ivanhoff's horrid moustache.
 When I think of the concerts to come I despair;
 Oh, young ladies, of Musical Husbands beware!

Last June, on my birth-day, his cadeau he gave;
 Another new harp and guitar;
 Though I'd hinted before that I wanted to have
 A tiara like Madame St. Maur;
 But, alas, no tiara I'm likely to see
 If this taste of my husband remain;
 The money he spent in printing *his* glee,
 Makes me fancy he's really insane.
 When I think of the concerts to come I despair;
 Oh, young ladies, of Musical Husbands beware!

Now, young ladies, I beg you will take my advice,
 You'll find it the best that you can;
 Let nothing whatever induce or entice
 You to marry a musical man.
 I loved music once as you now may do,
 And enjoyed nothing more than a glee;
 But playing and singing all day and night too—
 Oh, I wish I was once more free!
 When I think of the concerts to come I despair;
 Oh, young ladies, of Musical Husbands beware!

ELEANOR W.

EVENING HOURS.

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
 That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
 That brings the wild bee to its nest,
 The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease;
 That gives the weary team release,
 And leads them home, and tends them there,
 With rest and shelter, food and care.

Oh, season of soft sighs and vows;
 Of twilight walks 'mid dewy boughs;
 Of feelings warm, and converse sweet,
 And thoughts too glowing to repeat.

Yes, lonely hour! thou art the time
 When feelings glow and wishes climb;
 When timid souls begin to dare,
 And maidens hear love's fervid prayer!

H. L.

ENIGMA.

A soldier's sword and a seaman's wages,
 From a dozen books two hundred pages,
 Are all right curious things I ween;
 But tell, oh, tell me what they mean.
 VOL. 18.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

JOHN DOUGLAS EDWARD HENRY CAMPBELL, the present Duke of ARGYLL is the head of one of the most antient and historical of the families of Scotland, rich as they are in legendary lore, in startling events, and facts most honourable to those who bear their names or titles. In the manners of His Grace there is none of the assumption of that high rank to which he might lay claim. He is distinguished for his courtesy, urbanity, and kindness to all who come in contact with him. He is as kind and simple in the glens of his native county, as when he appears in the fashionable world, where, aided by his accomplished Duchess, he is universally hailed with joy and satisfaction. But we cannot further dwell upon his personal qualities, as we have scarcely space for the following account of his ancestors.

The family traces its source to Sir NEIL CAMPBELL, Baron of Lochow, a gallant and faithful adherent of King Robert Bruce, whose sister, the Lady Mary Bruce, he eventually obtained in marriage.

Sir DUNCAN CAMPBELL, of Lochow, first assumed the designation of Argyll, and was raised to the dignity of a lord of parliament by King James the Second, in 1445, by the title of Lord Campbell, having, in the previous reign, been of the privy council, and been appointed the king's justiciary and lord lieutenant of the county of Argyll. His lordship married Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland.

COLIN, second Lord Campbell, was created Earl of Argyll in 1457. His lordship was appointed master of the king's household, in 1464; and, after filling several most important stations, such as ambassador to England and France, justiciar, &c., &c., he was eventually nominated Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. He married Isabel Stewart, eldest daughter and co-heiress of John, Lord of Lorn, and, in consequence, added the *galley* to his achievement, with the designation of *Lord Lorn* to his other titles.

ARCHIBALD, fourth earl. This nobleman was the first person of importance in Scotland who embraced the Protestant religion, and became a strenuous advocate for the Reformation. His lordship died in 1558, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

ARCHIBALD, fifth earl. This nobleman, at the breaking out of the civil wars in Scotland, espoused the cause of Queen Mary, and commanded her majesty's forces at the battle of Langside.

ARCHIBALD, eighth earl, was advanced to the Marquessate of Argyll, by letters patent, dated 15th November, 1641. This nobleman resigned into the hands of King Charles the First, in 1628, the justiciary of all Scotland, which had been in his family for several ages, reserving only to himself and his heirs the jurisdiction of the western isles, and of Argyll, and wherever else he had lands in Scotland, which arrangements were ratified by act of Parliament, in 1633. His lordship having espoused the interests of Cromwell, and acquiesced in the murder of King Charles the First (but which to the last he solemnly denied),

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was soon after the Restoration convicted of high treason, and beheaded at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, on the 27th May, 1661.

ARCHIBALD, ninth earl, in 1663, was restored to the estate and honours of his family as Earl of ARGYLL. This nobleman, for refusing to subscribe the Test Act, was found guilty of high treason on 19th of December, 1681, and sentenced to death, but effected his escape from the kingdom: he was, however, subsequently taken, in an abortive attempt to invade Scotland, and executed at the same place, and in the same manner as his father, 30th June, 1635.

His eldest son ARCHIBALD was acknowledged Earl of ARGYLL by Parliament, before the reversal of the attainder against his father, and was created by the new monarch, after the Revolution, in recompense for the services he had rendered in bringing about that measure (the 23d June, 1701) Lord Inverary, Mull, Morvein, and Tyria, Viscount of Lochoy and Glenilla; Earl of Campbell and Cowal; Marquess of Kintyre and Lorn; and Duke of ARGYLL.

JOHN, second duke: born in 1678. This nobleman was a distinguished military commander, and contributing importantly to the triumphs of Queen Anne's reign, was honoured with a British peerage on 2d of December, 1705, by the titles of Baron of Chatham, and Earl of Greenwich; and was created, on the 13th of April, 1719, Duke of Greenwich. In 1735-6, his grace was constituted field-marshal of all his majesty's forces. But he was no less distinguished in the council than the field; and his grace is thus immortalized by Pope:—

"ARGYLL, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

He married first, Mary, daughter of John Brown, Esq., but had no issue; and, secondly, Jean Warburton, one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne, by whom his grace left five daughters. Dying, however, in October, 1743, without a son, his English honours ceased, while those of Scotland devolved upon his brother.

TO M———.

Beauty fades, and soon must die;
Love is but a summer fly;
Gay while eyes and lips can burn,
Thoughtless of the night's return;
But when clouds come rolling on,
Love and beauty both are gone.

While the sweet is on the flower
Love enjoys the sunny hour,
Tastes the blossoms as they spring,
Then flies off on careless wing;
Little thinking while he flies
That poor blossom droops and dies.

But his sun is hast'ning down;
Soon his truant course is run;
He must lay his arrows by
When the night of age is nigh;
Like the insect of a day
Love grows cold and dies away.

A GLANCE IN A FRENCH SALON.

Fashion is everywhere; even in history does not the national costume form an important branch, and in private life does it not *bongré, malgré*, require our attentive consideration? Does she not even interfere and intermix with the musing of a philosopher? Seeing that it grows with our growth, and mixes up with our very nature—considering it in this point of view, we venture to give (and we hope it will be found amusing) the following living pictures, to be found now gracing, at Paris, the most distinguished *salons*. To begin with the—

FIRST PICTURE.—Fancy an elegant woman in a robe of *Pekin grande dame*, the *corsage* trimmed elegantly, and with an easy grace; the shape elevated and well *accentuée*: the hair black and plaited, encircling a face of a rather long and oval form; complexion *brun Espagnol*. Bonnet trimmed with an elegant plume of feathers; scarf of magnificent black lace, *mouchoir* emblazoned with the lady's crest, age *thirty-six*: her manner of speaking high-bred and polished; gesture decided; *manières châtelaines*: fond of patronising a *steep-chase*, having a great knowledge of *équitation* and politics; and, finally, one who is conversant with the names of horses and their owners. (We hope, for the sake of the fair sex, that this sketch may be somewhat of a caricature.)

THE SECOND PICTURE is rather more feminine, and consists of a fair lady dressed in a pelisse of embroidered muslin; large band of blue plaided ribbon; waist middling, a little curved; shoulders rounded; *mantelet* of muslin lined with blue taffeta and trimmed with Mechlin lace; beautiful hair, *blond* dressed à *boucles Anglaises*; head a little inclined, complexion *blanc rosé*; *coiffure*, *dolorés* composed of Mechlin lace and white roses; *âge des femmes peintes par Dubuffe*; speech slow and soft voice; two bracelets are worn, one on the arm in a pretty device, the other containing a portrait; a single ring encircles her finger; gloves of *Mayer*, fastened with *boutons de perles*. This lady is supposed to be reclining in a thoughtful and easy manner, between two large cushions; gesture *malleux*, and placed in one hand are her sculptured ivory tablets, and in the other depends from a ring, a gold flacon.

THE THIRD PICTURE represents a lady in a robe of pink silk, over which is worn one in black lace *des armes d'Angleterre*. A rose in *parfait contentement*. Small round waist; her *ceinture tres mince*, rich *corsage*, and hips well rounded by *ajuce crinoline*; two masses of brown ringlets shade the face on each side; *visage* full and *coloré*, mouth round and rosy; small pearly teeth; a singing voice; her avowed age, twenty-four; looks and gestures full of life; pretty round arms, encased in *les mitaines de Sarazin*; a bouquet in her hand, and a small English cloak of grey silk is carelessly thrown behind her.

OUR FOURTH PICTURE represents a lady having her hair dressed in large *boucles crépées*, attached with a glovina pin; the whole *en demi-décorde*; the figure high and *souple*; dress of *taffetas à mille fleurs*; *ceinture* in a million of colours with long floating ends; scarf of shaded velvet; hair, *ceinture* and *scarf* playing and flying in the air; *canzou*, *mouchoir*, and *manchettes*, all of which are lightly *froissés*; brooch, pin, and bracelets ornamented with antique cameos. This lady is playing with a gold key belonging to her piano; *point d'âge*, *regard perdu*; physiognomy a little *forcée* in its expression; *desin-volture*, liberal and easy; and speaking enthusiastically upon various subjects, such as Tugre, Delacroix, Lilly, Thalberg, Rachel, Dorval, and *tutti quanti*.

OUR LAST PICTURE represents one at the sweet and

happy marriageable age, eighteen; her hair in bands; large drooping eyes; dress of English muslin à la vierge, high up to the throat, very long in the skirt, shape very little developed, *pose de Madone*; a nun's stomacher, plaited and trimmed with a *rûche*; a small black band encircles the throat, from which depends a small cross of diamonds; sleeves à la religieuse; her hands slender and encased in a glove *rosé*; small feet *bien chaussé*, and peeping from underneath the long skirt, *pas de geste*; the whole look of her person delicate et *frêle*, named *immangnablement Marie*, and all life before her.

So ends our gallery of pictures. One word *en passant*—is it not a grievous thing when we come to consider how many a tender and beautiful flower (like the last one we have just attempted to describe) is thrown into the vortex of fashionable life, and ends her days a cold, calculating, and in some cases, a sinful erring woman—but such is life.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians. By George Catlin. In Two Volumes, with Four Hundred Illustrations. Published by the Author, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

It is not our practice to devote much space to the works submitted to us for review, because we have generally found that the claims of our literary friends, who supply us with tales, poetry, and romances, compel us to yield up the room to them, which we had intended for the writings of others. This is, however, a work of that extraordinary merit, that we must say a little more about it than other literary productions; for we are convinced that it is many years since the London press has, or will, for a long time to come, have produced any thing at all comparable to it. We trust there are but few of our fair readers who have not been visitors to Mr. Catlin's exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall. It is the most unique thing to be found in London, and opening to us, as it does, the knowledge of that interesting race of beings, the North American Indians, making us familiar with the scenery in which they dwell, the dresses in which they daily appear, the ornaments with which their women, as well as their men, bedeck themselves, we feel, in the midst of all, as if the wild Prairies was around us; and we heard the whoop of the Indian, together with the whizzing of his arrows, the sounds of his songs, or the wild roaring of the wounded buffalo. The book that is here published is a full and rich comment on what we there behold. Its pictures again look upon us; for nothing can be more exquisitely finished than the engravings by which this work is so profusely ornamented. Every thing appertaining to the Indian is here most fully detailed; and Mr. Catlin is not less precise in describing the domestic *menage* of "a bravo" and his "squaws," than he is in the accurate, life-like power, with which he brings us into the very midst of an Indian chase of the buffalo, or the capture by the lasso of the Indian horse. The book is one that ought to be studied by the sportsman and the philosopher; that must be read with an interest exciting, gratifying, and sometimes most melancholy, by the lady who wishes for information, and who can sympathize with a race of beings so different from herself in many particulars; in some so extremely alike, notwithstanding the difference of education and of manners. We venture to affirm that of Mr. Catlin's book, which can be said of very few others, that it is impossible to open it at any page,

and not continue its perusal with unmingled satisfaction. It has too the rare quality of being written by a man who is a perfect truth-teller, who says nothing but that which he knows, who describes nothing but that which he has seen. We feel, while reading the book, as in the society of a man of extraordinary observation, of great talent, of wonderful accomplishments, and, what is still superior to them all, unswerving honesty, perfect humanity, and the most rare candour. Most cordially and most earnestly do we recommend this invaluable book to the patronage of the public generally, to the perusal of our readers in particular. We take at random from its pages the following very curious and interesting extracts.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN THEIR NATURAL STATE, AND HOW THEY HAVE BEEN DEGRADED BY THEIR CONNECTION WITH WHITE MEN.

"The Indians of North America, as I have before said, are copper-coloured, with long black hair, black eyes, tall, straight, and elastic forms; are less than two millions in number; were originally the undisputed owners of the soil, and got their title to their lands from the *Great Spirit*, who created them on it; were once a happy and a flourishing people, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of life which they knew of, and, consequently cared for; were sixteen millions in numbers, and sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for his goodness and protection. Their country was entered by white men but a few hundred years since; and thirty millions of these are now scuffling for the goods and luxuries of life, over the bones and ashes of twelve millions of red men; six millions of whom have fallen victims to the small-pox, and the remainder to the sword, the bayonet, and whiskey: all of which means of their death and destruction have been introduced and visited upon them by acquisitive white men, and by white men also whose forefathers were welcomed and embraced in the land where the poor Indian met and fed them with "ears of green corn and with pemican."

HOSPITALITY OF THE INDIAN.

"There is no difficulty in approaching the Indian, and getting acquainted with him in his wild and unsophisticated state, and finding him an honest and an honourable man, with feelings to meet feelings, if the above prejudice and dread can be laid aside, and any one will take the pains, as I have done, to go and see him in the simplicity of his native state, smoking his pipe under his own humble roof, with his wife and children around him, and his faithful dogs and horses hanging about his hospitable tenement. And so the world may see him, and smoke his friendly pipe, which is invariably extended to them, and share with a hearty welcome the best that his wigwam affords for the appetite, which is always set out to a stranger the moment after he enters."

HONESTY OF THE INDIAN.

"I have roamed about from time to time during seven or eight years, visiting and associating with some three or four hundred thousand of these people, under an almost infinite variety of circumstances, and from the very many and decided voluntary acts of their hospitality and kindness, I feel bound to pronounce them, by nature, a kind and hospitable people. I have been welcomed generally in their country, and treated to the best that they could give me, without any charges made for my

board. They have often escorted me through their enemies' country, at some hazard to their own lives, and aided me in passing mountains and rivers with my awkward baggage; and, under all these circumstances of exposure, no Indian ever betrayed me, struck me a blow, or stole from me a shilling's worth of my property."

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE UPPER MISSOURI INDIANS.

"The several tribes of Indians inhabiting the regions of the Upper Missouri are undoubtedly the finest looking, best equipped, and most beautifully costumed, of any on the continent. They live in a country well stocked with buffaloes and wild horses, which furnish them an excellent and easy living. Their atmosphere is pure, which produces good health and long life. They are the most independent, and happiest race of Indians I have met with; they are all entirely in a state of primitive rudeness and wildness, and consequently are picturesque and handsome almost beyond description. Nothing in the world of its kind can possibly surpass in beauty and grace some of their games and amusements, their gambols and parades, of which I shall speak and paint hereafter.

"As far as my travels have yet led me into the Indian country, I have more than realized my former predictions, that those Indians who could be found most entirely in a state of nature, with the least knowledge of civilized society, would be found to be the most cleanly in their persons, elegant in their dress and manners, and enjoying life to the greatest perfection. Of such tribes perhaps the *Crows* and *Blackfeet* stand first; and no one would be able to appreciate the richness and elegance (and even taste too) with which some of these people dress, without seeing them in their own country."

THE INDIAN'S BELIEF OF A FUTURE STATE.

"Our people," says a very intelligent and influential man of the tribe of the *choctaws*, "all believe that the spirit lives in a future state; that it has a great distance to travel after death towards the west; that it has to cross a dreadful, deep, and rapid stream, which is hemmed in on both sides by high and rugged hills. Over this stream, from hill to hill, there lies a long and slippery pine log, with the bark peeled off, over which the dead have to pass to the delightful hunting grounds. On the other side of the stream there are six persons of the good hunting grounds, with rocks in their hands, which they throw at them all when they are on the middle of the log. The good walk on safely to the good hunting grounds, where there is one continual day, where the trees are always green, where the sky has no clouds, where there are continual fine and cooling breezes, where there is one continual scene of feasting, dancing, and rejoicing; where there is no pain nor trouble, and people never grow old, but for ever live young, and enjoy the youthful pleasures."

"The wicked see the stones coming, and try to dodge, by which they fall from the log, and go down thousands of feet to the water, which is dashing over the rocks, and is stinking with dead fish and animals, where they are carried round, and brought continually back to the same place in whirlpools, where the trees are all dead, and the waters are full of toads, and lizards, and snakes; where the dead are always hungry, and have nothing to eat; are always sick, and never die; where the sun never shines, and where the wicked are continually climbing up by thousands on the sides of a high rock, from which they can overlook the beautiful country of the good hunting grounds, the place of the happy, but never can reach it."

PORTRAIT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

"I have painted him as he sat before me, balanced on his leaping wild horse, with his shield and quiver slung on his back, and his long lance, decorated with the Eagle's quills, trailed in his right hand. His shirt, and his leggings, and moccasins, were of the mountain goat skins, beautifully dressed, and their seams every where fringed with a profusion of scalp-locks, taken from the heads of his enemies slain in battle. His long hair, which reached almost to the ground whilst he was standing on his feet, was now lifted in the air, and floating in black waves over the hips of his leaping charger. On his head, and over his shining black locks he wore a magnificent crest or head-dress, made of the quills of the war-eagle, and ermine skins, and on his horse's head also was another of equal beauty, and precisely the same in pattern and material. Added to these ornaments there were yet many others, which contributed to his picturesque appearance, and amongst them a beautiful netting of various colours, that completely covered, and almost obscured the horse's head and neck, and extended over its back and hips, terminating in a most extravagant and magnificent crupper, embossed and fringed with rows of beautiful shells and porcupine quills of various colours."

The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1841. By C. R. Dodd, Esq. Third Edition. 32mo. pp. 224. London. Whittaker and Co.

This is a new edition, containing all the ministerial changes, the recent elections, &c. Although this work has been published annually during the last nine years, and though it has enjoyed great popularity, yet there may be many amongst our readers who have never seen it, and for their information we may briefly state, that in the first place it contains a concise biographical dictionary of the House of Commons; secondly, a similar dictionary of the House of Lords, setting forth the parentage, ages, marriages, professions, offices, clerical patronage, political principles and pledges, the clubs, the residences, the public lives, &c., of all the members of both Houses of Parliament, being, in one of its portions, a pocket peerage; while, in the other, it supplies the public with that sort of information respecting their representatives in Parliament, which peerages usually furnish with regard to the nobility. Thirdly, we have a miniature gazette of all the places returning members, in which are stated the numbers polled at the last election, the population, the £10 houses' assessed taxes, registered electors, and prevailing influence in each place. Fourthly, the reader is presented with forty or fifty explanatory notices of Parliamentary terms and proceedings, communicating clearly and concisely a great deal of information, which few newspaper readers possess, but which ought to be acquired by all who take the least interest in Parliamentary debates. The fifth portion of this little volume contains a moiety of miscellaneous information connected with the legislature and the executive government; the whole forming the completest political manual that has yet appeared.

Forget-Me-Not, for 1842.

After having perused, with the greatest of pleasure, this pleasing little volume, we have come to the conclusion that nothing can be better adapted to place in the hands of a young lady, or grace the table of a lady's boudoir. The stories are

well told, and some of the poetry of the highest order; the Preface itself is most admirably given. The Frontispiece of the book is that of the Lady Ernesta: this portrait alone is a gem, with its beautiful and pensive countenance looking out upon the waters like a star of evening. The book opens with some pretty verses to the Queen, accompanied with 'American Wild Flowers;' which is followed by a truly touching and domestic tale, called 'The Fisherman of Fort Rouge,' and others too numerous to mention. We will, therefore, content ourselves with merely giving the following piece of poetry, which, for truth and beauty, we think can hardly be surpassed. It is called—

OUR VICAR.

By J. Forbes Dalton, Esq.

'Twas in the glorious summer's prime,
The merry birds were singing,
Our village all kept holiday,
And the old church bells were ringing,
When our Vicar brought, from o'er the hills,
His young and lovely bride,
There was not such another one
In all our country side.

"Thank ye! God bless you all, my friends,"
He cried, as the chaise drove by,
Waving his hand to all alike;
There was gladness in every eye,
As we wished him joy—and joy he had
Through many a happy year;
And I'm sure his joy was a joy to us,
And the gentry far and near.

For he was not like some good priests,
Who perhaps may act aright,
But seem to simple folk to keep
Their talent out of sight.
He loved society, and gained
All hearts where'er he went;
Yet, with his family at home
Was cheerful and content.

And though the rich man called him friend,
And bade him to his feast,
He'd talk familiar with the poor,
Nor scorn the very least.
A kind word ever from his lips
Would cheer the labourer's heart,
When worn with toil. Few rich men think
How much kind words impart!

To some it seem an easy thing
To give the poor relief;
But cold, reproachful charity
Oft fills their heart with grief.
Not such was his! His generous soul
Was backward to condemn,
And what he would that men should do
To him, he did to them.

Blessing and blest, he lived with us,
And every Sabbath day
Our church was crowded, for we loved
To hear him preach and pray.

"The pleasant paths of righteousness"
He taught his flock, and trod
And so we verily believe
He now is with his God.

'Twas on the anniversary
Of our Redeemer's death,
That our good Vicar placidly
Breathed forth his latest breath.
And, as it pass'd his lips, he told
His children weeping by,
"A Christian's triumph this, my dears,
On such a day to die!"

And so to Heaven the spirit fled
That watched our happy vale,
And now we find the Bible truth,
"Man's life is as a tale."

We must not omit to mention a "Scene in Wales," described most admirably by Mrs. Lee, and accompanied by a charming portrait of a pretty Welsh girl. We now take our leave of this amusing Annual, by wishing it all the success it so richly merits.

We have been much amused and delighted with an elegant little work, most aptly denominated "*A Love Gift*." Both the exterior and interior are alike chaste and beautiful; the selection of the different poems are judiciously arranged, and admirably adapted for the perusal of a lady, directing the attention and improving the minds of the younger branches of society on that most powerful and absorbing feeling of our nature—*Love*; the whole contents of this little *Bijou* having been selected from different poetic works by the first authors.

We congratulate Mr. Laing upon some of the pretty poems and sentences scattered over his "*Hours in Norway*." We cannot help thinking that some of the pieces are somewhat tinged with the heavy German style of poesy; this slight evil is, however, amply redeemed by such little gems as the following, entitled—

THE MOTHER.

A mother's heart alone can know
The lowest depth of human woe;
A mother's heart alone can feel
The highest bliss of human woe.
If in a world of hate and pain,
Something divine doth yet remain,
Something by God, in mercy given,
To teach the soul there is a heaven
Devoid of selfishness and sin,
It lives a mother's breast within;
Is there a passion free from guile,
A love that man cannot defile?
'Tis the true love a mother bears
The helpless object of her cares.
In happiness, as in distress,
A mother knows not selfishness;
Her babe is more than Heaven to her
And cheerfully will she incur
(And God will pardon, doth she err)

Reproof and scorn for its dear sake,
 Submit to be condemn'd, reviled,
 To save from misery the child,
 Naught, naught in life can tempt her to forsake.

Our limits will only allow us to add a word more in favour of some of the stanzas to be found in a Fragment entitled, "Erland," the following lines in particular :—

"Who has not felt, from senseless sleep awaking,
 Oppression of some ill the mind cannot recall,
 'Till the stern Truth upon the Memory breaking,
 We madly wish we ne'er had waked at all."

The first article in this pleasing little volume is also worthy of attention; it is denominated "A Poet's Hymn," and is well written.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The principal attraction during the past month has been Miss ADELAIDE KEMBLE in the character of *Norma*, in BELLINI's Opera of the same name. As might naturally be imagined, considerable expectation would be excited from the appearance of a member of the Kemble family on the same stage where so many bright laurels have been culled by them, and happy are we to find that, great as she was pronounced to be, her success has fully equalled all that has been expected of her. We have, from time to time seen notices of her in the various foreign journals, all of which spoke loudly in her praise; so that her reputation is by no means confined to this country but may almost, like the stars of the Italian Opera, be called European. In person, Miss ADELAIDE KEMBLE bears a strong resemblance to her father, CHARLES KEMBLE, and is rather inclined to be stout; her voice is a *mezzo soprano*, not of any remarkable strength, but so well cultivated and so ably managed as to surpass any English vocalist who has ever appeared on the stage; her education has evidently been finished in Italy, with the best masters to study under, and the best models on the stage to listen to, hence it follows that her style is purely Italian. Her *sostenuto* passages are beautifully given, being firm to the last; and her shakes, which were given with excellent taste, are remarkably neat and finished; in her higher notes her voice is very beautiful—indeed it seems to us to have more sweetness there than in the natural range of her voice; taken in every respect, we have never heard any singer make a *débüt* under such very favourable circumstances. The house was crowded in every part, and her reception such only as is generally awarded to very old-established favourites, who have long been absent—the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the gentlemen their hats, determined to show with what warmth a KEMBLE would always be received on that stage. Her opening cavatina, *Casta Diva*, with the beautiful recitative that precedes it, was most exquisitely given, and at once confirmed the very favourable impression that the audience had conceived; the well-known and beautiful duet, *Dek con te*, was also most charmingly given, and met with an unanimous call for an *encore*. In her acting Miss KEMBLE is far superior to any one we have seen appear on the English stage as a vocalist;—her positions and attitudes remind us forcibly of Mrs. SIDGONS, and we are firmly convinced, were she to appear in some part that would afford her powers as an actress full scope

for display, we should find her the best tragic actress of the day: there is one expression alone, where she sinks her voice to a whisper, and which faint though it be, penetrates to every part of the house, that tells with thrilling effect; it is the exclamation, "'Tis Norma." Nothing can be more beautiful than her mode of expressing this; it reminds us of a similar passage so exquisitely given by RACHEL in *Rosalane*. Miss RAINFORTH, who was the *Adalgisa* on the occasion, both pleased and surprised us much; her portion of the music, especially in the duet, *Dek Con te*, was really excellent—indeed we know not when we have heard the part of *Adalgisa* so well filled as it was by her. The other parts of the opera were filled as well as the strength of the company allowed, but not so as to call for any particular notice. VESTRIS has, as usual, produced the piece in a very liberal manner; the scenery and costumes are both excellent and evince not only excellent taste, but a very correct knowledge of the costumes of the period. BENEDICT conducted with his usual ability, and the chorusses were much superior to anything of the sort we have previously had on the English stage. We have heard it reported that Miss KEMBLE's next appearance will be either in MERCADANTE's *Elena da Feltro*, or else in a new opera by BENEDICT, which has been accepted by the management.

HAYMARKET.—The tragedy of *Nina Sforza*, by Mr. Troughton, has been highly successful here, and is likely to have a long and prosperous career; it is in many respects a very beautiful production: the language abounds in highly-wrought dramatic passages, which were admirably delivered, and tell with excellent effect. As the play has been so long before the public, we need not enter into a detail of its plot. As originally written, it seemed to be more of a dramatic poem than an acting play; but by the able and judicious management of Mr. MACREADY, it has been adapted for representation, and is now one of the best tragedies that has been produced for some time; the best acts are, however, the two concluding ones, in which the action and interest is more stirring, and in which MACREADY's acting is truly beautiful; nothing, indeed, but his admirable acting could render the part of *Spinola* an endurable one to an audience, for it is a cold-blooded revengeful man, without a sufficient motive, wreaking his diabolical vengeance upon an innocent unoffending woman, to whom he even admits he has some feelings of love. In any other hands than MACREADY this would have been an unsafe character, and might have been fatal to the play, but the acting is so perfect, that we lose sight of the character in the ability of the performer. Miss FAUCIT played with much spirit and energy, and WALLACK is a very efficient representative of the princely and libertine *Doria*; the other characters were most ably supported.

CELESTE has again returned from the country, and resumed her performances in WEBSTER's clever drama of the *Quadroon Slave*. Her acting in this drama is much superior to anything we have yet seen her do, and never fails to "dim many a bright eye." The piece itself is one of considerable merit; the chief interest centres in CELESTE, for whom it was written, and her acting throughout is always true to nature, without being overstrained, and never fails to elicit a well-deserved tribute of approbation from the audience. WEBSTER has a part, which he plays with excellent buoyancy and spirit, and J. WEBSTER also is entitled to much praise for his really clever performance. The house has been very well attended, the private boxes in particular, being constantly filled by the principal nobility and persons of distinction.

LADIES' NEEDLE WORK.

We have just received a little book denominated "*The Ladies' Needle Work Instructor*," containing a treatise on different stitches, with an illustrative plate. It is dedicated to the Queen Dowager, who is known to be a great patronizer of this kind of work; and it will, we have no doubt, have great success, both for its utility and the admirable manner in which it is got up.

QUEEN VICTORIA STITCH.—Take four threads straight down, bring the needle down one thread, then take two threads, then four, as the first stitch; and conclude the row. The second row commences with a stitch on two threads; the second stitch four, and so on. This is a very pretty stitch, and looks well with two gold beads introduced where the stitches on two threads are put in the pattern. Any colours may be used; blue wool for the long stitches, and white on the two threads, is very pretty. It is best for bags or small stands.

QUEEN ADELAIDE STITCH is done by passing the wool over six threads straight, and six threads down, which forms a square when the second row is done. It is very pretty in Vandykes of four rows in amber, and four rows of lilacs; four shades each, with a steel bead in the centre of the gold shades, and a gold bead in centre of lilac shades. This should be done on silk canvas, and is very elegant for a dress bag.

PRINCESS ROYAL STITCH.—This must have either gold or silver Russia braid or thread, and is done in stripes from bottom to top of bag; or across the foot for a shoe. It is a straight stitch, taking six threads straight, and continuing until the end of the row; then take either three lengths of braid or silver twist, and work over with a cross stitch in diamonds.

RAISED WORK FOR FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND ANIMALS.—This is almost impossible to describe in writing or drawing; it is worked in a frame; at the commencement the needle must pass from the upper part of the frame to the under; bringing it back to the left corner two threads down and one across, put your needle through at the opposite side at the top, thereby crossing the stitch, which, to complete, bring the needle through the middle of the stitch at the bottom. Two narrow ivory meshes are required, one of which should be left in until the other is finished. It must be always worked in straight rows; and in some instances a wider mesh is required for wings of birds &c. There are proper scissors sold for the cutting.

NEW MUSIC.

Trois Aïrs de ballet de Giselle. *Henri Adam. Herz.*—The subjects selected in the present arrangement are from Adolphe Adam's lively ballet of *Giselle*, and comprise *La Valse*, *La Chasse*, and *La Galop*: they are treated as lively brilliant *divertimentos*, and are well adapted for the drawing-room, the movements being full of character and spirit.

Exerc Musical des Jeunes Pianistes. *Herz.*—These are intended for performers who, not being sufficiently master of all the difficulties of playing, are yet desirous of something rather brilliant, or as the author appropriately expresses it, *facile et brillante*: they answer the purpose extremely well, being well-known airs varied with much taste, and are easily mastered.

Etudes Progressives pour le Piano, par Henri Herz. Addison and Beale.—The present work embraces a series of

studies for the Piano, in which the various movements are given and marked and figured for practice, so as to elucidate any difficult or abstruse passage that may occur in playing; all the different movements are given, and considerable pains have evidently been bestowed in the fingering, so as to give the author's own style of playing; it is well adapted both as a progressive lesson, and for practice to the more accomplished musician.

A Selection of Palestrina's Sacred Music. *Edited by Vincent Novello. Ditto.*—These are a very elaborate Series, arranged for *Soprano, Alto, Tenore, Basso, and Organ*. Amongst the present collection is the beautiful *Sanctus* performed at the Antient Concerts in 1840, when Prince Albert was Director, and which was subsequently given at the Birmingham Festival with so much applause: it is a magnificent composition, with a grandeur of effect worthy the subject. This work will take a high rank among the admirers of sacred music; for no one can fail to estimate the dignity, simplicity, and sweetness of Palestrina's Ecclesiastical Compositions.

Fantasie et Variations sur Zanetta. *Piano. Osborne. Ditto.*—This is one of Auber's lively and pleasing airs, worked out with much spirit; it is a very brilliant *divertimento*, but requires a tolerably good player to master it properly.

Elena da Feltre. Mercadante. Piano. Ditto.—An extremely pleasing arrangement of the principal Aïrs from the Opera, worked out so as to be at the command of the generality of players: the airs are full of melody and character, the concluding *Terzetto*, "*Un Nume Vindici*," in particular, is very charmingly written; this opera is said to have been selected by Adelaide Kemble for her future appearance as *Elena*.

Child of the Wave. Song. J. P. Knight.—An effective song, adapted best for a *baritone*; it is written with much spirit, and the accompaniments are admirably in character.

Hark! the Sound of the Convent Bell. Voice and Guitar.—*The Spectre Mariner. Ditto. G. C. Becher.*—These are two songs with a guitar accompaniment, and which, though unpretending, are yet of a very pleasing character. They are well adapted for amateurs, being devoid of difficulty, while, at the same time, attractive melodies.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

By Edwin Addison.

Sweet home of my childhood, remembered so well
Through the long troubled years that for ever have gone,
How oft doth glad dreams of my memory dwell
On the spot where life's sweetest enjoyments have flown!
Home of my forefathers! I see thee once more;
Again love's sweet glow warms my fond heart:
The bud of attachment, though storms o'er it pour,
In absence will ripen 'till into flower it start!

In life's ling'ring hours oft have I thought of that spot;
Oft fancy has wafted me again to my home;
Thy sweet perfumed garden I ne'er have forgot,
Where the rose and laburnum's gold flowers bloom.
Welcome, oh, welcome me back to thy smiling groves,
Where I've sported in youth in gladness along;
Still welcome me back to my youth's dearest loves;
To the woods where I've sung boyhood's wild joyous song!

THE COURT.

THE ACCOUCHEMENT OF HER MAJESTY.

BIRTH OF A PRINCE OF WALES.

London Gazette Extraordinary.

Buckingham Palace, Nov. 9, 1841.

This morning, at twelve minutes before eleven o'clock, the Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, and the Ladies of her Majesty's Bedchamber, being present.

This great and important news was immediately made known to the town by the firing of the Park and Tower guns: and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a Form of Thanksgiving for the Queen's safe delivery of a Prince be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 14th of November, or the Sunday after the respective ministers shall receive the same.

Her Majesty and the Infant Prince are, God be praised, doing well.

After her Majesty's safe delivery of a Prince, the happy intelligence was immediately communicated to the Duchess of Gloucester, in town; to the Duchess of Cambridge at Kew: and to the Princess Sophia Matilda, at Blackheath. A messenger was also despatched with the auspicious intelligence to the Queen Dowager, at Sudbury Hall.—The Duke of Cambridge and Prince George arrived in a short time at Buckingham Palace to make personal inquiry after the state of her Majesty and the infant Prince. The Duchess of Gloucester also arrived at the Palace.—The nobility and gentry thronged during the afternoon to Buckingham Palace, when the following bulletin was exhibited:—

"The Queen was safely delivered of a Prince this morning, at forty-eight minutes past ten o'clock.

"Her Majesty and the infant Prince are perfectly well.

"JAMES CLARK, M.D.

"CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

"ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.

"RICHARD BLAGDEN.

"Buckingham Palace, Tuesday, No. 9, 1841,
half-past eleven o'clock, A.M."

During the whole of Monday, previous to the accouchement, her Majesty continued in full enjoyment of her usual health and spirits, and took a carriage airing in the Park, accompanied by Prince Albert. It was the general remark that her Majesty looked remarkably well. The Queen wore an elegant primrose coloured chip bonnet, with a handsome plume of pink or rose-coloured feathers. The royal *cortege* returned to Buckingham-palace at 4 o'clock. There were no commands to the Royal table on that evening; the covers only being laid for the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent, the latter illustrious personage having been a constant inmate of the Palace since her royal Highness's return from the Continent. Soon after dinner was served her Majesty complained of fatigue, and evinced such other symptoms as induced the Duchess of Kent to direct the immediate attendance of Sir James Clark and Dr. Locock in the ante-room. The result of the conference was that a special messenger was despatched at a quarter past ten o'clock that night to the residence of Sir Robert Peel in White-

hall Gardens, to apprise the right hon. baronet that the accouchement of her Majesty might possibly take place before the next morning. On receipt of this intelligence expresses were sent off to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and to the several Cabinet Ministers, in order that they might hold themselves in readiness, should their presence be required during the night. Her Majesty, however, becoming more composed towards midnight, Sir James Clark and Dr. Locock judged that her Majesty's accouchement would not, in all probability, take place for several hours, and this opinion they communicated to Prince Albert, through the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain. The medical officers already named, however, deemed it right to send for Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Blagden, both of whom promptly attended the summons, and remained at the Palace during the night. Between six and seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, her Majesty's symptoms assuming that distinctive character peculiar to her critical situation, the several Cabinet Ministers and great officers of State were summoned by special messengers. Sir Robert Peel arrived at the Palace a few minutes before eight o'clock, and was received by the Lord Steward. The right hon. Baronet had an immediate interview of the medical gentlemen, and was assured that her Majesty was going on most favourably. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop of London arrived at ten o'clock, and were speedily followed by the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, the Marquis of Exeter, and some other noblemen and commoners, members of the Cabinet or Privy Councils. There were in the Royal Chamber at the time, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Peel, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Ladies in Waiting, the medical attendants, and Mrs. Lily, the monthly nurse. The other Ministers and principal officers and Ladies of the Household were admitted to the ante-room. The sex of the Royal infant was announced by Sir James Clark to the anxious group of distinguished personages assembled in the Royal Chamber, and subsequently to those collected in the ante-room, exciting in every bosom unspeakable emotions of joy and gratitude.

Sunday, Nov. 21st was the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. The Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, paid congratulatory visits to her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace during the day.

We understand that the Princess Royal has lately been suffering slightly from the effects of dentition. But, notwithstanding the fact that she has cut seven or eight teeth, she has thus far passed through that which is frequently one of the severest ordeals of infancy, and its only effect has been to make her a little thinner than heretofore.

The Court is expected to return to Windsor about Wednesday, the 15th of next month; but this will, of necessity, mainly depend upon the state of the health of her Majesty. The birth of the Princess Royal took place on the 21st of last November, and on the 23d of the following month her Majesty left Buckingham Palace for Windsor Castle, for the Christmas holidays.

We are much gratified in announcing the following favourable bulletin of the health of her Majesty the Queen Dowager:—

"Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has passed another good night, and her Majesty feels better and stronger this morning.

"Sudbury Hall, Nov. 23."

"DAVID DAVIES, M.D."



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashion, 1840. Digitized by Google Books.







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Last & Newest London & Paris Fashioning 1866
H. & W. Rogers



THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1841.

PLATE THE SECOND.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—An under dress of rich striped *gros d'Orient*, perfectly plain, over which is worn a *bourous* in *moire vert*, having a large double cape of velvet of the same colour, *bordé* with rose plush; this cape forms a pelerine behind, descending on each side down the fronts to the end of the *bourous*, and fastened upon the chest with three or four rows of *brandenbours*: small sleeves are attached, having reversed pieces of velvet edged with rose plush, forming a large cuff; bonnet in velvet *peluche* rose, the form straight and very open at the ends, trimmed with a *Saule* rose, and four *bias* pieces in the same material, are tastefully arranged and placed over the front, the interior trimmed with *blonde* and *le petits roses*.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This dress is of rich *poult de soie*, of a deep violet colour, tight body and sleeves ornamented with trimmings of gympe work, of the same colour, in the form of *nœuds*, with tassels to match; a large shawl of velvet, trimmed all round with sable, muff to match; collar and handkerchief trimmed with *point d'Alençon*; *capote* of velvet *grenat*, trimmed with a broad black lace fixed upon the centre of the front by a small bouquet of *camelias*, in velvet, the border of the lace forming an edge to the *capote*; a bouquet of the same flowers are placed in the outside at the top of the *brides*.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of rich figured *poult de Soie gris*; manteau of striped satin of *marine blue*, trimmed all round with two rows of velvet, edged on each side with fringe; the top of the manteau is in the form of a round pelerine, meeting in the centre of the front *à point*, and composed of velvet and fringe, arm-holes trimmed to match; this elegant mantle is lined with mandarin satin of a rich cherry-colour. A bonnet of purple *velours d'Afrique*, the form rather *relevée*, and very open at the ears; on each side of the interior are full bouquets of velvet roses, the outside decorated with three magnificent white ostrich feathers, shaded in purple; these feathers are tastefully arranged so as to fall very low.

PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich green *gros des Indes*, over which is worn a mantle of rich black satin; mantle worn shorter than the dress, and having black velvet *en bias, tout autour*, the cloak edged round the bottom with a *bouillon* fringe; a small round cape and collar, trimmed also with the same kind of fringe, finishes this truly elegant work. Bonnet of velvet, the shape of the front being shallow but close at the ears, the crown full and plaited, and decorated with two long *marabouts nuché*, trimmings of velvet.

VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Dress of black velvet, made tight to the figure, trimmed down the front with a trimming of gympe *à la Brandebourg*, over which is worn a mantle of grey cachemire, beautifully embroidered with *appliqué* work, having an ourlet of striped velvet *en bias* surrounding the edge of the mantle; loose hanging sleeves and capuchin hood are attached, em-

broidered and finished at the edge in the same way as the skirt, and lined and wadded with a beautiful rose-coloured silk; a handsome cord and tassels attach it at the neck. A close bonnet of green velvet, the crown rather higher in the front than what has been lately worn, trimmed with velvet and *marabouts nuché* at the tips, the inside of the brim trimmed with puffs of rose-coloured velvet, falling low on the cheek.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of striped satin *à trainé*, and over the shoulders a *mantelet* of velvet and satin, formed to the shape of the neck so as to fasten down the front, the ends forming a *tablier*; in the centre of each fulling of satin runs a light kind of gympe, giving a rich and novel appearance to this species of scarf *mantelet*; a narrow *rûche of tulle* is worn round the neck. Bonnet of black velvet, rather open in the front, trimmed on the outside with a band of ribbon in velvet, and a magnificent plume of *marabout* feathers, intermixed with the willow, and falling very low on the left side, the inside decorated with blonde and *demi wreaths of rose de Motts*.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

A WALKING PELISSE.

FIG. 1.—It is of rich satin, *couleur de mer*, trimmed down each side of the fronts, and forming a robing, a suite of light trimmings made in silk cord, with light tassels; this trimming is continued up each side of the body just to the shoulder; the *corsage* is made high, tight sleeves fitting close to the arm, and trimmed at the top with jockeys, in the centre of which are tassels to match; collar in *point d'Angleterre*; shawl of rich velvet, beautifully embellished with flowers and ermine. Bonnet of pale blue satin, lined with white; the form close, and rounding off rather square and long at the ears, the outside decorated with a *nœud* of rich striped velvet ribbon in the centre of the crown, and descending low on the left side of the front in a perfect bough, of the same, tastefully interspersed with lace; no curtain is worn with this style of bonnet.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A rich pelisse of *pou de soie*, of an Esterhazy colour, the *jupe* full body high and tight, the sleeves *juste*; the body and skirt ornamented with a light and elegant open-work trimming of gympe *en échelle*, the sleeves ornamented with jockeys of the same; collar *carré*, fastened in front with a *petit* cord and tassel. The bonnet of a deep French grey velvet, with chains of black velvet twining the *rouleau*, which is placed round the front of the bonnet, and over the crown, the ribbon of satin; a long ostrich plume, of the same colour, is placed very much on one side, the ends curved and *tire bouchonnée*.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of rich black satin; the skirt *à trainé* trimmed with three robings of the same; a magnificent cachemire scarf, which envelopes the whole form, is worn over. (We understand that this one was a present from the Shah of Persia, *à Tehira*). It is in one piece, ornamented with splendid designs, and large enough to serve as a *tepis* to the Shah in his *grand salle* of reception. The bonnet is the front of Fig. 2, only in pale pink and black, the inside of the brim decorated with *demi guirlands* of white and green.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

FIG. 1.—A dress of mandarin satin, manteau of a deep violet coloured velvet, lined with marine-coloured silk and wadded, the bottom ornamented with two *vollants* of deep black lace; a double cape and small round collar is trimmed round with narrow black lace; arm-holes finished with the same. Bonnet of myrtle-green, edged round with black velvet. A long ostrich and *saule* feather *nueé*, green and white, is placed rather *élevé* on the front of the crown, the inside trimmed with blonde and puffs of green velvet.

FIG. 2.—Pelisse of striped Pekin silk, the side ornamented with a wavy piece *à bias*, having an *ourlet* of the same; narrow black velvet straps are placed at distances up the side, one end fastened with small round gold buttons; tight body and sleeves; *ceinture* and small pelerine *à cœur* of black velvet, the sleeves ornamented at the top with a double frilling formed in rounded vandykes, edged with velvet; *manchettes* of the same. Bonnet of *velours épinglé*, decorated tastefully with a plaid ribbon of cherry and white. A full *râche* of lace is worn underneath the brim, interspersed with *nœuds* of ribbon.

FIG. 3.—Dress of blue Louise, over which is worn a mantle of satin, colour *à bois*, trimmed *tout autour*, with a double piece on the *bias*, the ends decorated with two rich *bouillon* tassels, double cape and collar cut in waving vandykes, and trimmed with *bias* pieces; the points on the shoulder and in the front of the cape, having tassels to match. Bonnet of velvet *froncée*, and richly trimmed with the same, and shaded crimson flowers.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

FIG. 1.—Hat in velvet, decorated with a long *tire bouchon* feather, the inside of the brim trimmed with pale pink puffs of gaze; dress of a deep violet *poult de soie*, the bottom of the *jupe* trimmed round with three rows of *bouillonné* trimming of the same material; tight half-high body trimmed round the top and descending on each side of the waist in front; no *ceinture*, the sleeves forming close to the top of the arm, and gradually enlarging towards the wrist; the top and bottom of the sleeves ornamented with a *bouillonnée* trimming to match. This style of sleeve is called "*Manche à la Perse*." A pelerine *à la Amazone* is worn with this dress, fastened down the front with gold buttons.

FIG. 2.—*Chapeau en guipure de velours* on satin, having a white *saule* plume, *posé* very much on one side; the inside of the brim *froncé* in plain satin; dress of rich satin *couleur gris*; manteau of rich *gros des Indes*, of a beautiful *mauve* colour; a small cape, rounded behind, and trimmed round the edge with two *rouleaux* of the silk, placed at distances, and showing the velvet between each, which gives it a very light effect; the fronts ornamented with a fanciful trimming in velvet, finished round with *rouleaux* of silk, and buttons in the same material.

FIG. 3.—*Capote* of pale green *gros des Indes*, having a long white feather *posé*, high on one side, and forming a perfect arch over the crown, falling in double ends on the left side of the *capote*, the inside of the brim decorated with a light fancy flower in cherry-coloured velvet; dress of silk *Mandarine*, over which is worn an elegant manteau of myrtle green satin, trimmed round the edge with a *bouillonnée* trimming of the same, headed with velvet *à bias*; this manteau is formed to the shape of the shoulders by fullings of the satin confined by broad bands of velvet, the upper part finished with a long, rounded collar, attached in front by a splendid cord and tassels. This cloak is lined with rich crimson silk and wadded.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR
DECEMBER, 1841.

A *bon jour* to Winter, with all its accompaniments of balls, theatres, and merry meetings. Fashion has hardly sufficient variety to satisfy the numerous applicants now awaiting us. Thanks, however, to the indefatigable zeal of English milliners and dressmakers, we are enabled to lay before our numerous readers the following list of English novelties:—

PELERINES.—These are being worn much larger than hitherto—in fact, rather more so than is graceful or consistent with elegance; they are made in every description of lace, black and white. Round pelerines *en vieux point* are now also the fashion, made in *hermine*. Often, too, we see worn with the prettiest toilettes, pelerines in black velvet, as large as that worn over mantles, lined in *gros blue* or violet, and fixed round the neck by a *cordelière* attached to a small square collar, sometimes they are attached in front by *Brandebourgs*; these pelerines are mostly worn over a satin dress, or the Pekin.

CAPS.—Nothing can be younger or more elegant than the *petits bords Victoria*, and *les turbans à jour*; also the pretty caps *à la Puritaine*, which is neither more or less than barbes of lace with *coques* of velvet, having a small pearl button in the centre of each *coque*, all this placed very flat and *collant* upon the ears. We must also mention the *coffres rosiers*: this is composed of a foundation of lace encircled with a wreath of rose leaves, and caught at the side with an immense rose and *nœud*, forming a barbe of lace. We must also say a word in favour of the pretty little bonnet or cap *Pompadour*, which is composed of *tulle bouillonné*, having two roses on each side, the leaves of which are in velvet.

HATS.—The most fashionable material for hats this winter will be the velvet *Ondulé* and velvet *mosaïque*. *Le chapeau Jean Bárt*, is a great favourite with some of our young *élégantes*. Most of the hats in velvet are ornamented with a long twisted feather, shaded and *posée* very much on one side; those in satin have a lighter kind of floating plume, trimmed round the front *d'une Angleterre*, and ornamented at the side with small *nœuds* of satin ribbon attached upon the bonnet by *pattes* of red velvet, and trimmed inside with flowers or velvet of the same colour; these hats in rose-coloured satin are a little raised in their form, and generally have a *viollette* of lace. A small *chapeau* in rose velvet, covered with blonde, and decorated on one side with an immense drooping *marabout*.

EVENING DRESSES.—For evening costume we may cite the following as the style most worn—namely, a robe of *taffetas gris glacé*, worn over an under petticoat of taffetas rose, the upper *jupe* being caught up on one side by a *nœud* in the form called *Pompadour*. Velvet dresses are now being worn quite plain, excepting when they are trimmed with very rich lace: the most remarkable and those most worthy attention are in the fashionable colour *rose de Bengale*. A dress of *organdie rose*, the *jupe* trimmed with five *bouillons*, each of them divided by small *rouleaux* of velvet, a *petit corset* of black velvet, cut very low, trimmed round the waist and neck with a broad black silk twisted tufted fringe, giving it quite a Spanish effect. The sleeves short, formed by five *bouillons*, separated by *rouleaux* in the same style as at the bottom of the skirt.

CLOAKS.—A beautiful dress manteau has just been invented; it is all embroidered *au crochet*, in a mixture of silk and gold, giving it a most charming and oriental effect, and is mostly on a ground of black cachmere, or *ponceau*, or white. This manteau is much worn for the theatre or balls; also the capuchins, lined with plush and trimmed with swans-down, and those pretty little coquettish short cloaks in velvet, trimmed

with *ermine*. The *bournoise* is still, and we have no doubt will continue a great favourite during the whole of the winter. We have seen one in cachmere *gris*, lined with a deep red satin; it was formed *à double col*, trimmed round with a net-work of red cord; the under one was *carré*, and descended very low, the upper one was shorter, and rounded in the front; these two were attached to a large plain piece, fitting tight to the shoulders, and forming a point in the front from the waist upwards, and fastened on the chest by *brandebourgs*, in the same colour as the net-work round the edge of the cloak. Another was in green velvet, *doublé* with white satin, *gaged* round into the form of the shoulders, and bordered with *ermine*.

DRESSES.—A promenade dress of *poult de soie*; colour, *tourterelle*, trimmed with fringe *eu tablier*; a tight *corsage*, the point rounded, and formed with three seams in front *à cœur*; these have a row of fringe down each of them, which forms a continuation to the trimming of the skirt; the tight sleeves are decorated with *jockeys*, trimmed *en suite*; a rich *cordelière* is passed twice round the waist, forming a perfect band, and attached at distances with buttons, terminated by a large tassel. Also a carriage dress of green *l'Orient* satin, trimmed *en tablier* with black lace, and silk buttons placed at the edge of the lace; round the bottom of the *jupe* was a rich *volant* of black lace, the *corsage* *bouillonnée en point*, trimmed handsomely with lace; the sleeves *bouillonnées* with *jockeys*, trimmed with three rows of lace.

HEAD-DRESSES.—We have seen one very becoming, being a double *barbe* in black lace, which half covers the head, the lace at the top forming a *bandeau* upon the forehead; a *demie-couronne* of variegated roses, without leaves, placed very backward, and falling upon the neck, elevated a little, and attaching the lace on each side in the form of *touffes*, the two *barbes* falling backward *à la Bernoise*. A very simple and pretty head-dress for a young lady, is to have her hair arranged very backward, and low behind; on one side a *Boule d'Hortensia* with its leaves; the hair in the front arranged in wavy, careless bands, terminated with long thick curls, falling over the neck. For the theatre we cannot speak too highly of a head-dress composed of crimson velvet, made like a cap, but turning up at the ears in the form of a scroll, edged with pearls; a *rouleau* of velvet and pearls passes over the top, reaching from the point of one scroll to the other; the hair is worn in low bands.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—For the most fashionable colours we refer our fair subscribers to our numerous plates of fashions for this month.

* * We cannot allow this month to pass without again congratulating English dress-makers and milliners on their rapid improvement and unnumbered novelties which they have prepared for their winter campaign; and we are delighted to hear, from undoubted authority, that their unceasing exertions are about to meet with the success they so richly merit; and that some of our highest and noblest country-women begin secretly to patronize those whose talents and unwearied perseverance they cannot but admire, though they lack the courage of publicly acknowledging their sense of their merits, by owning that they employ them. It must be owned, however, that this desirable end has been accomplished and brought about by the French having given them those tasteful and tasty ideas, which they have with such happy effect improved upon. Let them only continue, by unswerving zeal, to accomplish this end, and we have no hesitation in declaring that they will succeed beyond their brightest hopes.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

A brief adieu to summer! Winter with rapid strides has now *en vérité* overtaken us, and bids us prepare all our most graceful and elegant wraps and warm clothing. It is mostly, however, at the theatre that the greatest change is to be observed in a lady's toilette. For instance, nothing can be more perfect than the

TURBAN ALGERINE, in *ponceau* cachmere, embroidered with gold, terminated on each side with two points, and at the end of each a beautiful rich tassel or acorn, falling upon the bust. This style of turban is being made also in a species of *gaze* cachmere, the ground of which is white, embroidered with gold, intermixed with effective colours, such as emerald, ruby, or turquoise, giving it the appearance of a border of precious stones, the tassels being made to match; another in *gaze* cachmere, having a broad black stripe passing through it, and falling very low on one side, with a deep fringe, which reaches to the top of the bust.

CAPS.—These are mostly of blonde; long lappets and *barbes* are again much in vogue. There is the *bonnet à la Peuthière*, *à la Marquise*, and *l'ail-de-bœuf*. A great many also in the Peruvian and Brazilian style, all feathers and wheat-ears, in gold or silver; others, in a more simple style, are called *Bonnets du Gasmac*, in velvet, intermixed with Valenciennes, or, what is still more fashionable, four rows of *point d'Angleterre*, separated in the middle by a row of *coques* in violet-coloured velvet, each *coque* having in the centre a small tiny gold buckle, the ends of the back *frauyés* silk and gold; this last *coiffure* is named *une Ninette*. Also a cap composed of lace, intermixed with pale green ribbon, formed in *nauds*, with long ends, falling low on each side the border, going off to nothing on the top of the head.

BONNETS.—Capotes are still all the rage; they are mostly in shaded velvets, with elegant bouquets of flowers in velvet, giving them a simple and charming effect. There are some however made in satin; these are mostly trimmed with *ruches* of blonde round the interior of the brim, and which is considered very becoming to the face. Hats in velvet are generally trimmed on the outside with feathers, often with but one, very long, and curled in a spiral form, or flat, the tips shaded in another colour. The shape of the bonnet is mostly low on the cheek, but turning back a little toward the nape of the neck, gives it a graceful appearance. Others, which are very much liked, are ornamented with *viollettes* of black lace, caught on each side with bouquets of roses or anemones in velvet. The most fashionable feathers for the velvet *capotes* are a mixture of *marabouts* and the weeping willow; these are mostly shaded. Shaded *marabouts* are still very fashionable for velvet *capotes*.

EVENING DRESSES.—The toilettes for evening are in general of the same form and style as those of last month; namely, the *corsage* very low and tight, *à pointe*, the sleeves flat, the *jupe* long, and nearly *trainté*. We have just seen some intended for the Duchess of Sutherland, the *corsage* long and *busqué*, with a *berthe* in *guimpe*; the sleeves short, trimmed with bands of *guimpe*; the front of the *jupe* *guipuré*, in the same style. Another dress, being in satin, trimmed at the bottom of the *jupe* with a plain *volant*, edged with ancient lace, the body, sleeves, and *berthe*, trimmed *en suite*. We must not omit to mention one in satin *blue Louise*, the *corsage* trimmed with reverse pieces in velvet, in the style of the bodies worn in

the time of the Queen Berthe; also one in satin *d'Orient Scabieuse*, trimmed on each side with a column of pieces on the bias, forming Vs, having a tassel at the extremity of each angle; the *corsage* high and plain, tastefully arranged with tassels.

BALL DRESSES.—There is now just invented a new style of wreath for a ball costume; it is composed of clematis in velvet, with a mixture of bouquets of pearls; then there are *des échelles* in *petites roses pompons*, formed in *demi-courrones*, and placed on each side of the *jupon*, gradually diminishing towards the waist. This style of trimming we have seen placed on a robe of tartalane, it had a very pleasing effect. We may also quote another, which is truly graceful, composed of very pale blue taffetas, over which is worn three *jupes* of illusion *tulle*, the under *jupe* open in front, and *rattachée* on each side in the form of a drapery by three bows of broad ribbon, the ends of which are fringed with pearls, the ends of the first bow floating to the bottom of the robe, the others diminishing gradually upwards; the *corsage drapés*; the sleeves very small and short, trimmed in the same style with ribbon.

DINNER DRESS of *velours épinglé*, sky blue, trimmed à *paus renversées* in lace; *corsage*, tight, very open, *en cœur*, and à *point*; tight long sleeves, trimmed with lace *appliquée*, in the form of *mancherons* (which, when literally interpreted, means *plough-handles*); *manchettes* and *berthe* of the same. In front of the *corsage*, and disposed in the form of V, are two rows of *nauds* attached to the ribbon, which is laid flat round the top of the *berthe*, a row of the same lace falling on each side of the stomacher to the point of the waist. Another, in the style of a pelisse, in *Tartatane*, lined with rose, trimmed on each side with three *rûches*, attached at distances with *nauds* of ribbon; the *corsage froncée en cœur*, surrounded all round with a *rûche pareis*; the sleeves flat and long, with three *rûches* forming *sabots*. We have also heard of a new style of pelisse, named after the celebrated tragedian Rachel.

SCARFS.—There is a pretty style of scarf just invented, in velvet, very simple, but excessively commodious for winter, a small collar, which preserves the neck from cold, and attaches the scarf more closely over the chest. Then we have the full scarfs in velvet, more or less embellished, but always wadded, lined with satin and *piquées*. The most distinguished are generally *doublés* with the same colour, and without any trimmings, as this *écharpe de Rue* should be perfectly plain; it is only those worn at the theatre or balls that should be embroidered. We must not omit to mention the *manteaux-écharpes*, which are now all the fashion; they are mostly trimmed with fur, or decorated with the Brandebourgh trimming.

PELERINES.—Pelerines are not only worn in out-door costume, but are still worn much in muslin for in-door costume. We have been shown one *très negligé* and simple, called "*à la Puritaine*," the form of it being rather long, and buttoned down the front, finished round the tuck by a *bouillon* of the same material, through which is passed a pretty coloured ribbon. Some of these have merely a hem round them; but others, more *distingué*, are trimmed with narrow lace and inlet, and sometimes, a *rûche*, which takes off a great deal of its simplicity; these last are certainly more admired; a *rûche* of *tulle*, giving a light effect to the muslin, which is mostly lined with a pretty pink gauze; the muslin is sometimes figured, which gives it a still richer effect. There are others, and these also are very generally worn, in plain muslin, formed in either large or small plaits; these are more becoming for ladies who require a little fullness to the bust; but we still give the preference to *la puritaine*, it being of the first fashion. *Canezous* and scarfs

are much worn for *demi-toilette*; they are of plain muslin, simply embroidered on each side, trimmed *tout autour* with *appliqué*.

FURS.—We perceive that furs are endeavoured to be forced on the attention of the ladies—but without success. It is quite understood that all Articles in Cloths, Silks, Satins, Velvets, &c., will be patronized by the Nobility and Gentry, instead of furs, as most likely to cause employment to the distressed working classes.

MOUCHOIRS.—We cannot too highly recommend to our fair subscribers *La Batiste de Chine*; this expensive and luxurious article cannot be imitated or equalled by any other *batiste* in the world; the texture of it is extremely fine, and yet so strong that it will bear any kind of embroidery, without fear of its being too heavy for it. Unfortunately, however, the price of this precious tissue is so extravagant, that at present none but those enjoying a large fortune can afford to have them. This material is only intended for *mouchoirs de grande toilette*.

FLOWERS.—Roses are no longer worn, and nothing is seen but the eglantine, the hawthorn of the woods, the camelia of the garden, the heath or broom, which comes at each season to ornament our modest prairies, and the aloes, which require a hundred years to bring its rare beauties to perfection. Some of these have gold stems, with the leaves in velvet; a diamond sparkles in the front of the corolle, and a pearl placed here and there on the borders of the flowers, gives it the effect of a drop of dew distilled from the morning air.

FICHUS CATALANS.—This is a pretty little phantasy in velvet or silk, to twist round the neck instead of a ribbon.

SLIPPERS.—The most fashionable slippers for ladies are now made of *guipure*, lined with white satin.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—The most favourite colours for this month are myrtle green, *grenat*, *gris*, *bois*, blue marine, and blue Louise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LUCILLE, OR THE FRENCH HARPISTE is received, but unpurged. We find ourselves, notwithstanding the systematic regularity with which we pursue our editorial duties, beset by a vast variety of contributions, for the non-appearance of which we crave the kind indulgence of our valued correspondents, and hope to gratify many if not all in our next number.

What have we done to "P. R." that he so pertinaciously afflicts us with his Rhymes?

"R. E. A." is accepted.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME is received, and shall appear.

We accept the lines of "H. W. C.," and shall give them a place in our next.

The tale of "THE BLACK NUN" is received.

"Stanzas to the Prince of Wales," too late for insertion this month.

The "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" are omitted this month for the want of space.

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashion" for that purpose.

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